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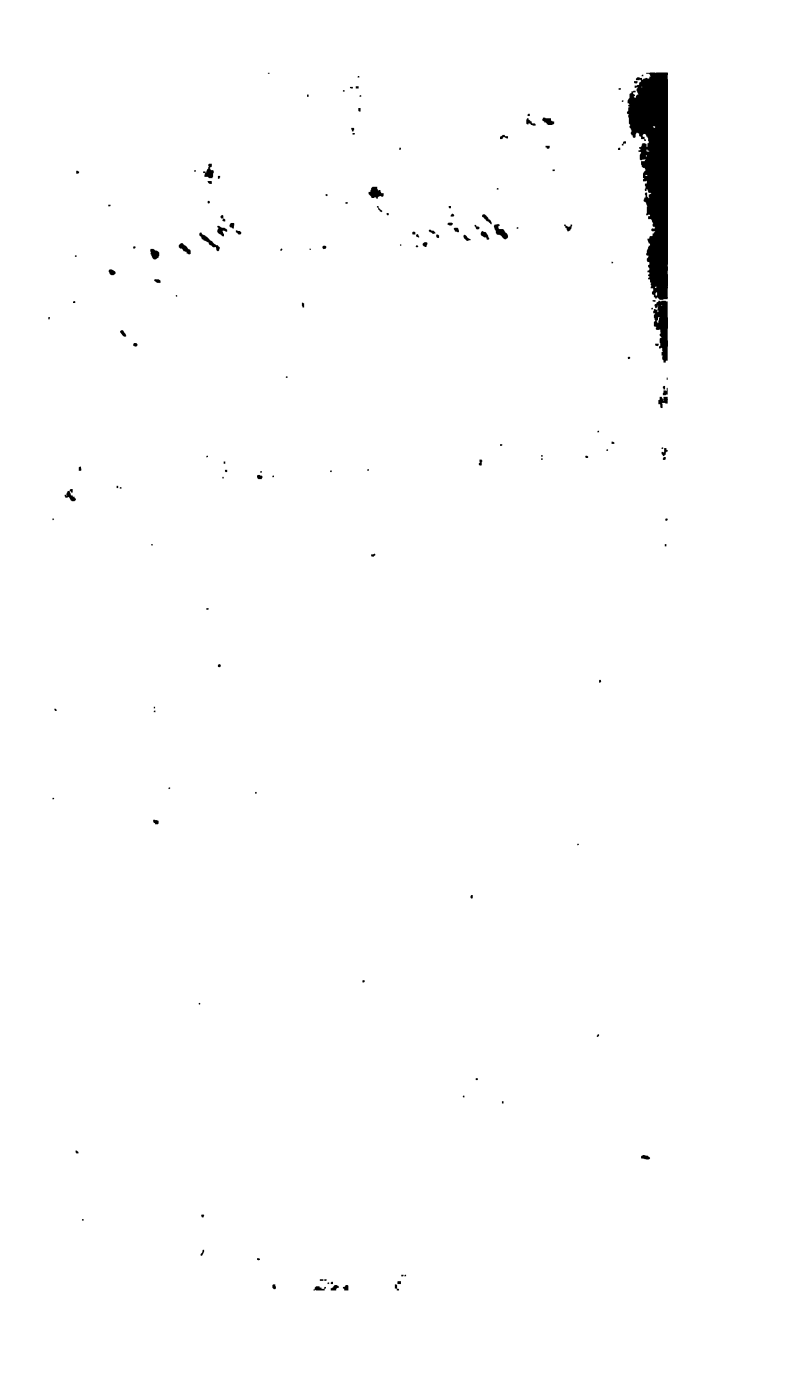
DR SWIFT'S WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.



THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN:

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS

POSTHUMOUS PIECES, LETTERS, &c.

A NEW EDITION,

ACCURATELY REVISED, AND ARRANGED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND PROPER ORDER;

WITH

An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

By J. HAWKESWORTH, LL.D. and others.

ADORNED WITH COPPERPLATES.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:

Printed for CHARLES ELLIOT, Edinburgh.

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DEAN

DEAN SWIFT's

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.*

DR. SWIFT TO HIS UNCLE WILLIAM SWIFT.†

SIR, *Moor Park, Nov.* 29. 1692.

MY ſiſter told me, you was pleaſed, (when ſhe was here,) to wonder, I did ſo ſeldom write to you. I been ſo kind, to impute it neither to ill mann reſpect. I always thought

* This, and the following letter are taken from Mr. Deane Swift's *Eſſay on the life, writings, &c. of Dr. Swift.*

† This letter is torn and imperfect in ſeveral places.—This epiſtolary fragment is ſo far curious, as it gives us a ſpecimen of Swift's manner of writing and thinking, at that early period of his life.——You do not ſee in this letter the leaſt ſymptoms of that peculiar turn of phraſe which afterwards appeared in all his writings, even in his moſt trifling letters. Neither his learning nor his genius were yet arrived to any degree of ripeneſs. Or perhaps the letter was rather the effect of duty than inclination; and, in that caſe, the ſtyle of it muſt be elaborate, and void of all freedom and vivacity. *Orrery.*

that ſufficient from one, who has always been but too troubleſome to you. Beſides, I know your averſion to impertinence, and God knows ſo very private a life as mine can furniſh a letter with little elſe: for I often am two or three months without ſeeing any body beſides the family; and now my ſiſter is gone, I am likely to be more ſolitary than before. I am ſtill to thank you for your care in my *teſtimonium*; and it was to very good purpoſe, for I never was more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wiſh for, and ſo many favours, that I am aſhamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to ſtrangers, than ever I was in ſeven years to Dublin college. I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebendary *: and Sir William Temple, though he promiſes me the certainty of it, yet is leſs forward than I could wiſh †; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he believes I ſhall leave him ‡; and upon ſome accounts he thinks me a little neceſſary to him §

If I were entertainment, or doing you any ſatisfaction by my letters, I ſhould be

* It may be obſerved from this paſſage, that he does not ſpeak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle. *Swift.*

† Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and Sir William Temple in the year 1694. *Swift.*

‡ Which at laſt was the cauſe of a good deal of anger in Sir William Temple. *Swift.*

§ Becauſe at that time he was employed in the reviſal of Sir William Temple's works. *Swift.*

be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am ſorry my fortune ſhould fling me ſo far from the beſt of my relations, but hope that I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee you ſome time or other. Pray my humble ſervice to my good aunt, and the reſt of my relations, if you pleaſe.

LETTER II.

DR. SWIFT TO HIS COUSIN DEANE SWIFT AT LISBON.*

Leiceſter, June 3. 1694.

I RECEIVED your kind letter to-day from your ſiſter; and am very glad to find you will ſpare time from buſineſs, ſo far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendſhip; which, as the world paſſes, is perhaps one of the idleſt things in it. 'Tis a pleaſure to me to ſee you ſally out of your road, and take notice of curioſities, of which I am very glad to have part; and deſire you to ſet by ſome idle minutes for a commerce which ſhall ever be dear to me; and from ſo good an obſerver as you may eaſily be, cannot fail of being uſeful. I am ſorry to ſee ſo much ſuperſtition in a country ſo given

* If this letter be conſidered as an epiſtle from a young man, a little above ſix and twenty years old, to an intimate friend and relation, who was at that time but juſt turned of twenty, I hope it will not appear in a very mean or contemptible light. *Swift.*

to trade. I half uſed to think thoſe two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly diſlike your proceſſions for rain or fair weather; which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuſe a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unleſs ſhe were a duenna, I ſhall never be reconciled to; though it is eaſily obſerved, that nations, which have moſt gallantry to the young, are ever the ſevereſt upon the old. I have not leiſure to deſcant further upon your pleaſing letter, nor any thing to return you from ſo barren a ſcene as this, which I ſhall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had deſigned a letter to my couſin Willoughby; and the laſt favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgement: but the thoughts of my ſending ſo many before, has made me believe it better to truſt you with delivering my beſt thanks to him; and that you will endeavour to perſuade him how extreme ſenſible of his goodneſs and generoſity I am. I wiſh, and ſhall pray, he may be as happy as he deſerves, and he cannot be more. My mother deſires her beſt love to him and to you, with both our ſervices to my couſin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, juſt as I foretold it to you; and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I gueſſed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himſelf any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promiſe any thing

thing firmly to me at all: ſo that every body judged I did beſt to leave him. I deſign to be ordained September next, and make what endeavours I can for ſomething in the church. I wiſh it may ever lie in my couſin's way or yours, to have intereſt to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If any thing offers from Dublin that may ſerve either to ſatisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you conſtant intelligence from thence of whatever you ſhall deſire.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. JANE SWIFT*.

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from Robert by word of mouth, and think it a vaſt condeſcenſion in you to think of us in all your greatneſs: now ſhall we hear nothing from you for five months, but *We Courtiers*. Loory is well, and preſents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-ſervant: but he is the miſerableſt creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in ſuch a fright, you would wonder at it. I pray, return my ſervice to Mrs. Kilby, in payment of hers by Robert.

* The Doctor's ſiſter.

Nothing grows better by your abſence but my lady's chamber floor, and tumble-down Dick. Here are three letters for you, and Molly will not ſend one of them; ſhe ſays, you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. Moſe and I deſire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert ſays, the Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and deſigns to carry you to Muſcovy; pray provide yourſelf with muffs and ſable tippets, &c.

Æolus has made a ſtrange revolution in the rooks neſts; but I ſay no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I deſire your abſence heartily; for now I live in great ſtate, and the cook comes in to know what I pleaſe to have for dinner: I aſk very gravely what is in the houſe, and accordingly give orders for a diſh of pigeons, or, &c. You ſhall have no more ale here, unleſs you ſend us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from London. We all keep home like ſo many cats.

L. E. T.

LETTER IV.

DR. SWIFT TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF MRS. ESTHER JOHNSON, IN IRELAND.

London, December 16. 1703.

I PUT great violence on myſelf in abſtaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wiſh you had been here for ten days, during the higheſt and warmeſt reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill againſt occaſional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the firſt reading, rejected by the lords. It was ſo univerſal, that I obſerved the dogs in the ſtreets much more contumelious and quarrelſome than uſual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of whig and tory cats had a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our houſe. But why ſhould we wonder at that, when the very ladies are ſplit aſunder, into high church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to ſay their prayers? The maſks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member, who will not vote on their ſide. For the reſt, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the houſe of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, amongſt whom all the biſhops, but four, were againſt it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad

glad to know mens thoughts of it in Ireland: for myſelf, I am much at a loſs, though I was mightily urged by ſome great people to publiſh my opinion. I cannot but think (if mens higheſt aſſurances are to be believed) that ſeveral, who were againſt this bill, do love the church, and do hate or deſpiſe preſbytery. I put it cloſe to my lord Peterborow, juſt as the bill was going up, who aſſured me, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that if he had the leaſt ſuſpicion, the rejecting this bill would hurt the church, or do kindneſs to the diſſenters, he would loſe his right hand, rather than ſpeak againſt it. The like profeſſion I had from the biſhop of Saliſbury, my lord Sommers, and ſome others; ſo that I know not what to think, and therefore ſhall think no more; and you will forgive my ſaying ſo much on a matter, that all our heads have been ſo full of to a degree, that, while it was on the anvil, nothing elſe was the ſubject of converſation. I ſhall return in two months, in ſpite of my heart. I have here the beſt friends in nature, only want that little circumſtance of favour and power; but nothing is ſo civil as a caſt courtier. Pray let the ladies know I had their letter, and will anſwer it ſoon; and that I obeyed Mrs. Johnſon's commands, and waited on her mother, and other friend. You may add, if you pleaſe, that they adviſe her clearly to be governed by her friends there, about the renewing her leaſe, and ſhe may have her mortgage taken up here whenever ſhe pleaſes, for the payment of her fine; and that we

have

have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and she likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashion'd way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie, in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest: then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and every where else, among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

LETTER V.

PART OF A LETTER FROM DR. SWIFT TO THE SAME.

London, February 3. 1703-4.

I HAVE been so long and so frequently pursued with a little paltry ailment of a noise in my ears, that I could never get humour and time to answer your letter. Pox on the dissenters and independents, I would as soon trouble my head to write against a louse or a flea. I tell you what, I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity; but it came too late by a day: so I would not print it, but you may answer it if you please; for you know you and I are whig and tory.

tory. And, to cool your inſolence a little, know you, that the queen and court, and houſe of lords, and half the commons almoſt, are whigs; and the number daily encreaſes.

LETTER VI.

DR. SWIFT TO THE SAME.

London, April 20. 1704.

YESTERDAY, coming from the country, I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and, by neglect, was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjuſt: you ſay it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two firſt, I ſuppoſe, may paſs but for one, ſaving (as Captain Fluellin ſays) the phraſe is a little *variations*. I ſhall therefore anſwer theſe two as I can; and for the laſt, I return it you again, by theſe preſents, aſſuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one ſtrain I obſerve in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a myſtical ſort of a way, as if you would have me believe I had ſome great deſign, and that you had found it out: your phraſes are, that my letter had the effect you judge I deſigned; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cauſe of it; and wiſh it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, *&c.* In anſwer to all this,

this, I might, with good pretence enough, talk ſtarchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obſtructed your inſinuations to pleaſe my own, and that my intentions were the ſame with yours. In anſwer to all which, I will, upon my conſcience and honour, tell you the naked truth. Firſt, I think I have ſaid to you before, that if my fortunes and humour ſerved me to think of that ſtate, I ſhould certainly, among all perſons on earth, make your choice; becauſe I never ſaw that perſon whoſe converſation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmoſt I ever gave way to. And ſecondly, I muſt aſſure you ſincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your riſing in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourſelf and her happy and eaſy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at preſent, and by the aſſurances of Eaton's livings. I told you, indeed, that your authority was not ſufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave, under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent ſtep. However, I told the mother immediately, and ſpoke with all the advantages you deſerve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor ſhall any conſideration of my own misfortune, in loſing ſo good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me againſt her intereſt

and

and ſettlement in the world, ſince it is held ſo neceſſary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the luſtre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herſelf, whether I was your friend or no, in the whole concern; though the part I deſigned to act in it was purely paſſive, which is the utmoſt I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill conſequence, that may enſue, in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went ſo far, both to her mother, herſelf, and, I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; ſince I ſuppoſe the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miſcarry, without ſome diſadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always deſcribed her to you in a manner different from thoſe who would be diſcouraging; and muſt add, that though it hath come in my way to converſe with perſons of the firſt rank, and of that ſex, more than is uſual to men of my level, and of our function, yet I have no-where met with a humour, a wit, or converſation ſo agreeable, a better portion of good ſenſe, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland, I am a perfect ſtranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and, if you reſume your deſigns, and would have further intelligence, I ſhall ſend you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace

peace and ſettlement, the reverſe of which hath been the great uneaſineſs of my life, and is like to continue ſo. And what is the reſult? *En queis conſevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wiſhes of a decayed miniſtry, whoſe lives and mine will probably wear out, before they can ſerve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am reſolved ſuddenly to retire, like a diſcontented courtier, and vent myſelf in ſtudy and ſpeculation, till my own humour, or the ſcene here, ſhall change.

LETTER VII.

CHARLES EARL OF BERKELEY * TO DR. SWIFT.

Cranford, Friday Night.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for upon my ſincerity, which is more than moſt peoples, I ſhall be heartily glad to ſee you, as much as is poſſible, before you go for Ireland. Whether you are or not for Cranford, I earneſtly entreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookſeller enable the archbiſhop of York

* 'He had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General in 1689; and in 1699 and 1700, one of the lords juſtices of Ireland. He died 24th September 1710. Dr. Swift had been chaplain to him. This letter is without date, but indorſed by Dr. Swift "*about* 1706, or 1707."

to give a book † to the queen; for, with Mr. Nelſon ‡, I am entirely of opinion, that her Majeſty's reading of that book of the project for the increaſe of morality and piety, may be of very great uſe to that end. I am entirely yours,

B.

LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 10. 1708.

I RECEIVED yours of laſt January the 6th, and you will find but a ſorry correſpondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my phyſician; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a cholic about the year 96, that brought me to extremity, and all deſpaired of my life, and the news letters reported me dead. It began at the ſame time of the year, and the ſame way it did then, and the winters were much alike; and I verily believe, had I not had the aſſiſtance of my old phyſician, Sir Patrick Dun §, I ſhould have run the ſame courſe,

† 'Dr. *Swift's project for the advancement of Religion, and the reformation of manners.*'

‡ 'Robert Nelſon, Eſq; eminent for his pious writings.'

§ This gentleman founded three profeſſorſhips in the univerſity of Dublin, *viz.* theory and practice of phyſic, chirurgery and midwifery, pharmacy, and the Materia Medica.

courſe, which I could not have ſupported. But with a little phyſic, and the Spaw and Bath waters, I eſcaped without other hardſhips than keeping at home; and ſo much for private affairs.

As to the public, I had a letter from my lord Pembroke, wherein he told me the firſt fruits and twentieth parts were granted †, and that my lord lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as ſoon as the order comes, he will have a public acknowledgment.

I have ſeen a letter ‡, that paſſes as from a member of the houſe, &c. I think your judgment concerning it is very juſt. But pray by what artifice did you contrive to paſs for a whig? As I am an honeſt man, I courted the greateſt whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

† It appears from a letter of the archbiſhops and biſhops of Ireland, to Dr. Hartſtonge, biſhop of Oſſory, and Dr. Lindſey, biſhop of Killala, inſerted in this collection, that Swift was engaged to ſolicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits, upon which his acquaintance with Mr. Harley began. The proceſs of his application may be traced by theſe letters; and he at length obtained a grant of the queen, which is dated February 7th 1710. The information, that the grant was obtained at the time this letter was written, 1708, though from lord Pembroke, was premature.

‡ 'In the third volume of the octavo edition of Dr. Swift's works, publiſhed by Bathurſt at London in 1754, *is a letter from a member of the houſe of commons in Ireland, to a member of the houſe of commons in England, concerning the ſacramental teſt*, written in the year 1708, and republiſhed in Ireland in 1715.'—See Vol. IV. of this edition, p. 209.

But you need not be concerned; I will engage you will lose nothing by that paper. I wish some facts had been will considered before vouched: If any one matter in it prove false, what do you think will come of the paper? In short, it will not be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

As to the test, I believe that matter is over for this season. I was much for dissolving this present parliament, and calling a new one this spring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were settled; and I was sure, that, without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the test; but I did not know what the influence of a lord lieutenant* (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his measures justly) might have effected; and we know very well what force management and timing matters have; and there is hardly any thing but powerful persuasions, terror, and ostentation of interest may effect, especially in popular elections. And, to confess the truth to you, I am not altogether easy in that matter yet, espespecially if things take any new turn in England. It is whispered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herself was at the bottom of what passed in the house of commons with you, and that the ministry screened her in that affair, for reasons that may be guessed at.

I am

* 'Thomas earl of Wharton, had been appointed to that post on the 25th of November 1708.'

I am wonderfully pleaſed at the good character you give Mr. Addiſon †. If he be the man that you repreſent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to ſerve his lord ‡ effectually, and procure himſelf love and reſpect here. I can't ſay it will be in my power to do him any ſervice; but my good wiſhes and endeavours ſhall not be wanting.

Mr. Stoughton preached *a ſermon* ‖ here on the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, that gives great offence: the government heard it; but I was ill at home, which dean Sterne will needs have a providence. If the repreſentation I have of it be true, I am ſure I ſhould have ſuſpended him, if it had coſt me both my reputation and my intereſt. I have repreſented what I have heard of it, and have diſcourſed my lord chancel-

† Swift's friendſhip for Addiſon continued inviolable during the adminiſtration of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and with as much kindneſs as when they uſed to meet at lord Halifax's or lord Sommers's.

‡ The earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant of Ireland.

‖ 'Dr. Swift, in anſwer to this letter, dated March 6th, 1708-9, printed in his works, writes thus: "Mr. Stoughton is "recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His ſer-"mon is much recommended by ſeveral here. He is a prudent "perſon, and knows how to time things: others of ſomewhat "better figure are as wiſe as he. A bold opinion is a ſhort eaſy "way to merit, and very neceſſary for thoſe who have no o-"ther." It appears from Boyer's Political State, Vol. II. p. 639, that this ſermon had been preached on the 30th of January 1705-6, at Chriſt-Church, Dublin; and that it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman on the 9th of November 1711.'

lor § about it, and told him of what conſequence I think it to be, both to him and us, and that it ſhould not paſs without cenſure. I have not as yet ſeen my lo: ' rimate. Wiſe men are doing all they can to extinguiſh faction: and fools and elves are throwing fire-brands. Aſſure yourſelf this had an ill effect on the minds of moſt here; for though they eſpouſe the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the miniſtry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny, than to repreſent them, and thoſe that eſpouſed them, to be ſuch, as murthered king Charles I. and ſuch are all that approve or excuſe it.

As to your own affairs, I wiſh you could have come over chaplain, as I propoſed; but, ſince a more powerful intereſt interpoſed, I believe you had beſt uſe your endeavours there; but, if nothing happens before my lord lieutenant comes over, you had beſt make us a viſit. Had you been here, I believe ſomething might have been done for you before this. The deanery of Down is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord lieutenant, but it yet hangs; and I know not what will become of it: but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice removed to it, it might make preſent proviſion for you. I have many things more to ſay; but they are ſo much of a piece with theſe I have writ already, that you may gueſs

§ 'Sir Richard Cox.'

gueſs at them all by this ſample. God be with you. Amen.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, March* 12, 1708.

THE buſineſs of the twentieth parts and firſt-fruits is ſtill on the anvil. We are given to underſtand, that her majeſty deſigns, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uſes, and that it is deſigned this grant ſhould come over with his excellency the lord lieutenant. The biſhops in this town at preſent thought it reaſonable to appriſe his excellency of the affair, and to addreſs him for his favour in it; which accordingly is done by this poſt. We have ſent with this addreſs the repreſentation made at firſt to her majeſty about it; the reference to the commiſſioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the lord Pembroke. In that, there is mention of the ſtate of the dioceſe of Dublin, as a ſpecimen of the condition of the clergy of Ireland, by which it will appear how much we ſtand in need of ſuch a gift. This we could not well ſend to his excellency, becauſe it is very long; and we apprehend, that it might be improper to give him ſo much trouble at firſt, before he was any way appriſed of the matter;

matter; but, if you think that his excellency may judge it agreeable, that it ſhould be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my lord Pembroke's ſecretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and preſent it to my lord lieutenant, or leave it with his ſecretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren, that you will be at this trouble; and there is a memorial, to this purpoſe, at the foot of the copy of the repreſentation made to the earl of Pembroke, tranſmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account, will be anſwered by me.

The good impreſſion you have given me of Mr. Addiſon, my lord lieutenant's ſecretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this ſubject, which I have encloſed, and make you the full and ſole judge, whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here, whether it may be pertinent or no; but I may and do depend on your prudence in the caſe; who, I believe, will neither omit what may be uſeful, nor ſuffer me to do an officious nor improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, beſides what agrees with all occaſions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wiſhes for you, of, Sir, your, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

The reverſal of my lord Slane's* outlawry makes a mighty noiſe through this kingdom: for

* 'Chriſtopher Fleming, baron of Slane, having taken up arms

for ought I can remember, the deſtroying of our woollen manufactory did not cauſe ſo univerſal a conſternation.

LETTER X.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. STERNE, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

SIR, *London, April* 15. 1708.

I WONDER whether, in the midſt of your buildings, you ever conſider that I have broke my ſhins, and have been a week confined, this charming weather, to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord Pembroke. Pug is very well, and likes London wonderfully, but Greenwich better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by ſome at court, that the biſhop of Kildare * is utterly bent upon a removal on this ſide, though it be to St. Aſaph; and then the queſtion muſt be, whether Dr. Pratt will

arms for king James in 1688, in Ireland, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards loſt his eſtate, and was outlawed, till queen Anne reverſed his attainder: Upon which the houſe of commons of Ireland, on the 3d of June 1709, unanimouſly reſolved, That an addreſs be made to the queen, "ſetting forth the fatal conſequences of reverſing the outlawries of perſons attainted of treaſons for the rebellions in 1641 and 1688." Lord Slane was, in November 1713, created by her majeſty viſcount Longford.'

* Dr. Wellbore Ellis.

will be dean of St. Patrick's, miniſter of St. Catharine's, or provoſt? for I tell you a ſecret, that the queen is reſolved, the next promotion ſhall be to one of Dublin education: this ſhe told the lord lieutenant. Your new Waterford biſhop † franks his letters, which no biſhop does that writes to me; I ſuppoſe it is ſome peculiar privilege of that ſee. The diſſenters have made very good uſe here, of your frights in Ireland upon the intended invaſion! and the archbiſhop writes me word, that the addreſs of Dublin city will be to the ſame purpoſe, which I think the clergy ought to have done their beſt to prevent, and I hope they did ſo. Here has the Iriſh ſpeaker ‡ been ſoliciting to get the *Teſt Clauſe* repealed by an act here; for which, I hope, he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for ſome other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion, in what I have told the archbiſhop about thoſe addreſſes. And if his grace, and clergy of the province ſend an addreſs, I deſire I may preſent it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavour among you, that the church of Ireland gentlemen may ſend an addreſs to ſet the queen and court right about the teſt; which every one here is of opinion you ſhould do; or elſe I have reaſon to fear it will be repealed here next ſeſſion; which will be of terrible conſequence,

† Dr. Thomas Milles.

‡ Allen Broderick, Eſq; afterwards lord chancellor of Ireland, and created lord Middleton of that kingdom.

quence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of Ireland, that have no relation to any intereſt of theirs.

If you will not uſe me as your book-buyer, make uſe of Sir Andrew Fountain, who ſends you his humble ſervice, and will carry over a cargo as big as you pleaſe towards the end of ſummer, when he and I intend my lord lieutenant * ſhall come into our company without fail, and in ſpite of Iriſh reports, that ſay we ſhall come no more.

I reckon, by this time, you have done with maſons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholſterers, with whom you may go on as ſlow and ſoberly as you pleaſe.

But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful and humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Direct the incloſed, and deliver it to the greateſt perſon in your neighbourhood.

LETTER XI.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. JOHN STERNE, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

SIR, *June* 1708.

I WRIT to you ſome weeks ago, and incloſed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapp'd by ſome privateer, or elſe you

* Thomas, earl of Pembroke.

you were lazy or forgetful; or which is full as good, perhaps it had no need of an anſwer; and I would not for a good deal that the former had miſcarried, becauſe the incloſed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I ſuppoſe, will, though it be not half ſo profound. Now are you gone ſome ſummer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight; nor ſend the incloſed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds worth of books; but now I have been here ſo long, I believe you will have reaſon to apprehend I may ſink the money. Sir A. Fountain * will never be ſatisfied, till he gets into the little room with the three Aſhes, the biſhop of Killala and myſelf, to be happy at the expence of your wine and converſation. Here is a ſight of two girls † joined together at the back, which, in the newsmongers phraſe, cauſes a great many ſpeculations; and raiſes abundance of queſtions in divinity, law and phyſic. The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week ‡, unleſs the queen will interpoſe her mercy. Here is a long lampoon publicly printed,

* Dr. Swift, in 1708, uſed to lodge with Sir A. Fountain, when he was in London.

† 'There is a particular account of them in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, vol. 50. part 2. p. 311, for the year 1758.'

‡ 'Of Edward, lord Griffin, who had been attainted by outlawry for high treaſon, committed in the reign of king William, and was, on the 15th May 1708, ordered for execution; but reprieved from time to time, till his death.'

ed, abuſing by name, at length, all the young people of quality, that walk in the park. Theſe are effects of our liberty of the preſs.

I long to know what is become of your new houſe, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work ſtops for want of money; and you pretend it is only, that the boards may have time to ſeaſon. We are ſtill in pain for Mr. Dopping's being in one of the packet boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to England again; which if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, Sir, let me hear from you ſome time this hot weather, for it will be very refreſhing; and I am confined by buſineſs to this ugly town, which, at this ſeaſon of the year, is almoſt inſufferable. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant, J. S.

LETTER XII.

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ. * TO DR. SWIFT.

Grange, Sept. 16. 1708.

YESTERDAY the weather-glaſs was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I ſaw it; the wind was at eaſt, a very dull quarter; the

* 'Of the Grange in the county of Southampton, member of parliament for Melcomb Regis. He was a perſon of great abilities and learning; who mixed humour in the moſt ſerious debates. He was father of the late lord high chancellor, Robert Earl of Northington.'

garden ſo wet, there was no looking into it; and I myſelf, by conſequence, in the ſpleen. Before night, the glaſs roſe, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwiſe. The reaſon why your letter was ſo long a coming to my hands was, its being directed to me near Wincheſter; and Alresford is the poſt-town neareſt to me. If the officers ſhould come to you, Doctor, if you want a ſecurity, that your children ſhan't be troubleſome to the pariſh, pray make uſe of me. I'll ſtand 'em all, though you were to have as many as the Holland counteſs. We have had a tedious expectation of the ſucceſs of the ſiege of Liſle: the country people begin to think there is no ſuch thing, and ſay the newspapers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how Steele † will get off of it; his veracity is at ſtake in Hantſhire. Pray deſire him to take the town, though he ſhould leave the citadel for a neſt-egg. I han't the honour to know colonel Hunter; but I never ſaw him in ſo good company as you have put him, lord Halifax, Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, and the Gazetteer. Since he is there, let him ſtay there. Pray, Doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to one's ſelf, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has ſettled it, that talking to one's ſelf, which offends nobody, is madneſs; and talking to other people, which

† 'Who was writer of the Gazette.'

which generally is not quite ſo harmleſs, is wit, or good breeding, or religion, or —— I won't write a word more till you have ſatisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am ſure one need not have writ two pages, to introduce my aſſuring you, that I am your affectionate humble ſervant, A. HENLEY.

LETTER XIII.

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ. TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nov.* 2. 1708.

THOUGH you won't ſend me your broomſtick *, I'll ſend you as good a reflection upon death, as even Adrian's himſelf, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine, that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends ſaw him a going, they all came croaking about him as uſual; and one of them aſking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. "If I could but get this ſame breath out of my "body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come "in again." This, if it were put in fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a ſound as any I have met with. I am your moſt affectionate humble ſervant, A. HENLEY.

* Meditations on a broomſtick, written by Dr. Swift about this time.

LETTER XIV.

MR. HENLEY TO DR. SWIFT.

Εὐδαμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπράττειν.

REVEREND SIR,

IT is reported of the famous Regiomontanus, that he framed an eagle ſo artfully of a certain wood, that, upon the approach of the emperor Maximilian to the opulent city of Nuremberg, it took wing and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me leave to attribute this excellent invention to the vehement deſire he had to entertain his maſter with ſomething extraordinary, and to ſay, with the poet,

Amor addidit alas.

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this compoſition of old rags, galls, and vitriol, fly to Dublin; and if (as the moving lion, which was compoſed by an Italian chemiſt, and opened his breaſt, and ſhewed the imperial arms painted in its heart) this could diſcloſe itſelf, and diſcover to you the high eſteem and affection I have for you, I ſhould attain my end; and not ſacrifice an hecatomb, but cry out, with ecſtatic Archimedes, Εὕρηκα.

I ſhould not have preſumed to imagine, that you'd deign to caſt an eye on any thing proceeding

ing from ſo mean an hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and ſweetneſs of temper, for which you are ſo juſtly celebrated and eſteemed by all good men, as the *delicia humani generis*; and I make no queſtion, but, like your predeceſſor, an emperor again, you reckon every day as loſt, in which you have not an opportunity of doing ſome act of beneficence. I was moreover embolden'd by the adage, which does not ſtick to affirm, That one of the moſt deſpicable of animals may look upon the greateſt of queens; as it has been proved to a demonſtration by a late moſt judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchſafed to immortalize by your learned lucubrations.* And as proverbs are the wiſdom of a nation, ſo I take the naturalizing ſuch a quantity of very expreſſive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the conſiderableſt advantages we ſhall reap from it: And I do not queſtion but the nation will be the wiſer for the future.

But I have digreſſed too far, and therefore reſume my thread. I know my own unworthineſs to deſerve your favour; but let this attempt paſs on my account for ſome merit.

In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.

And though all cannot be ſprightly like F——d, wiſe like T——rs, agreeable like B——th, polite like P——r——de, or, to ſum up all, though there be but one Phœnix, and one Lepidiſſimus Homuncio,

* The lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, in the Tatler.

Homuncio, T—p—m; yet, ſince a cup of c water was not an unacceptable preſent to a thi emperor, I may flatter myſelf, that this tende my ſervices (how mean ſoever) may not be c temned; and though I fall from my great tempt,

Spero trovar pieta non che perdono,

as that mellifluous ornament of Italy, Francil Petrarcha, ſweetly has it.

Mr. Crowder I have often heard affirm, t the fine thinkers of all ages have conſtantly h that much good may be attained by reading hiſtory. And Dr. Sloane is of opinion, that r dern travels are very behoveful towards form the mind, and enlarging the thoughts of the rious part of mankind.

Give me leave to ſpeak a little from both tl topics.

In the Roman triumphs, which were doubt the moſt auguſt ſpectacles that ever were ſeen was the conſtant cuſtom, that the public exe tioner ſhould be behind the conqueror, to rem him (ſays my author) from time to time, t theſe honours were tranſitory, and could not cure him from the ſeverity of the laws.

Colonel Morriſon of the guards [he lives r door to Tart-hall] his father was in Virgi and being like to be ſtarved, the company had courſe to a learned maſter of arts; his name Venter: he adviſed them to eat one anot *pour paſſer le tems*, and to begin with a fat cc

maid. She had certainly gone to pot, had not a ſhip arrived juſt in the nick, with a quantity of pork, which appeaſed their hunger, and ſaved the wench's bacon.

To apply theſe: Did you never (when rioting in the coſtly dainties of my lord high admiral's † table, when the polytaſted wine excited jovial thoughts, and baniſhed ſerious reflections) forget your frail mortal condition? or when, at another time, you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little ſpoon taken ſome Attic ſalt out of Mrs. F———'s cadenat; and, as the Poet ſings,

Qui ſedens adverſus identidem——
Spectat et audit,

did you not think yourſelf *par Deo?* Pray God you did not; pray God you did not think yourſelf *ſuperare divos.*

Confeſs the truth, Doctor, you did; confeſs it, and repent of it, if it be not too late: but, alas! I fear it is.

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonnyclabber and uſquebaugh; and hear you gnaſhing your teeth, and crying, Oh! what would I give now for a glaſs of that ſmall beer, which I uſed to ſay was ſour? or a pinch of that ſnuff, which I uſed to ſay was the curſed'ſt ſtuff in the world? and borrow as much as would ly on a ſhilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in thoſe

† Thomas earl of Pembroke.

thoſe moments to have put me in mind of the ſword hanging by a twine-thread over my head, and to have cried in a voice as loud as S—th—ll's, Memento, doctor, *quia Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris?*

Every man in the midſt of his pleaſures ſhould remember the Roman executioner: and I have been aſſured, that had it not been for the unfortunate loſs of his royal highneſs, the prince *, Sir Charles Duncomb † would have revived that uſeful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be miſtaken, either in what has gone before, or in that which is to follow, as if I took you to be a belly-god, an Apicius, or him that wiſh'd his neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleaſure in ſwallowing. No, dear Doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum.* I know indeed you are *Helluo*, but 'tis *librorum*, as the learned Dr. Accepted Frewen, ſome time archbiſhop of York, was; and *ingenii*, as the quaint Dr. Offspring Blackhall, now biſhop of Exeter, is. Therefore let us return to the uſe which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. Morriſon's to your condition.

You are now caſt on an inhoſpitable iſland; no mathematical figures on the ſand, no *veſtigia hominum* to be ſeen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one ſingle barrel of damaged biſcuit, and

* Of Denmark, who died October 28. 1708.

† Lord mayor of London, in 1708.

and ſhort allowance even of ſalt water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about; perhaps he might find ſome potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make an harpoon, and if he found Higgon ſleeping near the ſhore, ſtrike him, and eat him. The weſtern iſlanders of Scotland ſay 'tis good meat, and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of Lapland are to be credited.

But this I know is too groſs a pabulum for one, who (as the camelion lives on air) has always hitherto liv'd on wit; and whoſe friends, (God be thanked) deſign he ſhould continue to do ſo, and on nothing elſe. Therefore I would adviſe you to fall upon old Joan; eat, do, I live to bid thee! Eat Addiſon *; and when you have eat every body elſe, eat my lord lieutenant † [he is ſomething lean, God help the while;] and though 'twill, for ought I know, be treaſon, there will be no body left to hang you, unleſs you ſhould think fit to do yourſelf that favour, which, if you ſhould, pray don't write me word of it, becauſe I ſhould be very ſorry to hear of any ill that ſhould happen to you, as being, with a profound veneration, one of the greateſt of your admirers,

T. B. or any other two letters you like better.

Pray direct your anſwer to me at the Serjeant's Head in Cornwall; or at Mr. Sentiment's, a Potty Carrier, in Common Garden, in the Phhs.

I, E T-

* Then ſecretary to the earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Earl of Wharton.

LETTER XV.

* WILLIAM, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 20. 1708.

I HAVE yours of the 9th inſtant, and if the ſcheme of alteration holds, as repreſented, I deſpair of our twentieth parts in the preſent method; yet I can't think it proper to move in any new courſe, till the declaration of what is intended be more authentic. I have no good ground for my doubt; and yet, in my own mind, I make ſome queſtion, whether all things will be juſt as ſurmiſed. If I find this to be ſo in earneſt, I will then endeavour to obtain an addreſs to my lord treaſurer, which, I ſuppoſe, has been hitherto wanting: but, if the matter ſtick on any conſiderations not agreeable, there is an end of it. To deal freely, I have very little hope of ſucceeding any way; but it will not make things worſe to try the experiment.

I underſtand, ſome diſſenters from hence will apply to the parliament of England this ſeſſion, to obtain a repeal of the teſt, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in England; and that a fund is raiſed, and agents appointed to ſolicit their affairs, by the preſbyters of the north. I have

* Dr. William King, archbiſhop of Dublin, author of the diſcourſe on the *Origin of Evil; of the State of the Proteſtants in* Ireland, and ſeveral other valuable pieces.

have had ſome intimation, that all diſſenters are not of a mind in this point; the other ſects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are, than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of preſbytery. Something pleaſant enough is ſaid to have happened on this occaſion: a certain perſon endeavoured to comfort them, and remove their jealouſy, by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greateſt friends to diſſenters, and who would be moſt zealous for toleration, never deſigned to eſtabliſh any church, but only to deſtroy that, which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them ſatisfaction, I can't tell, but am certain, that if any have ſo wicked a deſign, they will fail in it.

I am often alarmed with the fears of ſome good men, who would perſuade me, that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wonder to ſee me ſo ſanguine in the cauſe. But I tell them, that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; ſome profligate wretches may forget it, and ſome may doſe themſelves ſo long with perverſe thinking, as not to ſee any reaſon for it: but in ſpite of all the ill-natured and falſe philoſophy of theſe two ſorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And ſo it is, and will be with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general hath a powerful cauſe, though every one cannot find it out.

But

But I have forgot my diſſenters: the reaſon of their applying in Great Britain is, becauſe they ſee little reaſon to hope for ſucceſs here; and if I can judge of the ſenſe of gentlemen, that compoſe the parliament, they never ſeemed to be farther from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you ſee hardly any thing valuable is obtained any otherwiſe than by the government; and therefore, if you can attend the next lord lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I aſſure myſelf, that you are too honeſt to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be propoſed. I could give ſeveral reaſons why you ſhould embrace this, though I have no exception againſt your ſecretaryſhip *; except that you may loſe too much time in it, which, conſidering all things, you cannot ſo well ſpare at this time of the day.

As to my own part, I thank God, I was never much frightened by any alterations: neither king James nor the earl of Tyrconnel ſhocked me. I always comforted myſelf with the 112th pſalm, 7th verſe †. I never was a favourite of any government, nor have I a proſpect of being ſo; though I believe I have ſeen forty changes, nor would I adviſe any friend to ſell himſelf to any, ſo as to be their ſlave. I could write ſome other things, that you would deſire to know; but pen and

* To the embaſſy at Vienna.

† 'He ſhall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, truſting in the Lord.'

and ink are dangerous tools in ſome mens hands, and I love a friend with an appetite. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

LETTER XVI.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. STERNE.

SIR, *Nov.* 30. 1708.

I RECEIVED a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date, but I conceive it to have been a month ago; for I met it when I came from Kent, where, and at Epſom, I paſſed about ſix weeks, to divert myſelf the fag-end of the ſummer, which proved to be the beſt weather we had. I am glad you made ſo good a progreſs in your building; but you had the emblem of induſtry in your mind, for the bees begin at the top, and work downwards, and at laſt work themſelves out of houſe and home, as many of you builders do.

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court *; and that Dr. Lambert is chaplain to the lord lieutenant: the archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſeveral other biſhops, and my lord treaſurer himſelf, would needs have it ſo. I made no manner of application for that poſt, upon certain reaſons, that I ſhall let you know, if ever I have the happineſs to ſee you again.

* On the 25th of November 1708, the earl of Pembroke was made lord high admiral, the earl of Wharton lord lieutenant of Ireland, and the lord Sommers lord preſident of the council.

My lord Sunderland rallied me on that occaſion, and was very well pleaſed with my anſwer, that I obſerved one thing in all new miniſtries: for the firſt week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be ſeen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged. What I have to ſay of the public, &c. will be incloſed, which, I ſuppoſe, will be ſhewn you, and you will pleaſe to deliver as formerly. Lord Pembroke takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as uſual; and he either makes the beſt uſe, or the beſt appearance with his philoſophy of any man I ever knew; for it is not believed he is pleaſed at heart upon many accounts.

Sir Andrew Fountain is well, and has either writ to you laſt poſt, or deſigns it ſoon.

Dr. Pratt is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made ſome purchaſes, that would ſet you a longing. You have heard our mighty news is * extremely dwindled in our laſt packets. However, we expected a very happy end of the campaign, which this ſudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yeſterday, will ſoon bring to an iſſue. I am, &c.

LET-

* On the 11th of November, 1708, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene obliged the elector of Bavaria to raiſe the ſiege of Bruſſels.

LETTER XVII.

A Monſieur Monſieur HUNTER, Gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 12. 1708-9.

I KNOW no people ſo ill uſed by your men of buſineſs as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addiſon had received the letter you were pleaſed to ſend me, he firſt told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten days further of grace, thought fit to give it me; ſo you know where to fix the whole blame that it was not ſooner acknowledged. It is a delicate expedient you priſoners have, of diverting yourſelves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am conſidering whether there be no way of diſturbing your quiet, by writing ſome dark matter that may give the French court a jealouſy of you. I ſuppoſe, Monſieur Chamillard, or ſome of his commiſſaries, muſt have this letter interpreted to them, before it cometh to your hands; and therefore, I here think good to warn them, that if they exchange you under ſix of their lieutenant-generals, they will be loſers by the bargain. But that they may not miſtake me, I do not mean as Viceroy de Virginia, *mais comme le Colonel Hunter.* I would adviſe you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love; becauſe I have a ſcruple, whether you can keep your parole, if

you become a priſoner to the ladies; at leaſt, it will be a ſcandal to a free Briton to drag two chains at once. I preſume you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and ſee Verſailles, and every place elſe except * St. Germains.—I hear the ladies call you already *Nôtre Priſonnier Hunter le plus honnête Garçon du Monde*——Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their Gazetteers? Have you met any French colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horſe, or ſhivered, at leaſt, a launce againſt his breaſt-plate? Do you know the wounds you have given when you ſee the ſcars? Do you ſalute your old enemies with *Stetimus tela aſpera contra, contulimuſque manus. Vous ſavez que—— Monſieur d' Addiſon, vôtre bon Ami, eſt fait Secretaire d' Etat d' Irlande;* and unleſs you make haſte over, and get me my Virginian biſhoprick, he will perſuade me to go with him; for the † Vienna project is off, which is a great diſappointment to the deſign I had of diſplaying my politics at the emperor's court. I do not like the ſubject you have aſſigned me to entertain you with. Crauder is ſick, to the comfort of all quiet

* Then the place of reſidence of the Queen Dowager of King James II. and the Pretender.

† Dr. Swift was to have gone ſecretary to the Engliſh embaſſy to the Imperial Court.

quiet people, and Fraud is *Reveur à peindre*. Mr. Addiſon and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *Bel Eſprit* and a Woollen-Draper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will purſue their victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet obſerved the Tories noſes; their number is not to be learnt by telling of noſes, for every Tory hath not a noſe.——It is a loſs you are not here to partake of three weeks froſt, and eat ginger-bread in a booth by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw; but ſhe drew in her head, and it now freezeth as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, although at the expence of Dr. Atterbury's diſpleaſure, who was deſigned their Prolocutor, and is now raging at the diſappointment. I amuſe myſelf ſometimes with writing verſes to Mr. Finch, and ſometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addiſon and I ſteal to a pint of bad wine, and wiſh for no third perſon but you, who, if you were with us, would never be ſatisfied without three more—You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory * is dead, and Keil † ſoliciteth to be his ſuc-

* A famous mathematician, who publiſhed ſome treatiſes on aſtronomy.

† Another great mathematician, who alſo publiſhed ſeveral works in that ſcience, and in anatomy.

ceſſor; but party reacheth even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denieth. We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new Caſtrato from Italy, called Nicolini, who exceedeth Valentini, I know not how many bars length. Lord Sommers and Halifax are as well as buſy ſtateſmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorſet is nobody's favourite but yours and Mr. Prior's, who hath lately dedicated his Book of Poems to him, which is all the preſs hath furniſhed us, of any value, ſince you went. Mr. Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, ſucceedeth Mr. Addiſon in the ſecretary's office; and Mr. Shute, a notable young Preſbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you; perhaps you have heard part or all of both from other hands, but you muſt be contented. Pray let us know what hopes we have of ſeeing you, and how ſoon; and be ſo kind, or juſt, to believe me always, your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

P. S. Mr. Steele preſenteth his moſt humble ſervice to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *Mechanceté* to impute the Letter of Enthuſiaſm to me, when I have ſome good reaſons to think the author is now at Paris.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

MR. LE CLERC TO MR. ADDISON.

A AMSTERDAM, le 12 de Fevrier, 1709.

JE m'étois donné l'honneur de vous écrire, Monsieur, des le commencement de cette année, pour vous prier sur tout d'une chose, qu'il me seroit important de savoir au plûtôt. Cependant je n'ai reçu aucune de vos nouvelles. J'ai appris seulement, que vous quittiez le poste, où vous étiez, pour aller en Irlande en qualité de secretaire de my lord Wharton. Je m'en réjoüis avec vous, dans la supposition, que ce dernier emploi vaut mieux que le précedent, quoique je sente bien, que je perdrai par vôtre éloignement. Je ne lasse pas de vous souhaiter toute sorte de satisfaction dans vôtre nouvel emploi, & de prier Dieu, qu'il vous donne un heureux succès en tout ce que vous entreprendrez. Je vous avois prié, Monsieur, de m'envoyer le nom propre & les titres de my lord Halifax, & de lui demander même, si vous le trouviez à propos, la permission de lui dedier mon Tite-Live. Comme vous m'aviez marqué par Mr. Philips, que vous aviez oublié la feuille, qui me manquoit de recueïl de Mr. Rymer, je vous avois mandé, que c'est la feuille 20 T, ou les 4 pages qui précedent immediatement l'indice des noms, dans le tome I. Si vous l'avez euë depuis, faites moi la grace de l'envoyer à

Mess.

Meſſ. Toutton & Stuiguer, bien enveloppée, & de mettre mon addreſſe au deſſus. Je ſuppoſe, Monſieur, que cette lettre vous trouvera encore à Londres, parce qu'on dit, que my lord Wharton ne partira que vers le mois d'Avril. Il ne ſe paſſe rien de nouveau ici dans la republique des lettres, qui merite de vous être mandé. Les Jeſuits de Paris ont condamné, en termes tres forts, les ſentimens du P. Hardouïn, & l'ont contraint de les retracter d'une maniere honteuſe. On verra quelle en ſera la ſuite. Je voudrois pouvoir vous être utile ici à quelque choſe: vous verriez par là, combien je ſuis, Monſieur, vôtre très humble & très obeïſſant ſerviteur,

J. LE CLERC.

LETTER XIX.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *February* 29. 1707-8.

MR. Frowde § tells me, that you deſign me the honour of a viſit to-morrow morning; but my lord Sunderland ‖ having directed me to wait

§ 'Philip Frowde, Eſq; ſon of Aſhburnham Frowde, Eſq; comptroller of the foreign office in the poſt-office. Mr. Philip Frowde was educated at Magdalen college in Oxford, and was pupil of Mr. Addiſon. He was author of two tragedies, The fall of Saguntum, repreſented at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in 1727; and Philotas, acted at the ſame theatre in 1731. He died at his lodgings in Cecil-Street, in the Strand, December 19, 1738; equally lamented, as he had been beloved, for his genius, learning, and the amiableneſs of his character.'

‖ 'To whom Mr. Addiſon was ſecretary.'

wait on him at nine o'clock, I ſhall take it as a particular favour, if you will give me your company at the George in Pall-mall about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your converſation more at leiſure, which I ſet a very great value upon. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele and Frowde will dine with us.

LETTER XX.

A Monſieur Monſieur HUNTER, Gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.

SIR, *London, March* 22, 1708-9.

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you ſent me, in a letter to Mr. Addiſon, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the ſame time that I did not deſerve it, having ſent you a long letter, in return to that you were pleaſed to honour me with; and it is a pity it ſhould be loſt; for as I remember, it was full of the *diei fabulas*, and ſuch particularities as do not uſually find place in news-papers. Mr. Addiſon hath been ſo taken up for ſome months, in the amphibious circumſtances of premier C—— to my Lord Sunderland and ſecretary of ſtate for * Ireland, that he is the worſt man I know, either to convey

* Principal Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receiveth; ſo that I deſign, when I truſt him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for, if my former hath miſcarried, I am half perſuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage; and indeed, in your caſe, it requireth a good ſhare of philoſophy: but if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cauſe you are ſtill a priſoner; for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court; when the moſt chriſtian king reading one paſſage in it (and duly conſidering the weight of the perſon who wrote it) where I ſaid, if the French king underſtood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for count Tallard, and all the Debris of Blenheim together; for I muſt confeſs I did not rally when I ſaid ſo.

I hear your good ſiſter, the queen of Pomuniki, waiteth with impatience until you are reſtored to your dominions, and that your rogue of a viceroy returneth money faſt for England, againſt the time he muſt retire from his Government. Mean time, † Philips writeth verſes in a ſledge upon the frozen ſea, and tranſmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer clime, under the ſhelter of my Lord Dorſet. I could ſend you a great deal of news from the Republica Gubſtreetaria, which was never in greater altitude, although I have been of late but a ſmall contributor. A cargo of ſplinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately ſhipwrecked

† Ambroſe Philips, Eſq. See his Lapland and other Paſtorals in his Poems.

cked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage
he Virtuoſi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out,
all not trouble you with the cauſe, but do you
think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs.
er is ſtill in my good graces: I deſign to make
tell me when your are to be redeemed, and
ſend you word. There it is now, you think
n in jeſt; but I aſſure you, the beſt intelli-
e I get of public affairs is from ladies, for
miniſters never tell me any thing; and Mr.
liſon is nine times more ſecret to me than any
y elſe, becauſe I have the happineſs to be
ght his friend. The company at St. James's
ee-houſe is as bad as ever, but it is not quite
od. The beauties you left are all gone off
froſt, and we have got a new ſet for ſpring,
hich Mrs. Chetwind and Mrs. Worſley are
principal. The vogue of operas holdeth up
derfully, altho' we have had them a year; but
ſign to ſet up a party among the wits, to run
n down by next winter, if true Engliſh ca-
e doth not interpoſe to ſave us the labour.
demoiſelle Spanheim is going to marry my lord
hazding, at leaſt, I have heard ſo, and if you
l it otherwiſe at your return, the conſequences
y poſſibly be ſurvived; however, you may tell
he Paris Gazetteer, and let me have the plea-
e to read a lie of my own ſending. I ſuppoſe
I have heard that the town hath loſt an old
ke, and recovered a mad Dutcheſs.—The Duke
Marlborough hath at length found an enemy
t dareth face him, and which he will certainly

By

fly before, with the firſt opportunity, and we a
all of opinion it will be his wiſeſt courſe to do ſ
Now the way to be prodigiouſly witty would l
by keeping you in ſuſpenſe, and not letting yc
know that this enemy is nothing but the nortl
eaſt wind, which ſtoppeth his voyage to Hollan
This letter, going in Mr. Addiſon's paquet, wil
I hope, have better luck than the former. I ſha
go for Ireland ſome time in ſummer, being not
ble to make my friends in the miniſtry conſid
my merits, or their promiſes, enough to keep n
here, ſo that all my hopes now terminate in my
biſhoprick of Virginia: in the mean time I hol
faſt my claim to your promiſe of correſponding wi
me, and that you will henceforward addreſs yo
letters for me at † Mr. Steele's office at the Cocl
pit, who hath promiſed his care in conveying then
Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and ſendeth n
word he is become a convert to the whigs, by ol
ſerving the good and ill effects of freedom an
ſlavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addiſon, with whom
have fifty times drank your health ſince you le
us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I ca
at preſent lengthen my letter no farther; and

a

* There was a ſcheme on foot at this time, to make Dr. Sw
Biſhop of Virginia, with a power to ordain Prieſts and Deaco
for all our Colonies in America, and to parcel out that count
into Deaneries, Pariſhes, Chapels, *&c.* and to recommend a
preſent thereto, which would have been of the greateſt uſe to t
Proteſtant Religion in that country, had it taken effect.

† Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, was then under Secr
tary of State.

am not certain whether you will hear from him or no, until he gets thither. However, he commandeth me to assure you of his humble service, and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employeth on business, must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude.

Your most faithful,
and most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXI.

DR. SWIFT TO THE LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND *.

My Lord, *London, March* 24. 1708-9.

I AM commanded by his excellency the lord lieutenant to send the inclosed to your grace, in answer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace, and several bishops, relating to the first-fruits of Ireland. This will spare your grace and their lordships the trouble of any farther account from me. I shall therefore only add, that his excellency commands me to assure your grace of his hearty inclination in favour of the church of Ireland; and am, with great re-

* Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

ſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt dutiful and moſt obedient ſervant, J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXII.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT *.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, April* 22. 1709.

I AM in a very great hurry of buſineſs, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at Cheſter, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to ſee you very ſuddenly, and will wait on our friend the biſhop of Clogher † as ſoon as I can poſſibly. I have had juſt time to tell him, *en paſſant*, that you were well. I long to ſee you, and am, dear ſir, your moſt faithful and moſt obedient ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

We arrived yeſterday at Dublin.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin-Caſtle, June* 25. 1709.

I AM heartily glad to hear you are ſo near us. If you will deliver the incloſed to the captain of the Wolf, I dare ſay he will accommodate you

* Mr. Addiſon at this time was ſecretary to the Earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Dr. St. George Aſhe.

you with all in his power. If he has left Cheſter, I have ſent you a bill according to the biſhop of Clogher's deſire, of whom I have a thouſand good things to ſay. I do not aſk your excuſe about the yacht, becauſe I don't want it, as you ſhall hear at Dublin: if I did, I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am, dear Sir, yours moſt entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament, and a convoy, about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the Wolf. I will give orders accordingly.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Nine o'clock, Monday Morning* *.

I THINK it is very hard I ſhould be in the ſame kingdom with Dr. Swift, and not have the happineſs of his company once in three days. The biſhop of Clogher intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble ſervant, in my return from Chappel Izzard, whither I am juſt now going. I am your humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

* This letter has no date: but it muſt have been written ſoon after Dr. Swift's arrival in Dublin, which happened on the 30th

LETTER XXV.

THE EARL OF HALLIFAX * TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *October* 6. 1709.

MY friend Mr. Addiſon telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away, without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite aſhamed for myſelf and my friends, to ſee you left in a place ſo incapable of taſting you; and to ſee ſo much merit, and ſo great qualities unrewarded, by thoſe who are ſenſible of them. Mr. Addiſon and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the purſuit, nor to ceaſe reminding thoſe, who can ſerve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to ſhine †. Dr. South holds out ſtill ‡, but he cannot be immortal. The ſituation of his prebend

of June 1709. He ſet ſail from Liverpool for Ireland, on the 29th of June, and landed at Ringſend the next day; and, on the 8th of September following, Mr. Addiſon returned to England with the lord lieutenant.

* Charles Earl of Hallifax: he was auditor of the exchequer.

† Dr. Swift wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court-promiſes:* and, in the firſt leaf of a ſmall printed book, entitled, *Poeſies Chretiennes de Monſ. Jollivet*, he wrote theſe words: "Given me by my lord "Hallifax, May 3. 1709. I begged it of him, and deſired him "to remember, it was the only *favour* I ever received from him "or his party."

‡ He was prebendary of Weſtminſter; but did not die till July 8. 1716.

prebend would make me doubly concerned in ſerving you. And, upon all occaſions that ſhall offer, I will be your conſtant ſolicitor, your ſincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

HALLIFAX.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. STEELE TO DR. SWIFT.

Lord Sunderland's Office, October 8. 1709.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Secretary Addiſon went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, *viz.* to forward the incloſed, which Lord Hallifax ſent him for you. I aſſure you, no man could ſay more in praiſe of another, than he did in your behalf, at that noble lord's table on Wedneſday laſt. I doubt not but you will find, by the incloſed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your ſtay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were lord Edward Ruſſel, lord Eſſex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addiſon, and myſelf. I have heard ſuch things ſaid of that ſame biſhop of Clogher with you, that I have often ſaid he muſt be entered *ad eundem* in our houſe of lords. Mr. Philips * dined

* Ambroſe Philips, the author of the Diſtreſſed Mother, a tragedy, and ſome paſtorals, *&c.*

with me yeſterday; he is ſtill a ſhepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not write ſometimes to me.

The town is in great expectation from Bickerſtaff †; what paſſed at the election for his firſt table being to be publiſhed this day ſevennight. I have not ſeen Ben Tooke ‡ a great while, but long to uſher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LET-

† Iſaac Bickerſtaff was the name aſſumed by the author of the Tatler, of which the Dean wrote No. 66. on eloquence and action, and the numbers 67, 74, and 81, on the chamber of fame, in which were to be three tables; the firſt to contain twelve perſons, the ſecond twenty, and the third one hundred. The election here alluded to, is of the twelve perſons for the firſt table, public notice having been given from the Grecian coffee-houſe, in the Tatler of the 29th of September 1709, that on Saturday the 15th of October next, the author would ſettle his firſt table of fame. requeſting all, that had competent knowledge, to ſend in liſts of ſuch twelve perſons as they imagined to be qualified for that pre-eminence. The twelve ſelected by the author are, Alexander, Homer, Julius Cæſar, Socrates, Ariſtotle, Virgil, Cicero, Hannibal, Pompey, Cato of Utica, Auguſtus, and Archimides.

‡ The bookſeller.

LETTER XXVII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE § TO DR. SWIFT.

Sunday, paſt twelve, [*January* 7. 1710.]

THERE are few things I would be more induſtrious to bring about, than opportunities of ſeeing you. Since you was here in the morning, I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; ſo that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I ſend you this early notice, to prevent you from any other appointment. I am ever, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

H. ST. JOHN.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

SIR,

THOUGH I ſhould not value ſuch uſage from a ſecretary of a ſtate, and a great miniſter; yet, when I conſider the perſon it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, Sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treaſury juſt at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almoſt reſolve, in ſpight, not to find fault with my victuals, or be quarrelſome to-morrow at

§ Then principal ſecretary of ſtate for the ſouthern provinces.

at your table: But if I do not take the firſt opportunity to let all the world know ſome qualities in you, that you take moſt care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me, if you pleaſe, to be, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

January 7. 1710-11.

LETTER XXVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Jan.* 9. 1710.

I RECEIVED yours of December the 30th, by the laſt packets: it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel, becauſe I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I ſtrain myſelf to give you an anſwer to-night, apprehending that as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be ſo by the next poſt; and then, perhaps, I might not be able to anſwer you in a month, which might loſe me ſome part of the praiſe you give me as a good correſpondent.

As to my lord primate, he is much better ſince he was put into the government; and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but, with God's

God's help, hereafter I will ſay more on this ſubject.

As to what is reported of Mr. Stanhope's obſtinacy, I demur, till ſatisfied how far the kindneſs to him, as a manager, influences the report.

We have received an anſwer from his grace the duke of Ormond to our letter. It is in a very authentic and ſolemn form, *that his grace will take a proper time to lay our requeſt before her majeſty, and know her pleaſure on it.* By which I conclude two things; firſt, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majeſty has made; for if he had, he would have applied immediately and ſent it; and then it would have paſſed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haſte about it. And therefore let me beſeech you to ſolicit and preſs it, and get the letter dated as when firſt it was promiſed; but I confeſs I have ſtill ſome ſcruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in Ireland, for which there is a plain reaſon, *pragravat artes infra ſe poſitas*, &c. I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are; and as this is the time to make ſome uſe of your intereſt for yourſelf, do not forget it.

We have publiſhed here a character of the earl of Wharton * late lord lieutenant of Ireland. I have ſo much charity and juſtice as to condemn all

* 'One by Dr. Swift, dated at London, Auguſt 30, 1710, is printed in his works, Vol. XIII. p. 209. of the London edition, firſt publiſhed in 1762.'—See vol. IV. p. 409. of this edit.

all ſuch proceedings. If a governor behave himſelf ill, let him be complained of and puniſhed; but to wound any man thus in the dark * * * * * * * * * to them before the funds are found and agreed on. When this is over, they may do what they pleaſe; and ſure it will pleaſe them to ſee the crow ſtripped of her rappareed feathers. We begin to be in pain for the duke of Marlborough.

I hear an anſwer is printing to the earl of Wharton's character. Pray was there ever ſuch licentiouſneſs of the preſs as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it? I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

January 13, 1710.

MY gout gives me leave yet to anſwer yours of the fourth inſtant, which was very acceptable to me; becauſe I find by it ſome farther ſteps are made in our buſineſs. I believe it will take up ſome time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for ſuch an affair. Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here, they will not write a line without there fees; and therefore I ſhould think it neceſſary ſome fund ſhould be thought of

to

to ſee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at preſent to anſwer it, than, if you think it neceſſary, to allow you to draw upon me; and my bill to this purpoſe, leſs than an 100 l. ſhall be punctually anſwered. I write thus, becauſe I have no notion how ſuch a thing ſhould paſs the offices without ſome money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is neceſſary.

I think your miniſters perfectly right to avoid all enquiry, and every thing that would embroil them. To appeal to the mob, that can neither enquire nor judge, is a proceeding, that I think the common ſenſe of mankind ſhould condemn. Perhaps he may deſerve this uſage; but a good man may fall under the ſame.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe ſome we hear of will not be.

Your obſervation of the two ſentences is juſt. You will pardon this diſjointed letter. I believe my reſpects are better than the expreſſions here. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, March* 17. 1710.

I RETURN you my thanks for yours of the 8th inſtant. I do not wonder that you were in ſome

ſome confuſion when you wrote it; for I aſſure you I read it with great horror, which ſuch a fact is apt to create in every body, that is not hardened in wickedneſs. I received ſeveral other letters with narratives of the ſame, and ſeen ſome, that came to other hands; but none ſo particular, or that could be ſo well depended upon. I obſerve, that among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to Guiſcard's charge, of his deſign, or how he came to be diſcovered. I ſuppoſe thoſe are yet ſecrets, as it is fit they ſhould be. I do remember ſomething of this Guiſcard, and that he was to head an invaſion; and that he publiſhed a very fooliſh narrative *; but neither remember exactly the time, or under what miniſtry it was, or who were his patrons. It ſeems convenient, that theſe ſhould be known, becauſe it is reported, that Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John were thoſe who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite †. One would think this ſhould convince the world, that Mr. Harley is not in the French intereſt, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, ſome whiſper the caſe of Fenius Rufus, and Scevinus, in the 15th book

* 'Guiſcard's Memoirs were publiſhed with a dedication to queen Anne, dated at the Hague, May 10. 1705.'

† See an account of Guiſcard in the Examiner, No. xxxii. May 15, 1710-11, and a note, Vol. VIII. of Bathurſt's edition of Swift in 1755. He was a Frenchman, and employed by the whig miniſtry, in the beginning of the queen's reign, and commanded an unſucceſsful expedition againſt France. He afterwards endeavoured to make his peace at home, by acting here as a ſpy, and was detected.

book of Tacitus, *accenſis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conſcium et inquiſitorem non tolerabant.* Mr. St. John is condemned for wounding Guiſcard; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted ſome to ſuggeſt, that it was done on purpoſe leſt he ſhould tell tales.

We had a ſtrange piece of news by laſt packet, that the addreſs to her majeſty met with but a cold reception from one party in the houſe of commons; and that all the lords, ſpiritual and temporal, of that party, went out when it paſſed in the lords houſe. But I make it a rule, never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a ſure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard ſomething of our firſt-fruits and twentieth parts; but I doubt that matter ſleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we uſed to do. The parties are tolerably ſilent; but thoſe for the late miniſtry ſeem to be united, keep much together, and are ſo wiſe as not to make much noiſe; nor have I heard any thing of their ſentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident. I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, *&c.*

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *St James's Place, April* 11. 1710.

I HAVE run so much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is passed, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, whilst I am going to a place, where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th instant. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know, that I obeyed yours and the bishop of Clogher's commands, in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you, in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you, when they have

have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may uſe ſo magnificent a phraſe. Pray, dear Doctor, continue your friendſhip towards me, who love and eſteem you, if poſſible, as much as you deſerve. I am ever, dear Sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER XXXII.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. STERNE, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN, WITH A PROXY FOR HIS APPEARANCE AS PREBENDARY OF DUNLAVIN, AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATION.

SIR, *Laracor, April* 17. 1710.

YOU have put me under a neceſſity of writing you a very ſcurvy letter, and in a very ſcurvy manner. It is the want of horſes, and not of inclination, that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot, to ſee you * viſit in your own right; but, if I muſt be viſited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies of St. Mary's delivered me your commands; but Mrs. Johnſon had dropped half of them by the ſhaking of her horſe. I have made a ſhift, by the aſſiſtance of two civilians, and a book of precedents, to ſend you the jargon annexed,

* Doctor Sterne was then vicar-general of the dioceſe of Dublin, and was to viſit the clergy in the abſence of the archbiſhop.

nexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary, who will have the charity to anſwer for me. Thoſe two words *gravi incommodo*, are to be tranſlated, the want of a horſe. In a few days, I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleſh-pots of Cavan-ſtreet. I adviſe them, ſince they have given up their title and lodgings of St. Mary's, to buy each of them a palfrey, and take a ſquire, and ſeek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the froſty weather, for ſpoiling my poor half dozen of bloſſoms. *Spes anni collapſa ruit:* Whether theſe words be mine or Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very buſy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at leaſt fifteen people, moſt of them gentle, and all ſimple.

I can ſend you no news; only the employment of my pariſhioners may, for memory-ſake, be reduced under theſe heads. Mr. Percival is ditching; Mrs. Percival in her kitchen; Mr. Weſley ſwitching; Mrs. Weſley ſtitching; Sir Arthur Langford riching; which is a new word for heaping up riches. Well, Sir, long may you live the hoſpitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The biſhop of Clogher would envy me for thoſe three B's †. I am your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LET-

† 'Viz. Bits, books and buildings.'

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 27. 1710.

I NEITHER can nor will have patience any longer; and, Swift, you are a confounded ſon of a ———. May your half acre turn to a bog, and may your willows periſh; may the worms eat your Plato, and may Parviſole * break your ſnuff-box. What! becauſe there is never a biſhop in England with half the wit of St. George Aſhe, nor ever a ſecretary of ſtate with a quarter of Addiſon's good ſenſe; therefore, you can't write to thoſe, that love you, as well as any Clogher or Addiſon of them all. You have loſt your reputation here; and that of your baſtard, the Tatler, is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave London. Kingſmill is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

SIR, *Dublin, June* 29. 1710.

I WAS in the country when I received your letter, with the Apology † incloſed in it; and I had neither health nor humour to finiſh

* The dean's ſteward.

† The Apology prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

that buſineſs. But the blame reſts with you, that, if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have juſt now your laſt, with the complete Key. I believe it is ſo perfect a Grub-ſtreet piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is ſtrange, that there can be no ſatisfaction againſt a bookſeller, for publiſhing names in ſo bold a manner. I wiſh ſome lawyer could adviſe you how I might have ſatisfaction: For, at this rate, there is no book, however ſo vile, which may not be faſtened on me. I cannot but think that little Parſon-couſin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of ſome part of, &c. and he ſhewing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk ſuſpiciouſly, as if he had ſome ſhare in it. If he ſhould happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that, if he be the author, he ſhould ſet his name to the &c. and rally him a little upon it: and tell him, if he can explain ſome things, you will, if he pleaſes, ſet his name to the next edition. I ſhould be glad to ſee how far the fooliſh impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will ſend you the thing, now I am in town, as ſoon as poſſible. But, I dare ſay, you have neither printed the reſt, nor finiſhed the cuts, only are glad to lay the fault on me. I ſhall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you ſent me; and I dare ſay it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in ſuch haſte, how came you to forget the miſcellanies? I would not

have

have you think of Steele for a publiſher; he is too buſy. I will, one of theſe days, ſend you ſome hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get ſome friend to dreſs them up. I have thoughts of ſome other work, one of theſe years; and I hope to ſee you ere it be long; ſince it is like to be a new world, and ſince I have the merit of ſuffering, by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. TOOKE TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *London, July* 10. 1710.

INCLOSED I have ſent the Key; and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the reſpective pages they refer to, than printing them at the end, by themſelves. As to the cuts, Sir Andrew Fountaine has had them, from the time they were deſigned, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; ſo that, I think, they muſt be laid aſide: For, unleſs they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not ſo careleſs but that I took a copy of it before I ſent it to you; ſo that I could have printed it eaſily, but that you ſent me word, not to go on, till you had altered ſome things in it. As to that couſin of yours, which you ſpeak of, I neither know him,

him, nor ever heard of him, till the Key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on firſt, the Tale or the Miſcellanies: But, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things ſhould be ſent over out of Ireland, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reaſonable excuſe for myſelf in all theſe affairs. What I beg of you, at preſent, is, that you would return the Apology and this Key, with directions as to the placing it: Although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page, yet ſhall ſubmit. If this be not done ſoon, I cannot promiſe but ſome raſcal or other will do it for us both; ſince you ſee the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been loſt in the Miſcellanies; therefore haſten that: And whichever is in the moſt forwardneſs, I would begin on firſt. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. ADDISON to DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin Caſtle, July* 23. 1710.

ABOUT two days ago, I received the incloſed, that is ſealed up, and yeſterday that of my friend Steele; which, requiring a ſpeedy anſwer, I have ſent you expreſs. In the mean time, I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your anſwer by the

the next poſt. I fancy he had my lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amuſement by the way, I have ſent you ſome of this day's news; to which I muſt add, that Doctors Byſſe * and Robinſon † are likely to be the biſhops of Briſtol and St. David's: that our politicians are ſtartled at the breaking off the negotiations, and fall of ſtocks; inſomuch, that it is thought they will not venture at diſſolving the parliament in ſuch a criſis. I am ever, dear Sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele deſires me to ſeal yours before I deliver it; but this you will excuſe, in one who wiſhes you as well as he, or any body living can do.

LETTER XXXVII.

IRISH BISHOPS TO THE BISHOPS OF OSSORY AND KILLALOE.

Dublin, Auguſt 31. 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

WHEREAS ſeveral applications have been made to her majeſty, about the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts payable to her majeſty by the

* 'Philip, firſt made biſhop of St. David's, and then of 'Hereford.'

† 'John: he was conſecrated biſhop of Briſtol, November '19, 1710, and tranſlated to the ſee of London in March '1713-14.'

the clergy of this kingdom, beſeeching her m
jeſty, that ſhe would be graciouſly pleaſed to
tend her bounty to the clergy here, in ſuch m
ner as the convocation have humbly laid bef
her majeſty, or as her majeſty ſhall, in her go
neſs and wiſdom, think fit; and the ſaid appli
tions ly ſtill before her majeſty; and we ho
from her royal bounty, a favourable anſwer.

We do therefore entreat your lordſhips to t
upon you the ſolicitation of that affair, and
uſe ſuch proper methods and applications, as y
in your prudence, ſhall judge moſt like to be
fectual. We have likewiſe deſired the bea
Dr. Swift, to concern himſelf with you, be
perſuaded of his diligence and good affecti
and we deſire, that, if your lordſhips occaſions
quire your leaving London before you h
brought the buſineſs to effect, that you wo
leave with him the papers relating to it, v
your directions for his management in it, if
think it adviſeable ſo to do. We are your l
ſhips moſt humble ſervants and brethren,

To the Right Rev.	NARCISSUS ARMAG
fathers in God,	WILL. DUBLINIEN
John lord biſhop	W. CASSEL.
of Oſſory, and	W. MEATH.
Thomas lord bi-	W. KILDARE.
ſhop of Killaloe.	WILLIAM KILLALA

LI

LETTER XXXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. JOHNSON*.

Cheſter, Sept. 2. 1710.

)E† will give you an account of me till I got into the boat; after which, the rogues le a new bargain, and forced me to give them crowns, and talked as if we ſhould not be able

Theſe letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnſon, were all written in es from the time of Dr. Swift's landing at Cheſter, in Sep- er 1710, until his return to Ireland, upon the demiſe of the 1; barring the interruption of about ſix weeks or two hs, in the year 1713, when he was obliged to go over to Ire- upon being made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The let- were all very carefully preſerved by Stella; and, at her i, if not before, taken up by Dr. Swift; for what end, we r not, unleſs it were to compare the current news of the times that Hiſtory of the Queen, which he writ at Windſor in ear 1713: they were ſometimes addreſſed to Mrs. Johnſon, ſometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Tem- amily, and friend to Mrs. Johnſon. Both theſe ladies went to Ireland, upon Swift's invitation, in the year 1701, and ed conſtantly together.

Mr. Joſeph Beaumont, merchant of Trim, whoſe name fre- itly occurs in theſe papers. He was a venerable, handſome, -headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not roved by learning: His forte was mathematics, which he ied to ſome uſeful purpoſes in the linen trade, but chiefly to inveſtigation of the longitude; which was ſuppoſed to have ſioned a lunacy, with which he was ſeized in Dublin about year 1718; from whence he was brought home to Trim, recovered his underſtanding. But ſome years after, having pſed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of di- ſtion.

able to overtake any ſhip; but, in half an hou
we got to the yacht; for the ſhips lay by to w
for my lord lieutenant's ſteward. We made c
voyage in fifteen hours juſt. Laſt night I ca
to this town, and ſhall leave it, I believe, on Mo
day: The firſt man I met in Cheſter was I
Raymond ‡. He and Mrs. Raymond were h
about levying a fine, in order to have power
ſell their eſtate. I got a fall off my horſe, ridi
here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horſe u
derſtands falls very well, and lying quietly til
got up. My duty to the biſhop of Clogher §.
ſaw him returning from Dunlary; ‖ but he ſ
not me. I take it ill he was not at convocatic
and that I have not his name to my powers.
beg you will hold your reſolution of going
Trim, and riding there as much as you can. I
the biſhop of Clogher remind the biſhop of Kil
la to ſend me a letter, with one incloſed to t
biſhop of Litchfield. †† Let all who write to
encloſe to Richard Steele, Eſq; at his office
the Cockpit near Whitehall. My lord Mour
joy is now in the humour that we ſhould beg
our journey this afternoon, ſo that I have ſtol
here again to finiſh this letter, which muſt
ſhc

‡ Vicar of Trim, and formerly one of the fellows of the u
verſity of Dublin.

§ Dr. St. George Aſhe, who, in the reign of George I. w
made biſhop of Derry.

‖ This muſt have been while Swift was ſailing in the Bay
Dublin, and the biſhop riding upon the north ſtrand.

†† Dr. John Hough.

ſhort or long accordingly. I write this poſt to Mrs. Weſley, and will tell her, that I have taken care that ſhe may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever ſhe pleaſes to ſend for it; and, in that caſe, I deſire you will ſend it her incloſed and ſealed. God Almighty bleſs you; and, for God's ſake, be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion,* whether it ſucceeds or no. I never went to England with ſo little deſire in my life. If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The poſt is juſt come from London, and juſt going out, ſo I have only time to pray to God to bleſs you, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Sept. 9. 1710.

I GOT here laſt Thurſday, after five days travelling, weary the firſt, almoſt dead the ſecond, tolerable the third, and well enough the reſt; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has ſerved for exerciſe; and I am at preſent well enough. The whigs were raviſhed to ſee me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumſy apologies, &c. But my lord-treaſurer † received me

* This commiſſion was, to ſolicit the queen to remit the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of Ireland.

† The earl of Godolphin.

with a great deal of coldneſs, which has enraged me ſo, I am almoſt vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance juſt as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard † is much at Court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it t'other day; ſo I have loſt a friend there. I have not yet ſeen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to ſee Stella's mother ‡ ſome other way. I writ to the biſhop of Clogher from Cheſter; and I now write to the archbiſhop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upſide down; every whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we ſhall have ſuch a winter as hath not been ſeen in England. Every body aſks me, how I came to be ſo long in Ireland as naturally as if here were my being; but no ſoul offers to make it ſo: and I proteſt I ſhall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor ‖, with more ſatisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler § expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they ſay, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Preſto's * lodgings; but I reſolve to turn

† Lady Giffard was ſiſter to Sir William Temple.

‡ She was at that time in lady Giffard's family.

‖ The Dr.'s benefice in the dioceſe of Meath.

§ Richard Steele, Eſq;

* In theſe letters pdfr, ſtands for Dr. Swift; Ppt, for Stella; D. for Dingley; D. D. generally for Dingley, but ſometimes for both Stella and Dingley; and MD. generally ſtands for both theſe ladies; yet ſometimes only for Stella. But to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviſeable to uſe the word Preſto for Swift, which is borrowed from the dutcheſs of Shrewſbury,

turn you out by Chriſtmas; in which time I ſhall either do my buſineſs, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnſon, who muſt needs be now in good caſe. I have begun this letter unuſually on the poſt night, and have already written to the archbiſhop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write ſomething every day to MD, and make it a ſort of journal; and, when it is full, I will ſend it whether MD writes or no; and ſo that will be pretty: and I ſhall always be in converſation with MD, and MD with Preſto. Pray make Parviſol * pay you the ten pounds immediately; ſo I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas is to retouch my picture. I thought I ſaw Jack Temple and his wife paſs by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly ſhaken off that family †. Tell the provoſt ‡ I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you pleaſe.

bury, who, not recollecting the Dr.'s name, called him Dr. Preſto, (which is Italian for Swift) vid. let. xxvii. Aug. 2, 1710, printed for Dodſley and others; inſtead of Ppt. Stella is uſed for Mrs. Johnſon, and ſo for D. Dingley; but as MD. ſtands for both Dingley and Stella, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original ſtate.

* The Dr.'s agent at Laracor.

† It never has yet appeared to the public what gave riſe to this great coolneſs between the Temple family and Dr. Swift.

‡ Dr. Pratt, afterwards dean of Downe.

I ſaw Jemmy Leigh § juſt now at the Coffee-houſe, who aſked after you with great kindneſs: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My ſervice to the dean *, and Mrs. Walls and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promiſed to chriſten the child. I fancy you had my Cheſter letter the Tueſday after I writ. I preſented Dr. Raymond to lord Wharton at Cheſter. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money †. It is near ten, and I hate to ſend by the bell-man. MD ſhall have a longer letter in a week, but I ſend this only to tell I am ſafe in London; and ſo farewel, &c.

LETTER XL.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER ſeeking the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, paſſing ſome part of the afternoon with ſir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the reſt at St. James's coffee-houſe, I came home and writ to the archbiſhop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell

§ A gentleman of fortune in the county of Weſtmeath, in Ireland, whoſe name often occurs in theſe letters. He was well acquainted with Stella, and ſeems to have had a great eſteem for her merit and accompliſhments.

* Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

† This money was a præmium the government had promiſed him for his mathematical Sleaing Tables, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are ſtill highly regarded.

tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to ſtand Manley's ‡ friend with his father in this ſhaking ſeaſon for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that ſeveral were now ſoliciting for Manley's place; that he was accuſed of opening letters; that ſir Thomas Frankland would ſacrifice every thing to ſave himſelf; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kenſington; ſaw my miſtreſs, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmleſs. I ſat till ten in the evening, with Addiſon and Steele: Steele will certainly loſe his Gazetteer's place, all the world deteſting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffee-houſe, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not ſeen. He was there; and for an hour and an half we talked treaſon heartily againſt the Whigs, their baſeneſs and ingratitude. And I came home rolling reſentments in my mind, and framing ſchemes of revenge: full of which (having written down ſome hints). I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, becauſe it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's ſake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke * was with me this morning.

11. Seven Morning. I am riſing to go to Jervas to finiſh my picture, and 'tis ſhaving day, ſo good-morrow MD: but don't keep me now, for I can't ſtay; and pray dine with the dean, but

‡ Manley was poſtmaſter-general of Ireland.

* The Doctor's bookſeller.

don't loſe your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I ſat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we muſt have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addiſon and I dined together at his lodgings, and I ſat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick obſerves, that the rabble here are much more inquiſitive in politics, than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be diſſolved. Lord Wharton expects every day to be out: he is working like a horſe for elections; and, in ſhort, I never ſaw ſo great a ferment among all ſorts of people. I had a miſerable letter from Joe laſt Saturday, telling me, Mr. Pratt † refuſes payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addiſon, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no ſucceſs. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I preſented Mr. Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my firſt viſit to lord preſident ‡, with whom I had much diſcourſe; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord Wharton, in relation to me, till he urged it: then I ſaid, he knew I never expected any thing from lord Wharton; and that lord Wharton knew that I underſtood it ſo. He ſaid, that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both

† Vice-treaſurer of Ireland.
‡ Lord Somers.

both times ſaid nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am adviſed not to meddle in the affair of the Firſt-Fruits, till this hurry is a little over, which ſtill depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord preſident told me, he expects every day to be out; and has done ſo theſe two months. I proteſt, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wiſh I had never ſtirred.

13. I went this morning to the city, to ſee Mr. Stratford the Hamburgh merchant, my old ſchool-fellow; but calling at Bull's on Ludgate-hill, he forced me to his houſe at Hampſtead to dinner, among a great deal of ill company; among the reſt Mr. Hoadley *, the whig clergyman, ſo famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I deſign again to ſee Stratford. I was glad, however, to be at Hampſtead, where I ſaw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; ſhe and her comrade have broke up houſe, and ſhe is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I ſhould be extremely ſorry if this be true.

14. To-day I ſaw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town, and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the firſt Toekay wine I ever ſaw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government forty thouſand pounds; yet we were educated together at the ſame ſchool and univerſity. We hear the chancellor is to be ſuddenly out, and Sir Simon Harcourt

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, afterwards biſhop of Wincheſter.

Harcourt to ſucceed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-houſe.

15. To-day Mr. Addiſon, colonel Friend and I went to ſee the million lottery drawn at Guild-hall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themſelves ſuch airs in pulling out the tickets, and ſhewed white hands open to the company, to let us ſee there was no cheat. We dined at a country-houſe near Chelſea, where Mr. Addiſon often retires; and to-night, at the coffee-houſe, we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is made lord-keeper; ſo that now we expect every moment the parliament will be diſſolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be ſtale, which I ſhould therefore put in the laſt paragraph. Shall I ſend this letter before I hear from MD, or ſhall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet ſeen Stella's mother, becauſe I will not ſee lady Giffard; but I will contrive to go there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters, but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I ſhall by Monday, which I reckon will be juſt a fortnight after you had my firſt. I am reſolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What ſhall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland, comptroller of the houſhold, has ſent to deſire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuſe him, becauſe he is a Whig, and will, I ſuppoſe, be out among the reſt; but he is a man of worth and learning.

Tell

Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a couſin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a viſit or two; and it has been a very inſipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her houſe; ſhe retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, no body knows where: her friends leave letters at ſome inn, and they are carried to her; and ſhe writes anſwers without dating them from any place. I ſwear it grieves me to the ſoul.

17. To-day I dined ſix miles out of town, with Will Pate the learned woollen-draper; Mr. Stratford went with me: ſix miles here is nothing: we left Pate after ſun-ſet, and were here before it was dark. This letter ſhall go on Tueſday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or ſoon deſigning it. I was diſappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to ſee little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a veniſon paſty to-day: ſo I loſt my paſty into the bargain. Pox on theſe declining courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges the paymaſter-general deſiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen ſent lord Shrewſbury to aſſure him he may keep his place; and he promiſes me great aſſiſtance in the affair of the Firſt-Fruits. Well, I muſt turn over this leaf to-night, though the ſide would hold another line; but pray conſider

this

this is a whole ſheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you muſt be content to be weary; but I'll do ſo no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addiſon's retirement near Chelſea; then came to town; got home early, and begun a letter to the Tatler, about the corruptions of ſtyle and writing, &c. and, having not heard from you, am reſolved this letter ſhall go to-night. Lord Wharton was ſent for to town in mighty haſte, by the duke of Devonſhire: they have ſome project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be diſſolved. When you ſee Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too buſy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addiſon, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be diſcouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he muſt have patience.

19. I have been ſcribbling this morning, and I believe ſhall hardly fill this ſide to-day, but ſend it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like Preſto. I thought to have ſent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to ſay the truth, I had a little mind to expect one poſt more for a letter from MD. Yeſterday at noon died the earl of Angleſey, the great ſupport of the Tories; ſo that the employment of vice-treaſurer of Ireland is again vacant.

We

We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loſs that could grieve me more. The biſhop of Durham died the ſame day. The duke of Ormond's daughter was to viſit me to-day, at a third place, by way of advance; and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley-caſtle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropſy; but I cannot go, and muſt ſend my excuſe to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my viſits to the duke's daughters; the inſolent drabs came up to my very mouth to ſalute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord preſident Somers; the duke of Devonſhire, lord-ſteward; and Mr. Boyle, ſecretary of ſtate, are all turned out to-day. I never remember ſuch bold ſteps taken by a court: I am almoſt ſhocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are aſtoniſhed why the parliament is not yet diſſolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the laſt. We ſhall have a ſtrange winter here, between the ſtruggles of a cunning, provoked, diſcarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I ſhall be an indifferent ſpectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entruſted with, whether it ſucceeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall-mall, for one in Bury-ſtreet, where I ſuppoſe I ſhall continue while I ſtay in London. If any thing happens

pens to-morrow, I will add it.———Robin's coffee-houſe. We have great news juſt now from Spain; Madrid taken, and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have juſt received your letter, which I will not anſwer now; God be thanked all things are ſo well. I find you have not yet had my ſecond: I had a letter from Parviſol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not ſent it. This night the parliament is diſſolved: great news from Spain; king Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewel. This is from St. James's coffee-houſe. I will begin my anſwer to your letter to-night; but not ſend it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I don't like your reaſons for not going to Trim. Parviſol tells me he can ſell your horſe; ſell it with a pox? Pray let him know he ſhall ſell his ſoul as ſoon. What? ſell any thing that Stella loves, and may ſometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as ſhe pleaſes: pray let him know this by the firſt that you know goes to Trim. Let him ſell my grey, and be hanged.

LETTER XLI.

London, Sept. 21. 1710.

HERE muſt I begin another letter, on a whole ſheet, for fear ſaucy little MD ſhould be angry, and think much that the paper

is

is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you juſt and no more in my laſt; for this muſt be taken up in anſwering yours, ſauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days, to dine with the ſame company on Sunday; Moleſworth the Florence envoy, Stratford, and ſome others. I heard to-day, that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's houſe had been at the coffee-houſe to enquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I ſuppoſe. I ſhall ſend her a penny-poſt letter to-morrow, and contrive to ſee her, without hazarding ſeeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until ſhe begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampſtead with lady Lucy, &c. and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one incloſed to Lord Wharton, which I will ſend to his excellency, and ſecond it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jeſt. Things are in ſuch a combuſtion here, that I am adviſed not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about Joe? We ſhall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the truſtees for the linen buſineſs, and I hope that will do; and ſo I will write to him in a few days, and he muſt have patience. This is an anſwer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't anſwer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is ſuch a ſtir and buſtle with this

little MD of ours; I muſt be writing every night; I can't go to bed without a word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the firſt time, to-day, with Will Frankland and his Fortune: ſhe is not very handſome. Did I not ſay I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley-caſtle, and lady Betty Germain to Drayton in Northamptonſhire, and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I muſt finiſh my pamphlet. I have ſent a long letter to Bickerſtaff: let the biſhop of Clogher ſmoak it if he can. Well, I'll write to the biſhop of Killala; but you might have told him how ſudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S———; and if I know D———y, he is a raw-boned-fac'd fellow, not handſome, nor viſibly ſo young as you ſay: ſhe ſacrifices two thouſand pounds a-year, and keeps only ſix hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my ſecond letter, and ſo much for that. So you have got into Preſto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the moſt glorious weather on earth, and ſtill continues: I hope you have made the beſt of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Aſhe makes good her promiſe. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. Stella. Can't you do what you will with your own horſe? Pray don't let that puppy

Parviſol

Parviſol ſell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a-week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of thoſe days I will poſitively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her huſband into the charter-houſe? get a—into the charter-houſe.—Write conſtantly! Why, ſirrah, don't I write every day, and ſometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have anſwer'd all your letter, and the reſt muſt be as it it can be: ſend me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent * what I ſay of the charter-houſe. I think this enough for one night; and ſo farewel till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined ſix miles out of town at Will Pate's, with Stratford, Frankland, and the Moleſworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can ſay no more now, but good night.

25. I was ſo lazy to-day that I dined at next door †, and have ſat at home ſince ſix, writing to the biſhop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the laſt, becauſe I am in fear for him about his place, and have ſent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as poſſible with Sir Thomas Frankland, his maſter here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin, by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong

* The Doctor's houſe-keeper.

† This muſt have been at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

ſide for me, ſo that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you muſt know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that laſt Sunday, September 24. 1710, was as hot as midſummer. This was written in the morning; 'tis now night, and Preſto in bed. Here's a clutter; I have gotten MD's ſecond letter, and I muſt anſwer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and ſo—Well, I dined to-day with Sir John Holland the comptroller, and ſat with him till eight; then came home and ſent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon †, which goes on very ſlow, and now I am writing to ſaucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys muſt write to naughty girls. I han't ſeen your mother yet; my penny poſt letter, I ſuppoſe, miſcarried: I will write another. Mr. S——— came to ſee me; and ſaid M——— was going to the country next morning with her huſband (who I find is a ſurly brute) ſo I could only deſire my ſervice to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's with Steele and Addiſon too. This is the firſt rainy day ſince I came to town; I can't afford to anſwer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter, to deſire I would recommend him for purſe-bearer or ſecretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not anſwer him; but beg you will ſay theſe words to his father Raymond,

† This was, the Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's rod.

Raymond ‡, or any body that will tell him, That Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to ſerve him, but cannot do it in what he deſires, becauſe he has no ſort of intereſt in the perſons to be applied to. Theſe words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton *, give them to him: a pox on him! However, 'tis by theſe ſort of ways that fools get preferment. I muſt not end yet, becauſe I can't ſay good night without loſing a line, and then MD would ſcold; but now, good night.

28. I have the fineſt piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why he won't be in Dublin theſe two months; he goes to the country, then returns to London, to ſee how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, ſirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking careleſly I thought it had been of laſt night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where ſhe told me for certain that lady S—— was with child when ſhe was in England, and pretended a tympany, and ſaw every body; then diſappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and ſhe looked like a ghoſt, &c. No wonder ſhe married, when ſhe was ſo ill at containing. Conolly is out, and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loſes a better here, but was formerly a commiſſioner in Ireland. That employment

‡ Dr. Raymond is only called his father, becauſe he eſpouſed Mr. Morgan's intereſt with all his power.

* The Doctor's curate at Laracor.

coſt Conolly three thouſand pounds to lord Wharton; ſo he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wiſh MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addiſon and Jervas the painter, at Addiſon's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler ſince I came: gueſs which it is, and whether the biſhop of Clogher ſmoaks it. I ſaw Mr. Sterne to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not theſe three weeks. I wiſh I could ſend it ſome other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of ſaving ſhillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I don't think any lady's advice about my ear ſignifies twopence: however, I will, in compliance to you, aſk Dr. Cockburn. Ratcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never ſee. Walls will certainly be ſtingier for ſeven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not ſecond it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun ſince I left Ireland.—Biſhop of Clogher's bill? Why he paid it me; do you think I was ſuch a fool to go without it? As for the four ſhillings, I will give you a bill on Parviſol for it, on t'other ſide this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I ſhall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley tranſcribe and ſend them; though that to Parviſol, I believe, he muſt have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about ſix t'other day, at Sir John Holland's, but would not give ſixpence

pence for a thouſand, they are ſo bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Preſto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth: What then? laſt year, I ſuppoſe, I was at Laracor; but next, I hope to eat my Michaelmas gooſe at my two little gooſes' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I ſuppoſe you mean ale) but yet good wine every day, of five and ſix ſhillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes: pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why; ſmall hopes from the Duke of Ormond: he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me ſomething to make me eaſy; and I have good intereſt among his beſt friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the buſineſs I am upon: you ſee I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Bligh's corpſe came to Cheſter when I was there, and I told you ſo in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury-ſtreet, where I removed a week ago. I have the firſt floor, a dining-room and bedchamber, at eight ſhillings a week; plaguy dear, but I ſpend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very ſeldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expenſive. Why do you trouble yourſelf, Miſtreſs Stella, about my inſtrument? I have the ſame the archbiſhop gave me; and it is as good now the biſhops are away. The dean friendly; the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendſhip indeed, what you heard him tell the biſhop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk ſo:

but

but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not ſend this theſe four days, only for writing to Joe and Parviſol. Tell the dean, that when the biſhops ſend me any packets, they muſt not write to me at Mr. Steele's, but direct for Mr. Steele at his office at the Cockpit; and let the incloſed be directed for me; that miſtake coſt me eighteen pence t'other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to ſee Mr. Harley till Wedneſday: 'tis late, and I ſend this before there is occaſion for the bell; becauſe I would have Joe have his letter, and Parviſol too; which you muſt ſo contrive as not to coſt them double poſtage. I can ſay no more, but that I am, &c.

LETTER XLII.

London, Sept. 30. 1710.

HAN'T I brought myſelf into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole ſheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like theſe journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleaſed to know how Preſto paſſes his time in her abſence. I always begin my laſt the ſame day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis, who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton-court, and ſent his excuſe; and that next Wedneſday he would introduce

introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to ſee what a lamentable confeſſion the Whigs all make me of my ill uſage: but I mind them not. I am already repreſented to Harley as a diſcontented perſon, that was uſed ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good uſage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I pleaſe; but I do not underſtand them, or rather, I do underſtand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Moleſworth's, the Florence envoy; and ſat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of; the greateſt punner of this town next myſelf. Have you ſmoakt the Tatler that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy, to dine with lord Hallifax near Hampton-court. Your Manley's brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uſes much intereſt to preſerve his brother: and to-day, I ſpoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father, (poſt-maſter here) and I hope he will be ſafe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almoſt finiſhed my lampoom, and will print it for revenge on a certain great perſon *. It has coſt me but three ſhillings in meat and drink ſince I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to ſee myſelf ſo diſengaged in theſe revolutions. Well, I muſt leave off, and go write to Sir John Stanley, to deſire

* The earl of Godolphin.

desire him to engage lady Hyde as my mistress, to engage lord Hyde in favour of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Hallifax was at Hampton-court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen, and Delaval, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at Hampton-court) and expected to see no-body; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Hallifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to shew me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton-court at sun-set, and got here in a chariot and two horses, time enough by star-light. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in Dublin †. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight, at Berkeley castle, of a dropsy? Lord Hallifax began a health to me to-day; it was the Resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their Reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This

† When this letter was written, there were no turnpike roads in Ireland; but the case now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from Dublin, and return as quickly, as you can from London.

3. This morning Stella's ſiſter came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheene; but will ſoon be in town, and will call to ſee me: ſhe gave me a bottle of palſy water, a ſmall one, and deſired I would ſend it you by the firſt convenience, as I will; and ſhe promiſes a quart bottle of the ſame: your ſiſter lookt very well, and ſeems a good modeſt ſort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, firſt ſecretary to lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyet, a juſtice of peace, worth twenty thouſand pounds, a commiſſioner of the ſtamp-office, and married to a ſiſter of Sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, becauſe it is odds but this Mr. Dyet will be hanged; for he is diſcovered to have counterfeited ſtampt paper, in which he was a commiſſioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thouſand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not ſo particularly; and it is a very odd accident in ſuch a man. Smoak Preſto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy at Kenſington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yeſterday, October 2, was a cruel hard froſt, with ice; and ſix days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am aſked this month by ſome people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I ſhould write plainer, when I conſider

I conſider Stella can't read, and Dingley is not ſo ſkilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me, Joe will have his money when there are truſtees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and diſpoſing the linen fund; and whenever thoſe truſtees are appointed, I will ſolicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of ſucceeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be caſt down; for Ned Southwell and Mr. Addiſon both think Pratt in the right. Don't loſe your money at Manley's to-night, ſirrahs!

4. After I had put out my candle laſt night, my landlady came into my room, with a ſervant of lord Hallifax, to deſire I would go dine with him at his houſe near Hampton-court; but I ſent him word, I had buſineſs of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greateſt reſpect and kindneſs imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my buſineſs to him; which expreſſion I would not uſe if I were a woman. I know you ſmoakt it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy for Portugal, with Nic. Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more miſchief in my heart; and I think I ſhall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I anſwered your ſecond letter, and yet I do not find it here. I ſuppoſe it was in my fourth;

fourth: and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to ſay as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another Tatler: I'll be far enough but I ſay the ſame thing over two or three times, juſt as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as eaſily as I can write it: I think I have brought theſe lines pretty ſtraight again. I fear it will be long before I finiſh two ſides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occaſionally give you any little commiſſion mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c. for I write juſt as I can remember, otherwiſe I would put them all together. I was to viſit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commiſſion about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myſelf, and ſend it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when the giver's bread, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuſe myſelf. God preſerve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to ſee me, and we went together to Knellers's *, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying, A Colt, a Stanhope, &c. we were afraid of a dead cat, or our glaſſes broken, and ſo were always of their ſide. I dined again at Delaval's; and, in the evening, at the Coffee-houſe, heard Sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an inſipid ſort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth

* Sir Godfrey Knellers, the painter.

three-pence: I hope MD had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eight-pence last night but one at Manley's, was, because you played bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon Manilio, Basto, and two small diamonds? Then, in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eight-pence half-penny towards your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the Chop-house with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon; so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the Court pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear

fear they ſhould be inſolent and kick againſt him; and, for that reaſon, they have kept ſeveral Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as Sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And ſo get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's, and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finiſhed: it muſt go by Tueſday, that's certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not anſwer it, that's as certain too! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finiſh my papers for Mr. Harley laſt night; for you muſt underſtand Preſto was ſleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I muſt be writing to young women in a morning freſh and faſting, faith! Well, good morrow to you; and ſo I go to buſineſs, and lay aſide this paper till night, ſirrahs.—At night. Jack Howe told Harley, that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reſerved for his porter, who tells lies ſo gravely, and with ſo civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to viſit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I ſuſpected every word he ſaid. He told me his maſter was juſt gone to dinner, with much company, and deſired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had juſt done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and preſented to me his ſon-in-law, lord

Doblane * (or ſome ſuch name) and his own ſon, and, among others, Will Penn the quaker: we ſat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my buſineſs; entered into it with all kindneſs; aſkt for my powers, and read them; and read likewiſe a memorial I had drawn up †, and put it in his pocket to ſhew the queen; told me the meaſures he would take; and, in ſhort, ſaid every thing I could wiſh: told me he muſt bring Mr. St. John (ſecretary of ſtate) and me acquainted; and ſpoke ſo many things of perſonal kindneſs and eſteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what ſome friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has deſired to dine with me, (what a comical miſtake was that!) I mean he has deſired me to dine with him on Tueſday; and, after four hours being with him, ſet me down at St. James's Coffee-houſe, in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you conſider him and me. He knew my Chriſtian name very well. I could not forbear ſaying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you muſt know, 'tis fatal to me to be a ſcoundrel and a prince the ſame day: for being to ſee him at four, I could not engage myſelf to dine at any friend's; ſo I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at

* Lord Dupplin.

† See the Collection of Letters printed for Dodſley and others, No. 30.

at home: ſo I was forced to go to a blind chop-houſe, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the firſt miniſter of ſtate. And now I am going in charity to ſend Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I uſed to be; and have not uſed the expreſſion of (you in Ireland) and (we in England) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what* *; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I ſhould never have been able to get the acceſs I have had; and if that helps me to ſucceed, then that ſame thing will be ſerviceable to the church. But how far we muſt depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great miniſters, they are juſt as good as old ones. And ſo I think this important day has made a great hole in this ſide of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the reſt; and, beſides, I ſhall ſee Harley on Tueſday before this letter goes.

8. I muſt tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often: I told him I was loath to trouble him in ſo much buſineſs as he had, and deſired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he im-

* Theſe words ſeem to refer to the apprehenſion the miniſtry were under, that Swift would take part with their enemies, and therefore it was that Harley would do every thing to bring him over. It is certain, that, after Swift had become intimate with the miniſtry, they freely acknowledged to him in converſation, that he was the only man in England they were afraid of.

mediately refuſed, and ſaid, that was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a fooliſh trick, I muſt ſay ſomething to MD when I wake, and wiſh them a good morrow; for this is not a ſhaving-day, Sunday, ſo I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I muſt go write: yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of theſe long letters ſhould miſcarry: if they do, I will ſhrink to half ſheets again; but then, what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Preſto's life loſt; and that will be a ſad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loſs today for a dinner, unleſs I would have gone a great way, ſo I dined with ſome friends that board hereabout, as a ſpunger; and this evening, Sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had ſixteen ſhillings to pay; but if ever he catches me ſo again, I'll ſpend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton dreſt *a la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I muſt go to ſleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too: and yet I would have it to ſay, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffee-houſe, as I uſed to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country

country houſes. Yeſterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there: he is of Ireland; the biſhop of Clogher knows him well: an honeſt-good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his miſtreſs is never above a cook-maid. And ſo, good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at Sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the biſhop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what ſcurvy company I ſhall be to MD when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I ſhall have nothing to ſay, no ſtory to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneaſy laſt night with ugly, naſty, filthy wine, that turned ſour on my ſtomach. I muſt go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finiſh this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, becauſe of the archbiſhop: faith 'tis true; for I am going to write to him an account of what I have done in the buſineſs with Harley; and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you muſt count upon, that I never will write one word on the third ſide in theſe long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying ſo huddled up among papers, I could not find it: I mean poor Preſto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope ſome things will be done; but I muſt ſay no more: and this letter muſt be ſent

to

to the poſt-houſe, and not by the bell-man. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope, to ſome good iſſue. And ſo now, ſoon as ever I can in bed, I muſt begin my 6th to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I don't write as I ſhould, becauſe I am not in bed: ſee the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bleſs you, &c.

Faith this is a whole treatiſe; I'll go reckon the lines on t'other ſides. I've reckoned them. *

LETTER XLIII.

London, Oct. 10. 1710.

SO, as I told you juſt now, in the letter I ſent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who preſented me to the attorney-general Sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all ſides, &c. Harley told me he had ſhewn my memorial to the queen, and ſeconded it very heartily; and he deſires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promiſes to ſettle it with her majeſty, before ſhe names a governor; and I proteſt I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor ſhare in it; and, beſides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over.

But,

* Seventy-three lines in folio, upon one page, and in a very ſmall hand.

But, in the letter I writ laſt poſt (yeſterday) to the archbiſhop, I did not tell him a ſyllable of what Mr. Harley ſaid to me laſt night, becauſe he charged me to keep it ſecret; ſo I would not tell it to you, but that, before this goes, I hope the ſecret will be over. I am now writing my poetical Deſcription of a Shower in London, and will ſend it to the Tatler. This is the laſt ſheet of a whole quire I have written ſince I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Walls, contrive to know whether Mrs. Weſley be in town, and ſtill at her brother's, and how ſhe is in health, and whether ſhe ſtays in town. I writ to her from Cheſter, to know what I ſhould do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: ſo I muſt go to my buſineſs, &c.

11. To-day, at laſt, I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and Sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening, like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and Sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote: ſo I am come home late, and will ſay but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a buſhel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I pickt off the coals before I went to bed. It is a ſign London is now an empty place, when it will not furniſh me with matter for above five or ſix lines in a day. Did you ſmoak in my laſt, how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I

interlined

interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that ſaid you were at his houſe, while he was writing to me; but, without his help, I gueſs'd within one day. Your town is certainly much more ſociable than ours. I have not ſeen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addiſon, at the Devil tavern by Temple-bar, and Garth treated; and 'tis well I dine every day, elſe I ſhould be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull ſtate, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members ſix to one. Mr. Addiſon's election has paſſed eaſy and undiſputed; and, I believe, if he had a mind to be choſen king, he would hardly be refuſed. An odd accident has happened at Colcheſter: One Captain Lavallin, coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors Commons, whoſe trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications; and this clerk was the very ſame fellow that made the diſcovery of Dyet's counterfeiting the ſtamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk, to kill him; but the fellow was conſtantly employed at the treaſury about the diſcovery he made: the wife had made a ſhift to patch up the buſineſs, alledging, that the clerk had told her huſband was dead, and other excuſes; but t'other day, ſomebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, ſhoots his wife through the head, then falls on his ſword; and,

to make the matter ſure, at the ſame time
harges a piſtol through his own head, and
on the ſpot, his wife ſurviving him about
hours; but in what circumſtances of mind
body, is terrible to imagine. I have finiſhed
poem on the Shower, all but the beginning,
am going on with my Tatler. They have fix-
bout fifty things on me ſince I came: I have
ted but three. One advantage I get by writ-
to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I ſhall
ember not to write the ſame things twice;
yet I fear I have done it often already: but
mind and confine myſelf to the accidents of the
; and ſo get you gone to ombre, and be good
s, and ſave your money, and be rich againſt
ſto comes, and write to me now and then: I
thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear
ietimes from ſaucy MD; but don't hurt your
s, Stella, I charge you.

3. O Lord, here's but a trifle of my letter
tten yet; what ſhall Preſto do for prittle prat-
to entertain MD? The talk now grows
ther of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though
. Addiſon ſays he hears it will be in commiſ-
n, and lord Galway one. Theſe letters of
ne are a ſort of journal, where matters open by
grees; and, as I tell true or falſe, you will
d, by the event, whether my intelligence be
od; but I don't care two-pence whether it be
no.—At night. To-day I was all about St.
ul's, and up at the top, like a fool, with Sir
ndrew Fountain and two more; and ſpent ſe-
ven

ven ſhillings for my dinner, like a puppy: this is the ſecond time he has ſerved me ſo; but I'll never do it again, though all mankind ſhould perſuade me, unconſidering puppies! There's a young fellow here in town we all are fond of, and about a year or two come from the univerſity, one Harriſon, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good ſenſe, and good nature; has written ſome mighty pretty things; that in your 6th Miſcellanea, about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: He has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queenſberry's ſons, for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern, at ſix or ſeven ſhillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full ſhare. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the ſame way to-night: I abſolutely refuſed, and made Harriſon lag behind, and perſuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, becauſe I find all rich fellows have that humour of uſing all people, without any conſideration of their fortunes; but I'll ſee them rot before they ſhall ſerve me ſo. Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country-houſe, which will coſt me a guinea to his ſervants, and twelve ſhillings coach-hire; and he ſhall be hanged firſt. Is not this a plaguy ſilly ſtory? But I am vext at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am reſolved to ſtir up people to do ſomething for him: he is a Whig, and I'll put him

n upon ſome of my caſt Whigs; for I have
ne with them, and they have, I hope, done with
s kingdom for our time. They were ſure of
: four members for London, above all places,
d they have loſt three in the four. Sir Richard
ſlow, we hear, has loſt for Surry; and they
: overthrown in moſt places. Lookee, gentle-
men, if I write long letters, I muſt write you
ws and ſtuff, unleſs I ſend you my verſes; and
ne I dare not; and thoſe on the Shower in
ndon I have ſent to the Tatler, and you may
them in Ireland. I fancy you will ſmoak me
the Tatler I am going to write; for, I believe
ave told you the hint. I had a letter ſent me
night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found
n my table when I came in. Becauſe it is
raordinary, I will tranſcribe it from beginning
end. It is as follows: [Is the Devil in you?
t. 13. 1710.] I would have anſwered every
ticular paſſage in it, only I wanted time.
re's enough for to-night, ſuch as it is, &c.
14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper*,
what? I don't remember I ſlabber'd. Lord,
ream'd of Stella, &c. ſo confuſedly laſt night,
l that we ſaw Dean Bolton and Sterne go into
hop; and ſhe bid me call them to her; and
y proved to be two parſons I know not; and I
lked without till ſhe was ſhifting, and ſuch ſtuff,
xed with much melancholy and uneaſineſs, and

* The upper part of the letter was a little beſmeared with ſuch ſtuff; the mark is ſtill on it.

things not as they ſhould be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. Addiſon and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walk'd in the Park; and at the coffee-houſe I found a letter from the biſhop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the biſhop's letter; but put up MD's, and viſited a lady juſt come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God ſend I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Preſto as they do fires. Oh, I won't open it yet! yes I will! no I won't; I am going; I can't ſtay till I turn over:† What ſhall I do? My fingers itch, and now I have it in my left hand; and now I'll open it this very moment.—I have juſt got it, and am cracking the ſeal, and can't imagine what's in it; I fear only ſome letter from a biſhop, and it comes too late: I ſhall employ no body's credit but my own. Well, I ſee though—Pſhaw, 'tis from Sir Andrew Fountaine: What, another! I fancy this is from Mrs. Barton; ſhe told me ſhe would write to me; but ſhe writes a better hand than this: I wiſh you would enquire; it muſt be at Dawſon's office at the Caſtle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the ſcrawl. Well, I'll read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley-caſtle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: ſhe ſays ſhe hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery; poor lady. Well,

† That is, to the next page; for he is now within three line of the bottom of the firſt.

ell, now I go to MD's letter: faith, 'tis all ht; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, 3, that I have now received, is dated Septem- 26th, and Manley's letter, that I had five s ago, was dated October 3d, that's a fort- ht difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's ce, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of t: he is turned out of his place: and you ſt deſire thoſe who ſend me packets, to incloſe m in a paper directed to Mr. Addiſon, at St. ves's Coffee-houſe: not common letters, but kets: the biſhop of Clogher may mention it the archbiſhop when he ſees him. As for your er, it makes me mad: ſlidikins, I have been beſt boy in Chriſtendom, and you come with ur two eggs a penny. Well; but ſtay, I'll k over my book: adad, I think there was a ſm between my N. 2. and N. 3. Faith, I n't promiſe to write to you every week; but write every night, and when it is full I will d it; that will be once in ten days, and that ll be often enough: and if you begin to take the way of writing to Preſto, only becauſe it Tueſday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a taſk; t write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, , no, no, no, no.—Agad, agad, agad, agad, a- d, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the rſe were in your—chamber. Have not I or- red Parviſol to obey your directions about n? And han't I ſaid in my former letters, at you may pickle him, and boil him, if you ll? What do you trouble me about your horſes

for? Have I any thing to do with them?—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my buſineſs; Revolutions—to me in my buſineſs? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes poſſible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an anſwer, and am promiſed an effectual one. I ſuppoſe I have ſaid enough, in this and a former letter, how I ſtand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more careſſed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and, if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you ſay about Stella's mother, I have ſpoken enough to it already. I believe ſhe is not in town; for I have not yet ſeen her. My lampoon is cried up to the ſkies; but no body ſuſpects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine: at leaſt they ſay nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? That's he; but ſay nothing; 'twas only a little revenge: I'll remember to bring it over. The biſhop of Clogher has ſmoaked my Tatler about ſhortening of words, &c. But, God ſo! * &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella muſt not ſpoil her eyes, and Dingley can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you muſt ſuppoſe one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us.

* This appears to be an interjection of ſurpriſe at the length of his journal.

us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has conſented to give the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no perſon alive; for ſo I am ordered, till in public: and I hope to get ſomething of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verſes called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let no body read them but himſelf: ſo he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line, to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow ſaid, he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not gueſſed at all in town to be the author; yet ſo it is: but that is a ſecret only to you. Ten to one whether you ſee them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiouſly. Harley preſented me to lord preſident of Scotland, and Mr. Benſon, lord of the treaſury. Prior and I came away at nine, and ſat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early, I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he deſired; but he was full of buſineſs, going to the queen, and I could not ſee him; but he deſired I would ſend

up the paper, and excuſed himſelf upon his hurry. I was a little baulk'd; but they tell me it is nothing. I ſhall judge by next viſit. I tipt his porter with half a crown; and ſo I am well there for a time at leaſt. I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and Tockay: came back afoot, like a ſcoundrel; then went with Mr. Addiſon, and ſupt with lord Mountjoy, which made me ſick all night. I forgot that I bought ſix pound of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palſy water for Stella: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you muſt pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and ſent by Dr. Hawkſhaw, whom I have not ſeen: but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a preſent, Madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now: and I'll write as plain as the ſkies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when ſhe apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter ſhould have gone this poſt, if I had not been taken up with buſineſs, and two nights being late out; ſo it muſt ſtay till Thurſday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Iriſh wine;* but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel

* Claret

colonel Edgworth †; ſo I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it. They ſay 'tis the beſt thing I ever writ, and I think ſo too. I ſuppoſe the biſhop of Clogher will ſhew it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my Miſcellany. I'd give a penny the letter to the biſhop of Killaloe was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could you not contrive to ſay you hear they are printing my things together; and that you wiſh the bookſeller had that letter among the reſt: but don't ſay any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deſerve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finiſh this letter in, and then I'll ſend it next day. I am ſo vext that you ſhould write your third to me, when you had but my ſecond, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and ſo I tell you, you are ſaucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-

† It is reported of this colonel Ambroſe Edgworth, that he once made a viſit to one of his brothers, who lived at the diſtance of about one day's journey from his houſe, and that he travelled to ſee him with his led horſe, portmantuas, &c. As ſoon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three ſuits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and ſhaving-plate, diſpoſed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfaſt, with his boots on, his brother aſked him, where he propoſed riding before dinner? I am:

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with Hermitage and Tokay, and ſtaid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks.

am going directly home, ſaid the colonel. Lord! ſaid his brother, I thought you intended to ſtay ſome time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't ſtay with you at preſent; I only juſt came to ſee you and my ſiſter, and muſt return home this morning. And accordingly, his cloaths, &c. were packed up, and off he went.

But, what merit ſoever the colonel might have had to boaſt of, his ſon Talbot Edgworth excelled him by at leaſt fifty bars length. Talbot never thought of any thing but fine cloaths, ſplendid furniture for his horſe, and exciting, as he flattered himſelf, univerſal admiration. In theſe purſuits he expended his whole income, which, at beſt, was very inconſiderable; in other reſpects, he cared not how he lived. To do him juſtice, he was an exceeding handſome fellow, well-ſhaped, and of a good height, rather tall than of the middle ſize. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to ſhine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of George I. He bethought himſelf very happily of one extravagance, well ſuited to his diſpoſition: he inſiſted upon an excluſive right to one board at Lucas's coffee-houſe, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his perſon to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almoſt univerſally: but, now and then, ſome arch fellow would uſurp on his privilege; take poſſeſſion of the board, meet him, and diſpute his right; but, when this happened to be the caſe, he would chafe, bluſter, aſk the gentleman his name, and immediately ſet him down in his table-book, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phraſe was, "They may look and die." In ſhort, he was the jeſt of the men, and the contempt of the women.

weeks. But I han't time to ſay more; ſo good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addiſon, at a merchant's; and juſt now, at the coffee-houſe, we have notice, that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord lieutenant, at Hampton-court, in council. I have not ſeen Mr. Harley ſince; but hope the affair is done about Firſt-Fruits. I will ſee him, if poſſible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have ſent a box to Mr. Sterne, to ſend to you by ſome friend: I have directed it for Mr. Curry, at his houſe; ſo you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will ſoon. The handkerchiefs will be put in ſome friend's pocket, not to pay cuſtom. And ſo here ends my ſixth, ſent when I had but three of MD's: now I am before-hand, and will keep ſo; and God Almighty bleſs deareſt MD, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

London, Oct. 19. 1710.

O Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than t'other, and yet I am condemned to a ſheet; but ſince it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day paſt; and ſo, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the ſecretary's office, to know when I might ſee Mr. Harley;

ley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himſelf, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers; but the porter anſwered, They were not at home: the meaning was, the youngeſt, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow, to lord Aſhburnham, the beſt match now in England, twelve thouſand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything paſs better here. I ſpent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addiſon, over a bottle of Iriſh wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatneſs among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verſes about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body ſuſpects me for them, only they think no body but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewiſe a ballad, full of puns, on the Weſtminſter election, that coſt me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewiſe a ſecret to all but MD. If you have them not, I'll bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the coffee-houſe. God Almighty bleſs poor dear Stella, and her eyes and head: what ſhall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your diſorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute ſhaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter,

letter, nor any thing elſe, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not anſwer your letter, until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who preſented me to the earl of Stirling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I ſtaid till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He ſays, the queen has now granted the Firſt-Fruits and Twentieth Parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbiſhop, becauſe the queen deſigns to ſignify it to the biſhops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, That it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more reſpectful to me, &c. and I am to ſee him on Tueſday. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial, which was given to the queen, I begged for two thouſand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commiſſion; but that, Mr. Harley ſays, cannot yet be done, and that he and I muſt talk of it further: however I have ſtarted it, and it may follow in time. Pray ſay nothing of the Firſt-Fruits being granted, unleſs I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compaſſed ſo ſoon, and purely done by my perſonal credit with Mr. Harley, who is ſo exceſſively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unleſs to ſhew the raſcals of the other party, that they uſed a man unworthily, who had deſerved better. The memorial given

ven to the queen from me, ſpeaks with g
plainneſs of lord Wharton. I believe this l
neſs is as important to you, as the convoca
diſputes from Tiſdall *. I hope in a mont
two, all the forms of ſettling this matter wil
over, and then I ſhall have nothing to do h
I will only add one fooliſh thing more, bec
it is juſt come into my head. When this th
is made known, tell me impartially whether t
give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am
I have ſo much, that I will never take it u
me.—Infolent ſluts! becauſe I ſay Dublin,
land, therefore you muſt ſay London, Engla
that's Stella's malice †.—Well, for that I w
anſ

* Theſe words, notwithſtanding their great obſcurity at
ſent, were very clear and intelligent to Mrs. Johnſon: the
ferred to converſations which paſſed between her and Dr. Ti
ſeven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was no
ly a learned and faithful divine, but a zealous church T
frequently entertained her with convocation diſputes. This
tleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addreſſes to
Johnſon. Vide the firſt three letters in Dodſley's collectic
Swift's Correſpondence, printed 1766, eſpecially letter the
which at preſent wants ſome annotations to clear up many
ſcurities. If the reader be curious in theſe matters, he may
ſult, 'An Eſſay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of
'Jonathan Swift,' chap. v. p. 87. printed by Bathurſt in
year 1755; where the above-mentioned letters are referred
and where he may ſee by what means the event of this court
was finally determined.

† There is a particular compliment to Stella, couched in t
words. Stella herſelf was an Engliſhwoman, born at Richm
in Surry; nevertheleſs, ſhe reſpected the intereſt and the hor
of Ireland, where ſhe had lived for ſome years, with a gene
patriotic ſpirit.

anſwer your letter till to-morrow-day, and ſo and ſo: I'll go write ſomething elſe, and it won't be much; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-ſecretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of ſtampt paper: he has loſt his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler, ſome months ago, againſt Mr. Harley, who gave it him at firſt, and raiſed the ſalary from ſixty to three hundred pounds. This was deviliſh ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might ſave him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to ſit with Mr. Addiſon, and offer the matter at a diſtance to him, as the diſcreeter perſon; but found Party had ſo poſſeſſed him, that he talked as if he ſuſpected me, and would not fall in with any thing I ſaid. So I ſtopt ſhort in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I ſhall ſay nothing to Steele, and let him do as they will; but if things ſtand as they are, he will certainly loſe it unleſs I ſave him; and therefore I will not ſpeak to him, that I may not report to his diſadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there ſo much in the proverb of proffered ſervice? When ſhall I grow wiſe? I endeavour to act in the moſt exact points of honour and conſcience, and my neareſt friends will not underſtand it ſo. What muſt a man expect

from his enemies? This would vex me, but it ſhall not; ſo I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diverſion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I ſhall, ſome time or other, have the curioſity of ſeeing ſome particulars how I paſſed my life when I was abſent from MD this time; and ſo I tell you now that I dined to-day at Moleſworth's, the Florence envoy, then went to the coffee-houſe, where I behaved myſelf coldly enough to Mr. Addiſon, and and ſo came home to ſcribble. We dine together to-morrow, and next day by invitation; but I ſhall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or elſe we ſhall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendſhips are all monſters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I went to Mr. Harley's, hoping—faith I am blundering, for it was this very night at ſix; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unleſs the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's, with Mr. Addiſon, &c.

25. I was to-day to ſee the duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me, that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died laſt Saturday, which, I ſuppoſe, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addiſon and Steele, and a ſiſter of Mr. Addiſon, who is married to one

Monſ.

Monſ. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Weſtminſter, who has a delicious houſe and garden; yet I thought it was a ſort of monaſtic life in thoſe cloiſters, and I liked Laracor better. Addiſon's ſiſter is a ſort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to ſee Mr. Congreve, who is almoſt blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his caſe is, that he muſt wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he muſt have them couched; and beſides, he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and freſh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more * than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find ſuch ſuſpicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a ſecond letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wiſh you were whipt for forgetting to ſend him that anſwer I deſired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he deſired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had alſo a letter from Parviſol, with an account how my livings are ſet, and that they are fallen, ſince laſt year, ſixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly, that he finds you have no mind to part with the horſe, becauſe you ſent for him at the ſame time you ſent him my letter; ſo

* Congreve was born in the year 1672; conſequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. Swift.

that I know not what muſt be done. 'Tis a ſad thing that Stella muſt have her own horſe, whether Parviſol will or no. So now to anſwer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and, it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the biſhop of Killala, which, I ſuppoſe, was the reaſon he had not my letter. I have not time, there's the ſhort of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton * paid him the twenty pounds; and for the reſt, he may kiſs ———. And that you may aſk him, becauſe I am in pain about it, that dean Bolton is ſuch a whipſter. 'Tis the moſt obliging thing in the world, in dean Sterne to be ſo kind to you. I believe he knows it will pleaſe me, and makes up, that way, his other uſage. No, we have had none of your ſnow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great ſnow for an hour or ſo, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the fooliſh circumſtance that haſtened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt ſhall not ſuffer by lord Angleſea's death. I'll try ſome contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I'll make Sir Andrew Fountain buy one as for himſelf, and I'll pay him again, and take it; that is, provided I have

* This gentleman was afterwards promoted to the archbiſhopric of Caſhel. He was one of the moſt eloquent ſpeakers of his time, and was a very learned man, eſpecially in church hiſtory.

I have money to ſpare when I leave this.—Poor John! is he gone? and madam Parviſol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, ſhall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within; and Mr. Leigh is not come to town; but I will do Dingley's errand when I ſee him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of reſolving to grow mad for it, but now 'tis off; I ſuppoſe I told you ſo in ſome former letter. And ſo you only want ſome ſallad diſhes, and plates, and *&c.* Yes, yes, you ſhall. I ſuppoſe you have named as much as will coſt five pounds.—Now to Stella's little poſtſcript: and I am almoſt crazed that you vex yourſelf for not writing. Can't you dictate to Dingley, and not ſtrain your dear little eyes? I am ſure 'tis the grief of my ſoul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, ſhut your eyes, and write juſt a line, and no more, thus: [How do you do Mrs. Stella?] That was written with my eyes ſhut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open *: and then Dingley may ſtand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of buſineſs, with packets, if there be any more occaſion for ſuch, muſt be incloſed to Mr. Addiſon, at St. James's coffee-houſe: but I hope to hear, as ſoon as I ſee Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the reſt will be but

* It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.

form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make two or three—galls, ſtop your receipt in your——I have no need on't. Here's a clutter: well, ſo much for your letter, which I will not put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as ſoon as I anſwer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confuſion. A general of an army, a miniſter of ſtate; to deſcend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine obſervation, if you think it worth finiſhing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one even? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt, at my couſin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Poſtman, oh ho, and is my couſin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leiceſter; and my couſin Thomſon was with us: and my couſin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Poſtman; and ſays, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great ſcholar, and has been beyond ſea. But I was modeſt, and ſaid, May be the gentleman was ſhy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and ſo put it off: and I wiſh you could hear me repeating all I have ſaid of this in its proper tone, juſt as I am writing it. 'Tis all with the ſame cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls ſay, I have got an apple, miſs, and I won't give you ſome. 'Tis plaguy twelve-penny weather this laſt week, and has coſt me ten ſhillings in coach

and

and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy bank ſtock with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you pleaſe: it will certainly ſoon riſe. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds ſhe owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common intereſt, and give you the remainder. I will ſpeak to your mother about it when I ſee her. I am reſolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myſelf, and take up what I have in Ireland; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himſelf, and I'll pay him when I can get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindneſs. I'll aſk him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet, deſired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-ſecretary in Mr. Addiſon's place that he had in England) and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was ſuch a ſhower ſince Danae's, *&c.* You muſt tell me how 'tis liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple, Eaſtcourt, and Charles Main were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight ſent for ſix flaſks of his own wine for me, and we ſtaid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take

a ſpoonful

a ſpoonful mixt with water for fear of the gout, or ſome ugly diſtemper; and now, becauſe it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addiſon and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home: ſo I fear I ſhall not hear my buſineſs is done before this goes. Then I viſited lord Pembroke, who is juſt come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to ſee the ladies butler, and the ſon of a whore of a porter denied them: ſo I ſent them a threatening meſſage by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the Coffee-houſe, and Ford deſired me to ſit with him at next door, which I did like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new miniſtry is at a terrible loſs about money: The whigs talk ſo, it would give one the ſpleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will become of it. I ſhould be terribly vexed to ſee things come round again: it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I'll ſend this on Tueſday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addiſon and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. —I chatted a while to-night in the coffee-houſe, this being a full night; and now am come home to write ſome buſineſs.

30. I dined

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and ſent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her reſidence. I came home early, and muſt go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and viſiting Lewis, and concerting where to ſee Mr. Harley. I have no news to ſend you. Aire, they ſay, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning ſay quite the contrary: 'tis good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addiſon and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother, a treat of Addiſon's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I muſt ſend this by the bell-man, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miſcarry. I ſeldom do ſo; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I'm a pretty gentleman; and you loſe all your money at cards, ſirrah Stella. I found you out; I did ſo.

I'm ſtaying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly D is dry in the laſt line but one, don't you ſee it? O Lord, I'm loath to leave you, faith —but it muſt be ſo, till next time. Pox take that D; I'll blot it to dry it.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

London, Oct. 31. 1710.

SO, now I have ſent my ſeventh to your fourth, young women; and now I'll tell you what I would not in my laſt, that this morning, ſitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddineſs: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me ſickiſh, but not very: and ſo I paſt the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, becauſe it might vex you: and I hope in God I ſhall have no more of it. I ſaw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promiſes to ſend me the pills that did me good laſt year, and likewiſe has promiſed me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for ſomebody elſe.

Nov. 1. I wiſh MD a merry new year. You know this is the firſt day of it with us. I had no giddineſs to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two ſhillings. I ſat up the night before my giddineſs pretty late, and writ very much; ſo I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addiſon at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to ſee Mr. Harley, who could not ſee me for much company; but ſent me his excuſe, and deſired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect ſome anſwer to this buſineſs, which muſt either be ſoon done, or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond

mond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at ſix, and ſpent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffee-houſe, which I grow weary of; and I ſtudied at leiſure, writ not above forty lines, ſome inventions of my own, and ſome hints, and read not all, and this becauſe I would take care of Preſto, for fear little MD ſhould be angry.

2. I took my four pills laſt night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and ſo they will do to-night. I ſuppoſe I could ſwallow four affronts as eaſily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at ſeven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till juſt now, and 'tis near eleven. I have had no giddineſs to-day. Mr. Dopping I have ſeen, and he tells me coldly, my ſhower is liked well enough; there's your Iriſh judgment. I write this poſt to the biſhop of Clogher. 'Tis now juſt a fortnight ſince I heard from you. I muſt have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. Walls win conſtantly, as ſhe uſed to do; and Mrs. Stoite? I have not thought of that this long time; how does ſhe? I find we have a cargo of Iriſh coming for London: I am ſorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Weſley, they ſay, is going home to her huſband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I muſt go write; and ſo good night.

3. I ought to read theſe letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much, I found two or three literal miſtakes, which ſhould not be when

when the hand is ſo bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I don't know how, but we are not alone, all the world can ſee us. A bad ſcrawl is ſo ſnug, it looks like PMD *. We have ſcurvy Tatlers of late: ſo pray do not ſuſpect me. I have one or two hints I deſign to ſend him, and never any more: he does not deſerve it. He is governed by his wife moſt abominably, as bad as—I never ſaw her ſince I came; nor has he ever made an invitation; either he dares not, or is ſuch a thoughtleſs Tiſdall fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worſt company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write ſtraighter in bed, ſo you muſt be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me ſee where's this letter to MD among theſe papers? Oh! here. Well, I'll go on now; but I am very buſy (ſmoak the new pen.) I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbiſhop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the firſt-fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is ſent them by the queen's orders from lord Dartmouth, ſecretary of ſtate, to ſignify it. The biſhops are to be made a corporation to diſpoſe of the revenue, &c. and I ſhall write to the archbiſhop of Dublin to-morrow. I have had no giddineſs

* PMD. This cypher ſtands for Preſto, Stella, and Dingley; as much as to ſay, it looks like us three quite retired from all the *reſt of* the world.

neſs to-day. I know not whether they will have any occaſion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I ſee what letter the queen ſends to the biſhops, and what they will do upon it. If diſpatch be uſed, it may be done in ſix weeks; but I cannot judge. They ſent me to-day a new commiſſion, ſigned by the primate and archbiſhop of Dublin †, and promiſe me letters to the two archbiſhops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been ſo theſe ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewiſe a letter from the biſhop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, ſays he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him ſo? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with MD at diſtance. I writ to him laſt poſt, before I had his, and will write again ſoon, ſince I ſee he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themſelves eaſe. Laſtly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N. 5, which I ſhall not anſwer to-night. I thank you. No, faith, I have other fiſh to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commiſſions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glaſſes and ſpectacles and ſpectacle caſes. I have no commiſſion from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and thoſe are bought, and I expect they will be ſoon ſent. I have been with, and ſent to,

† See *Dodſley's collection*, letter xxxiii.

Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I muſt go write and do buſineſs.

4. I dined to-day at Kenſington, with Addiſon, Steele, &c. came home and writ a ſhort letter to the archbiſhop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffee-houſe, for I ſtaid at Kenſington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for Colonel Proud was very ill company, and I'll never be of a party with him again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to ſeven this night, and went to the coffee-houſe, where Dr. D'Avenant would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his houſe hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy uſed ſo many words, that I was afraid of his company; and though we promiſed to come at eight, I ſent a meſſenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: ſo he and the comptroller and I were prevailed on, by Sir Matthew Dudley, to go to his houſe, where I ſtaid till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teazing me to look over ſome of his writings that he is going to publiſh; but the rogue is ſo fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a ſyllable; and he has lately put out a fooliſh pamphlet, called, The third part of Tom Double; to make his court to the Tories whom he had left.

6. I was

6. I was to-day rambling in the city to ſee Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingſton, where ſhe lodges; but to ſay the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exerciſe myſelf, and happened to be diſengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I won't anſwer your letter yet, becauſe I am buſy. I hope to ſend this before I have another from MD: 'twould be a ſad thing to anſwer two letters together, as MD does from Preſto. But when the two ſides are full, away the letter ſhall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the anſwering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanburgh, lieutenant-general Farington, &c. Vanburgh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about thoſe Verſes on his Houſe; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough uſed to teaze him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thankſgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen paſſed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rocheſter, Leeds, Shrewſbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c. and I have ſeen her without one Tory. The queen made me a curtſy, and ſaid, in a ſort of familiar way to Preſto, How does MD? I conſidered ſhe was a queen, and ſo excuſed her. I do not miſs the Whigs at court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and clutter! I muſt now anſwer MD's fifth; but firſt you muſt know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addiſon, Vanburgh, Admiral Wager, Sir Richard Temple, Methuen, *&c.* I was weary of their company, and ſtole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and ſtudied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap, Madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I'll have that fur taken off; I wiſh it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but can't find: if it be, 'twill do without it, elſe I will face it; but then I muſt buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What ſhall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God ſend it holds; but faith you write too much at a time: better write leſs, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning, from a dear friend, is a dear thing. I ſmoak a compliment, little miſchievous girls, I do ſo. But who are thoſe *Wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? which Wiggs and *wat* do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and had only one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember Morgan.] Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to ſhare much of my converſation. I ſhall, no doubt, introduce him to Harley, and lord keeper, and the ſecretary of

f ſtate. The Tatler upon Milton's Spear is not ıine, Madam. What a puzzle there was be-wixt you and your judgment? In general you ıay be ſometimes ſure of things, as that about ;yle, becauſe it is what I have frequently ſpoken f; but gueſſing is mine—and I defy mankind, f I pleaſe. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I ras laſt in London, that you and a thouſand have :en, and never gueſs'd it to be mine. Could you ave gueſs'd the Shower in Town to be mine? low chance you did not ſee that before your laſt :tter went; but I ſuppoſe you in Ireland did not hink it worth mentioning. Nor am I ſuſpected or the lampoon; only Harley ſaid he ſmoaked ıe, (have I told you ſo before?) and ſome o-hers knew it. 'Tis called The Rod of Sid Ha-ıet. And I have written ſeveral other things ıat I hear commended, and nobody ſuſpects me ır them; nor you ſhan't know till I ſee you a-ain. What do you mean, 'That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?' I know o ſuch perſon: I don't dine with boarders. What ıe pox! You know whom I have dined with e-ery day ſince I left you, better than I do. What o you mean, ſirrah? Slids, my ailment has been rer theſe two months almoſt. Impudence, if ou vex me, I'll give ten ſhillings a week for my dging; for I am almoſt ſt—k out of this with ıe ſink, and it helps me to verſes in my Shower. Vell, madam Dingley, what ſay you to the world come? What Ballad? Why go look, it was ot good for much: have patience till I come

back: patience is a gay thing as, &c. I
nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ire
When is Stella's birth-day? in March?
bleſs me; my turn at Chriſt-Church; it is ſ
tural to hear you write about that, I believe
have done it a hundred times; it is as freſ
my mind, the verger coming to you; and
to you? would he have you preach for me?
pox on your ſpelling of Latin, *Janſonibus a*
that's the way. How did the dean get that r
by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: nc
faith; I'll not break his head. Your moth
ſtill in the country, I ſuppoſe, for ſhe pron
to ſee me when ſhe came to town. I writ tc
four days ago, to deſire her to break it to
Giffard, to put ſome money for you in the b
which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Wou
God mine had been here, I ſhould have ga
one hundred pounds, and got as good intere
in Ireland, and much ſecurer. I would fain
borrowed three hundred pounds; but mon
ſo ſcarce here, there is no borrowing, by thi
of ſtocks. 'Tis riſing now, and I knew it wo
it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to
ty-ſix. I have not heard ſince from your mo
Do you think I would be ſo unkind not tc
her, that you deſire me in a ſtyle ſo melanch
Mrs. Raymond you ſay is with child: I am
for it; and ſo is, I believe, her huſband.
Harley ſpeaks all the kind things to me in
world; and, I believe, would ſerve me, if I
to ſtay here; but I reckon, in time, the Dul

Orn

Ormond may give me ſome addition to Laracor. Why ſhould the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no ſecret? I proteſt ſincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the leaſt to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I'll make them repent their uſage, before I leave this place. They ſay here the ſame thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, conſidering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your ſpectacles, as I told you before, and of the biſhop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, Madam Dinglibus? Does not Stella ſay you have had my fifth, goody Blunder? You frighted me till I lookt back. Well, this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble ſervice to Mrs. Stoyte and her ſiſter, Kate is it, or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith.) I think I'll e'en (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) ſend this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the laſt. I'll keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD ſhould come in the mean-time? Why then I would only ſay, Madam, I have received your ſixth letter; your moſt humble ſervant to command, Preſto; and ſo conclude. Well, now I'll write and think a little, and ſo to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to ſpit it out, becauſe I reaſoned with myſelf, how could I write when my mouth was full. Han't your done things like that, reaſoned wrong at firſt thinking? Well, I was to ſee Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. Secretary St. John; and I muſt contrive to ſee Harley ſoon again, to haſten this buſineſs from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Montrath's, with lord Mountjoy, &c. but the wine was not good, ſo I came away, ſtayed at the Coffee-houſe till ſeven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my ſecond half-buſhel, and am now in bed at eleven, as uſual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I ſhould catch cold this wet weather, if I ſat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I muſt make much of myſelf, becauſe MD is not here to take care of Preſto; and I am full of buſineſs, writing, &c. and don't care for the Coffee-houſe; and ſo this ſerves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as ſilly people do; but Preſto is a wiſer man, faith, than ſo, let me tell you gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third ſide; but faith, I won't do that often; but I muſt ſay ſomething early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it ſhall go; ſo I muſt ſave ſomething till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord! I would this letter was with you with all my heart: If it ſhould miſcarry, what a deal would be loſt? I forgot to leave a gap in the laſt line but one for the ſeal, like a puppy; but I

ſhould

ſhould have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I can't leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the ſeal won't come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and ſaid Sid Hamet was the fillieſt poem they ever read, and told Prior ſo, whom they thought to be the author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too buſy, and they live too far off; and, beſides, I don't like women ſo much as I did. [MD, you muſt know, are not women.] I ſupped to-night at Addiſon's, with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has ſent to me to deſire I will dine with ſome company I ſhall like. I ſuppoſe it is Mr. Secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter juſt now from Raymond, who is at Briſtol, and ſays he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and deſires any lodging in the houſe where I am: but that muſt not be. I ſhan't know what to do with him in town: to be ſure I will not preſent him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parſon and a perfect ſtranger. Paaaſt twelvvve o'clock, and ſo good night, &c. Oh! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; ſays he has brought Dingley's things, and will ſend them with the firſt convenience. My parcel I hear is not ſent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, becauſe——what, becauſe of the archbiſhop; becauſe I will ſeal my letter early; becauſe I am engaged

gaged from noon till night; becauſe of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal conſtant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You muſt know that I am in my night-gown every morning between ſix and ſeven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and ſo now I'll take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bleſs and protect deareſt MD. Farewel, *&c.*

This letter's as long as a ſermon, faith.

LETTER XLVI.

London, Nov. 11. 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the ſecretary of ſtate, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuſes for not dining with us, becauſe he was to receive people who came to propoſe advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis and Dr. Friend (that writ lord Peterborow's Actions in Spain.) I ſtaid with them till juſt now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next poſt. The ſecretary uſed me with all the kindneſs in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and, upon an occaſion, he [the ſecretary] ſaid, the beſt thing he ever read

is not your's but Dr. Swift's on Vanburgh; which I do not reckon ſo very good neither. But Prior was damped until I ſtuft him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we uſed to have for Sir William Temple, becauſe he might have been ſecretary of ſtate at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleaſure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-houſe, and the chocolate-houſes, and the young ſon is principal ſecretary of ſtate. Is there not ſomething very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way ſo much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and ſo I told him, and it was ſo: indeed it is hard to ſee theſe great men uſe me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are ſome reaſons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home, I ſaw a letter from your mother, in anſwer to one I ſent her two days ago. It ſeems ſhe is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, juſt as you ſaid; and God knows when I ſhall be at leiſure in an afternoon: for if I ſhould ſend her a penny-poſt letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, beſides, the days are ſhort, and why ſhe cannot come early in a morning before ſhe is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will deſire her to let lady Giffard know that ſhe hears I am in town, and that

that ſhe would go to ſee me to enquire after you. I wonder ſhe will confine herſelf ſo much to that old beaſt's humour. You know I cannot in honour ſee lady Giffard, and conſequently not go into her houſe. This, I think, is enough for the firſt time.

12. And how could you write with ſuch thin paper? (I forgot to ſay this in my former) Can't you get thicker? Why that's a common caution that writing-maſters give their ſcholars; you muſt have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will ſlip in;
But if it be thick,
You may write with a ſtick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her preſent life, obſcure in a remote country town *, and how eaſy ſhe is under it. Poor creature! 'tis juſt ſuch an alteration in life, as if Preſto ſhould be baniſhed from MD, and condemned to converſe with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge, &c. at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, ſitting ſo long with company yeſterday. I have been very buſy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am ſpending my ſecond half-buſhel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to chriſten Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter

* She was then at Lynn in Norfolk.

daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have ſeen. I ſtaid till almoſt eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My buſineſs in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindneſs he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank ſtock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty deſirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapeſt time, being hindered by buſineſs here; for I was ſo wiſe to gueſs to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and ſo I writ to Mr. Stratford in the city, to deſire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank ſtock, and that he ſhould keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it ſhould riſe or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him intereſt in the mean time. I ſhewed my letter to one or two people, who underſtand thoſe things; and they ſaid, money was ſo hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the moſt generous man alive, has done it: but it coſts one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten ſhillings, ſo that three hundred pounds coſts me three hundred pounds and thirty ſhillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell, it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are ſure it will be the ſame again. I told you I writ to your mother, to deſire that lady Giffard would do the ſame with what ſhe owes you; but ſhe tells your

mother, ſhe has no money. I would to God you had in the world was there. Whenever lend money, take this rule, to have two pe bound, who have both viſible fortunes; for t will hardly die together; and when one d you fall upon the other, and make him add ther ſecurity: and if Rathburn (now I have name) pays you in your money, let me kn and I will direct Parviſol accordingly: howe he ſhall wait on you and know. So, ladies nough of buſineſs for one night. Paaa twelvvve o'clock. I muſt only add, that aft long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown and froſty; ſo that you muſt give poor I Preſto leave to have a fire in his chamber, m ing and evening too, and he'll do as much you.

14. What, has your chancellor loſt his ſer like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley, I was yeſterday at Ludgate, beſpeaking the ſ tacles at the great ſhop there, and ſhall l them in a day or two. This has been an ind day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and c gravely home, after juſt viſiting the coffee-ho Sir Richard Cox, they ſay, is ſure of going lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as eat bread: but the duke of Ormond has a nat affection to puppies, which is a thouſand pi being none himſelf. I have been amuſing m at home till now, and in bed bid you good-ni

I

15. I have been viſiting this morning, but nobody was at home, ſecretary St. John, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Sir Chancellor Cox-comb, &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Iriſh gentlemen at Skinner's-hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the deſſert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got diſcreetly to the head of the ſecond table, to avoid the crowd at the firſt: but it was ſo cold, and ſo confounded a noiſe with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and ſtole away before the ſecond courſe came on; ſo I can give you no account of it, which is a thouſand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glaſſes, and ſhall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will coſt me thirty ſhillings for a microſcope, but not without Stella's permiſſion; for I remember ſhe is a virtuoſo. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louſe (ſaving your preſence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact ſort, and clearer to the ſight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, ſirrah, ſhall I buy it or not for you? I came home ſtraight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley, who invited Mr. Addiſon and me, and ſome other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handſomely. I returned with Mr. Addiſon, and loitered till nine in the Coffee-houſe, where

I am hardly known, by going ſo ſeldom. I am here ſoliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be ſo in the preſent one: if you remember him, a good luſty freſh-coloured fellow. Shall I ſtay till I get another letter from MD before I cloſe up this? Mr. Addiſon and I meet a little ſeldomer than formerly, although we are ſtill at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the ſecretary's office, where I ſaw and ſpoke to Mr. Harley, who promiſed, in a few days, to finiſh the reſt of my buſineſs. I reproached him for putting me on the neceſſity of minding him of it, and rallied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend, merchants, dined with us, where I ſtaid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am juſt got to bed, and will ſay no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the laſt I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-houſe, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I ſat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at ſeven, a gentleman unknown ſtopt me in the Pall-mall, and aſkt my advice; ſaid he had been to ſee the queen (who was juſt come to town,)

town,) and the people in waiting would not let him ſee her; that he had two hundred thouſand men ready to ſerve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if ſhe heard he was there, ſhe would ſend for him immediately; that ſhe owed him two hundred thouſand pounds, &c. and he deſired my opinion, whether he ſhould go try again whether he ſhould ſee her; or becauſe, perhaps, ſhe was weary after her journey, whether he had not better ſtay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; and this was an affair of great importance, and required diſpatch: and I inſtructed him to let me know the ſucceſs of his buſineſs, and come to the Smyrna Coffee-houſe, where I would wait for him till midnight; and ſo ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, leſt he ſhould be offended; for, beſide his money, he ſaid he had a thouſand pounds a year. I came home not early, and ſo Madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I chriſtened our coffee-man Elliot's child, where the rogue had a moſt noble ſupper, and Steele and I ſat among ſome ſcurvy company over a bowl of punch, ſo that I am come home late, young women, and can't ſtay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home: a filly day.

21. I was viſiting all this morning, and then went to the ſecretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and ſecretary St. John, &c. and Harley promiſed in a very few days to finiſh what remains of my buſineſs. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the ſecretary's to-morrow. I ſaw Stella's mother this morning: ſhe came early; and we talked an hour. I wiſh you would propoſe to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common intereſt for life, and ſecurity that you will pay her: the biſhop of Clogher, or any friend, would be ſecurity for you, if you gave them counter-ſecurity; and it may be argued, that it will paſs better to be in your hands than hers in caſe of mortality, &c. Your mother ſays, if you write ſhe'll ſecond it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me, lady Giffard has a mind to ſee me, by her diſcourſe; but I told her what to ſay, with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard ſhe was going to ſee me: ſhe looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tyger, and ſo good night, &c.

22. I dined with ſecretary St. John; and lord Dartmouth, who is t'other ſecretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did

did not like the company he was to have. We ſtayed till eight, and I called at the Coffee-houſe, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Preſto: at laſt I ſaw a letter to Mr. Addiſon, and it looked like a rogue's hand, ſo I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and ſaw three letters all for myſelf: ſo, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and ſo you ſhall hear: well, and ſo I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and t'other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, ſo you ſhall hear. So, ſaid I to myſelf, what now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was ſomething in the wind; ſo I opened one, and I opened t'other; and ſo you ſhall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but t'other was from own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my ſeventh, young women, already; then I muſt ſend this tomorrow, elſe there will be old doings at our houſe, faith.—Well, I won't anſwer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me at that, and I never ſaw the like. Well; but as to Walls, tell him (with ſervice to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's loſing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he ſpeaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but, if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten buſineſſes of other people's now, on my hands, and, I believe, ſhall miſcarry in half. It is your ſixth I now have received. I

writ

writ laſt poſt to the biſhop of Clogher *again*. Shall I ſend this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a ſhort letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it ſhall be done, and ſo good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only aſk, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the firſt? I hope you mean both. Pray be good houſewives; and I beg you to walk when you can, for health. Have you the horſe in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confeſs. Ahhh, ſirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton know, that the requeſt ſhe has made me in her letter, I will uſe what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I ſhall not ſucceed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined againſt him. I have been ſupping with lord Peterborow, at his houſe, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Friend. 'Tis the ramblingeſt lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town; 'tis late, and ſo I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me t'other day, he had a letter from the biſhops of Ireland, with an addreſs to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen, to take off the Firſt-Fruits. I dined with him to-day, and ſaw it, with another letter to him from the biſhop of Kildare, to call upon me for the papers, *&c.* and I had laſt poſt one from the archbiſhop of Dublin, telling me the reaſon of this proceeding; that

that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the biſhops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being ſolicitor, as one that was favoured by t'other party, &c. but deſired that I would ſtill ſolicit. Now the wiſdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbiſhop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had ſpoken to the queen, and promiſed it ſhould be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no perſon alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the primate and archbiſhop know that the queen had remitted the Firſt-Fruits; and that in a ſhort time they ſhould have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, ſecretary of ſtate. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm anſwer to the archbiſhop immediately, and ſhewed my reſentments, as I ought, againſt the biſhops, only in good manners excepting himſelf. I wonder what they will ſay, when they hear the thing is done. I was yeſterday forced to tell Southwell ſo, that the queen had done it, &c. for he ſaid, my lord duke would think of it ſome months hence, when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any ſucceſs. I give you free leave to ſay, on occaſion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you pleaſe. As I hope to live, I deſpiſe the credit of it, out of an exceſs of pride, and deſire you will not give

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me the leaſt merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the biſhops, and have it ſpread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do ſo. Your mother ſent me laſt night a parcel of wax-candles, and a band-box full of ſmall plum-cakes. I thought it had been ſomething for you; and, without opening them, ſent anſwer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to ſend the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, ſirrahs? Now, are you ſatisfied? I have had no fit ſince the firſt: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy buſineſs of the biſhops; although I was a little at firſt. I'll tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the biſhops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reaſon for it than they know: and ſo you ſhall hear no more of Firſt-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbiſhops, and Southwells.

I have ſlipt off Raymond upon ſome of his countrymen to ſhew him the town, &c. and I lend him Patrick. He deſires to ſit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick poſitive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

London, Nov. 25. 1710.

LL tell you ſomething that's plaguy ſilly: I had forgot to ſay on the 23d in my laſt, ere I dined; and becauſe I had done it con-ıtly, I thought it was a great omiſſion, and ı going to interline it; but at laſt the ſillineſs t made me cry, Pſhah, and I let it alone. I ı to-day to ſee the parliament meet; but only a great crowd: and Ford and I went to ſee tombs at Weſtminſter, and ſauntered ſo long as forced to go to an eating-houſe for my din-. Bromley is choſen ſpeaker, *nemine contradi-e*: do you underſtand thoſe two words? And npey, colonel Hill's black, deſigns to ſtand ıker for the footmen. I am engaged to uſe intereſt for him, and have ſpoken to Patrick ;et him ſome votes. We are now all impa-ıt for the queen's ſpeech, what ſhe will ſay a-t removing the miniſtry, *&c.* I have got a l, and I don't know how; but got it I have, am hoarſe; I don't know whether it will w better or worſe. What's that to you? I ı't anſwer your letter to-night. I'll keep you ttle longer in ſuſpenſe: I can't ſend it. Your :her's cakes are very good, and one of them es me for a breakfaſt, and ſo I'll go ſleep like ɔod boy.

6. I have got a cruel cold, and ſtaid within his day in my night-gown, and dined on ſix-

pennyworth

pennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at laſt, when I was weary, I let him come up, and aſked him, without conſequence, How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he ſhall be uſed to have me denied to him; otherwiſe he would be a plaguy trouble and hinderance to me: he has ſat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale coſt me five pence, and ſmoak'd his pipe, and 'tis now paſt eleven that he is juſt gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your ſeventh to me is ſomewhere in a poſt-boy's bag; and ſo go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and loſe your money; go, ſauce-boxes, and ſo good night and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was ſent to Dr. Hawkſhaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkſhaw, and ſpectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requeſts, and whiſpered me to dine with him. At dinner, I told him what thoſe biſhops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myſelf; he would tell the duke of Ormond the buſineſs was done, and that he need not concern himſelf about it. So now I am eaſy, and they may hang themſelves for a parcel of inſolent ungrateful raſcals. I ſuppoſe I told you in my laſt, how they ſent an addreſs to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over, but they

they had not received my letter; though the archbiſhop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there's an end of that; and in a little time the queen will ſend them notice, &c. And ſo the methods will be ſettled; and then I ſhall think of returning, although the baſeneſs of thoſe biſhops makes me love Ireland leſs than I did.

28. Lord Halifax ſent to invite me to dinner, where I ſtaid till ſix, and croſt him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the biſhop of Clogher; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He ſays, I bid him read the London Shaver, and that you both ſwore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read Preſto's hand. The biſhop is out entirely in his conjectures of my ſhare in the Tatlers.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance *, elſe I have little to do to be acquainted with a new miniſtry, who conſider me a little more than Iriſh biſhops do.

29. Now for your ſaucy good dear letter: let me ſee, what does it ſay? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: ſo good night. I can't write an anſwer now, you rogues.

* He was writing the Examiner at this time.

30. To-day I have been viſiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone, and ſauntered at the coffee-houſe till paſt eight, and have been buſy till eleven, and now I'll anſwer your letter, ſauce-box. Well, let me ſee now again. My wax-candle's almoſt out, but however I'll begin. Well, then, don't be ſo tedious, Mr. Preſto; what can you ſay to MD's letter? make haſte, have done with your preambles—Why, I ſay I am glad you are ſo often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exerciſe hurts you, and ſo do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the by.) Sure you don't deceive me, Stella, when you ſay you are in better health than you were theſe three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yeſterday, that Smyth of the Blind-Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh, that he left you extremely ill; and, in ſhort, ſpoke ſo, that he almoſt put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run diſtracted; though your letter is dated the 11th inſtant, and I ſaw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I paſt by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are ſure it won't do you the leaſt hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, Miſtreſs Stella, ſhall write your ſhare at five or ſix ſittings, one ſitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us ſee ſhe remembers Preſto; and then conclude with ſomething handſome and genteel,

as

as your moſt humblecumdumble, or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till ſpring? Inſolent man! he know my ſecrets! No; as my lord mayor ſaid, No; if I thought my ſhirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as ſoon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to ſay the truth, I am at preſent a little involved with the preſent miniſtry in ſome certain things (which I tell you as a ſecret) and ſoon as ever I can clear my hands, I will ſtay no longer: for I hope the firſt-fruit buſineſs will be ſoon over in all its forms. But, to ſay the truth, the preſent miniſtry have a difficult taſk, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be juſt as grateful as others: but according to the beſt judgment I have, they are purſuing the true intereſt of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's ſake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? Why, Madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a naſty dead chancellor, as you may ſee by the blot *. Ploughing? A pox plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durſt he pay you the ſecond ſo

* To make this intelligible, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that the words 'this fortnight,' in the preceding ſentence, were firſt written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards ſcratched out and written plain. It muſt be confeſſed this little language, which paſſed current between Swift and Stella, has occaſioned infinite trouble in the reviſal of theſe papers.

ſoon? Pray be good huſwifes.—Aye, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, deſiring I would take ſome care of their poor town †, who, he ſays, will loſe their liberties. To which I deſired Mr. Raymond would return anſwer, That the town had behaved themſelves ſo ill to me, ſo little regarded the advice I gave them, and diſagreed ſo much among themſelves, that I was reſolved never to have more to do with them: but that, whatever perſonal kindneſs I could do to Joe, ſhould be done. Pray, when you happen to ſee Joe, tell him this, leſt Raymond ſhould have blundered or forgotten.—Poor Mrs. Weſley—Why theſe poligyes ‡ for being abroad? Why ſhould you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well?—So, here is miſtreſs Stella again, with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with You; why, the biſhop of Clogher ſays, he has ſeen ſomething of mine of the ſame ſort, better than the Shower. I ſuppoſe he means The Morning; but it is not half ſo good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it, and do they taſte it all? &c. § I am glad Dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why ſhould not I chide the biſhop of Clogher for writing to the archbiſhop of Caſhel, without ſending the letter firſt to me? It does not ſignify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I'll break your head in good earneſt,

† Trim.

‡ So written for apologies.

§ He certainly means the ridicule of triplets in particular.

earneſt, young woman, for your naſty jeſt about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky ſluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yeſterday, when I was with her, whether ſhe could break them or no *, and it quite ſpoiled my imagination. Mrs. Walls, does Stella win as ſhe pretends? No, indeed, Doctor, ſhe loſes always, and will play ſo *vcnterſomely*, how can ſhe win? So here now; an't you an impudent lying ſlut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it ſignify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write ſmartly with your eyes ſhut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; Madam Stella, your humble ſervant †. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and ſo write on. I'll tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half ſhut, juſt as when one is going to ſleep: I have done ſo for two or three lines now; 'tis but juſt ſeeing enough to go ſtraight.—Now, Madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls, that, in caſe there be occaſion, I will ſerve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are miſtaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling. Faith, theſe anſwering letters are very long ones: you have taken up

* This jeſt is loſt, whatever it was, for want of MD's letter.

† Here he writ with his eyes ſhut, and the writing is ſomewhat crooked, although as well in other reſpects as if his eyes had been open.

almoſt the room of a week in journals; and I'll tell you what, I ſaw fellows wearing croſſes to-day ‡, and I wondered what was the matter; but juſt this minute I recollect it is little Preſto's birth-day; and I was reſolved theſe three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you underſtand it all? Well, now at laſt I have done with your letter, and ſo I'll lay me down to ſleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. Pwiſh Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the moſt melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night—Pſhoh, 'tis fooliſh: I'll riſe and divert myſelf; ſo good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The biſhop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He ſays you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wiſh you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit ſince my firſt, although ſometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to viſit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor ſick lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I ſtaid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddineſs is turned into a cholic, and he looks miſerably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudenteſt thing in the world: he ſaid ſomething in a Tatler,

‡ St. Andrew's day.

ſer, that we ought to uſe the word Great Britain, and not England, in common converſation, as, The fineſt lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this, Roe, Prior, and I, ſent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and ſigned it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the firſt letters of all our names. Congreve told me to-day, he ſmoakt it immediately. Congreve and I, and Sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I ſtaid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do buſineſs, becauſe that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this ſide, and find I make plaguy miſtakes in words; ſo that you muſt ſence againſt that as well as bad writing. Faith I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I'll ſay a word or two.—Well, 'tis now almoſt twelve, and I have been buſy ever ſince, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a buſhel at a time, I'll aſſure you) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to ſay to Preſto now he is a-bed? Come now, let us hear your ſpeeches. No, 'tis a lie, I an't ſleepy yet. Let us ſit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but juſt this minute come home in a coach? What have you loſt? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have

have made Delaval promiſe to ſend me ſome Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you'll have your chocolate and ſpectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pſhaw, I muſt be writing to theſe dear ſaucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what buſineſs I will, or come home ever ſo late, or be ever ſo ſleepy; but an old ſaying, and a true one, Be you lords or be you earls, you muſt write to naughty girls. I was to-day at court, and ſaw Raymond among the Beef-eaters, ſtaying to ſee the queen: ſo I put him in a better ſtation, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to viſit lord Mountjoy, and juſt now left him, and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near the bottom, and 'tis but eight days ſince the date, and don't think I'll write on t'other ſide, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would uſe you to letters on ſheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough; but an old ſaying, *&c.* Two ſides in a ſheet, and one in a ſtreet. I think that's but a ſilly old ſaying, and ſo I'll go to ſleep, and do you ſo too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home, and ſtudied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requeſts (we have had the devil and all of rain by the by) to pick up

up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine with him and one Colonel Brag at a tavern, coſt me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffee-houſe, where lord Saliſbury ſeemed mighty deſirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himſelf into my favour, that dog Henley aſked me aloud, Whether I would go to ſee lord Somers, as I had promiſed (which was a lie) and all to vex poor lord Saliſbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other ſuch tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at ſeven, and have been writing ever ſince, and will now go to bed. T'other day I ſaw Jack Temple in the court of requeſts: it was the firſt time of ſeeing him; ſo we talked two or three careleſs words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick * aldermen, a month or two ago, at a ſolemn feaſt, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rocheſter's, and other Tory healths? let me know; it was confidently ſaid here.—The ſcoundrels! It ſhan't do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: harkee, young women, tell me that. Saturday next, for certain, and not before: then it will be juſt a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at laſt prevailed on Sir Godfrey Kneller

* The aldermen of Dublin were fanatical in thoſe days; but for theſe eight or ten years paſt, the proteſtant party have ſo far prevailed, that they have kept out fanatics of all denominations, and ſeem determined never to admit one more into their body.

Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I ſhall ſit.—It is ſuch monſtrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John ſent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; ſo I peaceably ſat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at ſix, and am now in bed as uſual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimſical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbiſhop very ſilent to that letter I ſent him with an account that the buſineſs was done. I believe he knows not what to write or ſay; and I have ſince written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, ſirrahs, and ſo will I. But have you loſt to-day? Three ſhillings. O fye, O fye.

7. No, I won't ſend this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I'm ſo afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes, I'll juſt ſay I received a letter, and that's all. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary St. John, where were lord Angleſea, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Friend, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's houſe, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I'll go to bed, and it is late, and ſo good night.

8. To

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promiſed: he chid me for not ſeeing him oftener. Here's a damned libellous pamphlet come out againſt lord Wharton, giving the character firſt, and then telling ſome of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been ſent by dozens to ſeveral gentlemens lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they ſay it is at Newcaſtle. I begged Mr. Harley, for the love of God, to take ſome care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ſhips from the Baltic to paſs their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid theſe two years.

9. O faith, you're a ſaucy rogue. I have had your ſixth letter juſt now, before this is gone; but I won't anſwer a word of it, only that I never was giddy ſince my firſt fit, but I have had a cold juſt a fortnight, and cough with it ſtill, morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, ſuch abominable weather that no creature can walk. They ſay here three of your commiſſioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little ſoliciting for another; 'tis poor lord Abercorn, but that is a ſecret; I mean that I befriend him, is a ſecret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily

heartily ſorry you don't go to Clogher, faith I am; and ſo God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, deareſt MD. Farewel till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; ſo I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER XLVIII.

London, Dec. 9. 1710.

SO, young women, I have juſt ſent my tenth to the poſt-office, and, as I told you, have received your ſeventh (faith I'm afraid I miſtook, and ſaid your ſixth, and then we ſhall be all in confuſion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that's enough till by and by; for I muſt go write idle things; and twittle twattle. What's here to do with your little MDs? and ſo I put this by for a while—'Tis now late, and I can only ſay MDs are dear ſaucy rogues, and what then? Preſto loves them the better.

10. This ſon of a b— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now ſix o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible ſtorm laſt night: we hear one of your packet-boats is caſt away, and young Beau Swift in it, and General Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife

wife ſhould be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no reliſh for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got ſome Templars from Ireland that ſhew him the town. I do not let him ſee me above twice a week, and that only while I am dreſſing in the morning.—So, now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and ſo now you are rogues and ſauce-boxes till I go to bed; for I muſt go ſtudy, ſirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the biſhop of Clogher he ſhall not cheat me of one inch of my Bell Metal. You know it is nothing but to ſave the town money; and Enniſkilling can afford it better than Laracor: he ſhall have but one thouſand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as uſual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough: ſo get you gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come again as yeſterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithſtanding all I ſaid to him yeſterday; but he came home a little after me, ſo all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go ſtudy. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though ſome ſay it is healthy. They ſay it is a falſe report about the plague at Newcaſtle. I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to deſire them to buy me a ſcarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another,

to ſee who does beſt: mine is all in rags. I ſaw the duke of Richmond yeſterday at court again; but would not ſpeak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire: have you ſo much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright as I expected, upon the news of this ſhipwreck; but I perſuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with ſir Robert Raymond, the ſolicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindneſs, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my ſtomach againſt her: no leſs than two naſty jeſts in it with daſhes to ſuppoſe them. She is corrupted in that country town * with vile converſation. I won't anſwer your letter till I have leiſure: ſo let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares ſaucy Preſto?

12. I was to-day at the ſecretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whiſpered him; and then came up to me to deſire my acquaintance, &c. ſo we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage †, and his Iriſh club, at their boarding-place; and, paſſing an evening ſcurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addiſon and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament ‡ and my different friendſhips keep us aſunder.

* Lynn-Regis.

† Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.

‡ i. e. his attendance in parliament.

er. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his
:r yeſterday morning, and at night the poor
w died ſuddenly in the ſtreets: was not it
dd event? But what care you; but then I
r the butler.—Why, it ſeems your paquet-
is not loſt: pſhah, how ſilly that is, when I
already gone through the forms, and ſaid it
a ſad thing, and that I was ſorry for it. But
n muſt I anſwer this letter of our MD's? Here
, it lies between this paper on t'other ſide the
: one of theſe odd-come-ſhortly's I'll conſider,
ſo good night.

3. Morning. I am to go traping with lady Ker-
ad Mrs. Pratt to ſee ſights all this day: they
ged me yeſterday morning at tea. You hear
havock making in the army: Meredyth, Ma-
ey, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to
their commands at half value, and leave the
y, for drinking deſtruction to the preſent mi-
y, and dreſſing up a hat on a ſtick, and cal-
it Harley; then drinking a glaſs with one
l, and diſcharging a piſtol with the other at
maukin, wiſhing it were Harley himſelf;
a hundred other ſuch pretty tricks, as enflam-
their ſoldiers, and foreign miniſters, againſt
late changes at Court. Cadogan has had a little
ng: his mother told me yeſterday he had loſt
place of envoy; but I hope they will go no
her with him, for he was not at thoſe muti-
s meetings. Well, theſe ſaucy jades take up
nuch of my time, with writing to them in a
rning; but faith I am glad to ſee you when-

ever I can: a little ſnap and away; and ſo your tongue, for I muſt riſe: not a wor your life. How nowww? So, very well; ſta I come home, and then, perhaps, you may further from me. And where will you go to for I can't be with you for theſe ladies? I rainy ugly day. I'd have you ſend for Walls go to the dean's; but don't play ſmall games you loſe. You'll be ruined by Manilio, Baſt Queen, and two ſmall trumps in red. I c 'tis a good hand againſt the player: but then are Spadilio, Punto, the King, ſtrong trum gainſt you, which, with one trump more three tricks ten ace: for, ſuppoſe you play Manilio—Oh, ſilly, how I prat and can't way from this MD in a morning. Go, ge gone, dear naughty girls, and let me riſe. Patrick lockt up my ink again the third tim night: the rogue gets the better of me; but riſe in ſpite of you, ſirrahs.—At night. Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I, i coach; lady Kerry's ſon and his governor two gentlemen in another; maids and miſſes little maſter (lord Shelburn's children) in a all hackneys, ſet out at ten o'clock this mo from lord Shelburn's houſe in Piccadilly t Tower, and ſaw all the ſights, lions, &c. th Bedlam; then dined at the chophouſe behin Exchange; then to Greſham college (but the er was not at home) and concluded the nig the puppet-ſhow, whence we came home ſ eight, and I left them. The ladies were

m

mobbs; how do you call it; undreſt? and it was the rainieſt day that ever dript; and I'm weary, and 'tis now paſt eleven.

14. Stay, I'll anſwer ſome of your letter this morning in bed: let me ſee; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, ſays he, and what ſay you to Mrs. MD this morning freſh and faſting? Who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and ſo I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, ſince that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then you kept Preſto's little birth-day: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam; I ſuppoſe you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the Atalantis's ſpelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of thoſe eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—'Tis well enough what you obſerve, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read ſo well, being uſed to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are uſed to: you know ſuch a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and ſo, and ſo.—I'll ſwear he told me ſo, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a Gaſconnade of yours, &c. I am talking of the biſhop

of Clogher, how he forgot. *Turn over* *. I
not room on t'other ſide to ſay that, ſo I did i
this: I fancy that's a good Iriſh blunder.
why don't you go down to Clogher nautin
nauti dear girls; I dare not ſay nauti without d
O, faith, you govern me. But, ſeriouſly, I'm
ry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this
tance. No, we would get you another horſ
will make Parviſol get you one. I always de
ed that horſe of yours: prythee ſell him, an
it be a preſent to me. My heart aches wh
think you ride him. Order Parviſol to ſell
and that you are to return me the money: I
never be eaſy until he is out of your hands. F
I have dreamt five or ſix times of horſes ſtumb
ſince I had your letter. If he can't ſell him,
him run this winter. Faith, if I was near y
would whip your—to ſome tune, for your g
ſaucy anſwer about the dean and Jonſonibu
would, young women. And did the dean pr
for me? Very well. Why, would they have
ſtand here and preach to them? No, the Tatl
the Shilling was not mine, more than the l
and two or three general heads for it. I
much more important buſineſs on my hands;
beſides, the miniſtry hate to think that I ſh
help him, and have made reproaches on it; a
frankly told them, I would do it no more.
is a ſecret though, Madam Stella. You win e
ſhillings; you win eight fiddle-ſticks. Faith,

* He ſeems to have written theſe words in a whim, f
ſake of what follows.

nothing of what you loſe, young women.—
pe Manley is in no great danger; for Ned
thwell is his friend, and ſo is ſir Thomas
kland; and his brother John Manley ſtands
eartily for him. On t'other ſide, all the gen-
en of Ireland here are furiouſly againſt him.
r, Miſtreſs Dingley, an't you an impudent ſlut
xpect a letter next paquet from Preſto, when
confeſs yourſelf, that you had ſo lately two
s in four days! Unreaſonable baggage: No,
Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I
n my candle's out by twelve, and I take great
of myſelf. Pray let every body know, upon
ſion, that Mr. Harley got the firſt-fruits from
queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that no-
g remains but the forms, &c. So you ſay
dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs.
te was in raptures that I remembered her.
uſt do it but ſeldom, or it would take off her
ue.—But, what now, you ſaucy ſluts, all this
ten in a morning, and I muſt riſe and go a-
d. Pray ſtay till night: don't think I'll ſquan-
mornings upon you, pray good Madam.
h, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in
morning, I ſhall be afraid of leaving it off,
think you expect it, and be in awe: good mor-
, ſirrahs, I will riſe.—At night. I went to-day
ie court of requeſts (I will not anſwer the reſt
our letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to
with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his ſon-
w, told me he did not dine at home; ſo I was
loſs, until I met with Mr. ſecretary St. John,
and

and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixt, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me, that his father, sir Harry St. John, and lord Rivers were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused which he will not. St. John, "you shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabout will throng to hear me, and expect somethin wonderful, and be plaguily baulkt; for I shall preach plain honest stuff*. I staid with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home, I should have escaped this: for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter.—Where did I leave off?

MD

* The ministry never could prevail upon the Doctor to preach before the queen.

MD's letter: let me ſee. So now I have it. You are pleaſed to ſay, Madam Dingley, that thoſe that go for England, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Preſto, Madam? Sauce-boxes, I'll come back as ſoon as I can, as hope ſaved, and I hope with ſome advantage, unleſs all miniſtries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkſhaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your ſpectacles: if you do not, you ſhall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not ſpoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is ſafe: pray let me know. Mr. Addiſon and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendſhip will go off, by this damned buſineſs of party: he cannot bear ſeeing me fall in ſo with this miniſtry; but I love him ſtill as well as ever, though we ſeldom meet.—Huffy, Stella, you jeſt about poor Congreve's eyes; you do ſo, huffy; but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in priſon, or at leaſt in a ſpunging-houſe, ſome time before I came, but not ſince.—Pox on your convocations, and your Lamberts! they write with a vengeance! I ſuppoſe you think it a piece of affectation in me to wiſh your Iriſh folks would not like my Shower; but you are miſtaken. I ſhould be glad to have the general applauſe there, as I have here, (though I ſay it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would ſay; but I am ſo ſophiſticated with ſupper and ſtuff,

ſtuff, that I can't expreſs myſelf.—What you ſay of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy ſhould like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was ſomething in it of my manner; but firſt ſpur up his commendation to the height, as we ſerved my poor uncle about the ſconce that I mended. Well, I deſired you to give what I intended for an anſwer to Mrs. Fenton, to ſave her poſtage, and myſelf trouble; and I hope I I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yeſterday's anſwer to your letter, ſirrahs? I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to ſave Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been ſaying the ſame thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I ſhould take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him; which Steele accepts with great ſubmiſſion, but never comes, nor ſends any excuſe. Whether it was blundering, ſullenneſs, inſolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I ſhall trouble myſelf no more about him. I believe Addiſon hindered him, out of mere ſpite, being grated to the ſoul to think he ſhould ever want my help to ſave his friend; yet now he is ſoliciting me to make another

other of his friends queen's ſecretary at Geneva; and I'll do it, if I can; it is poor Paſtoral Philips.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully in ſome part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-ſticks won't ſpoil it, ſirrahs. No, truly, I will not be godfather to goody Walls this bout, and I hope ſhe'll have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the chriſtening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the ſentence you ſpeak of againſt the lads that defaced the ſtatue,* and that Ingoldſby reprieved that part of it ſtanding before the ſtatue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to ſucceed him, and Cox Doyne. And ſo there's an end of your letter; 'tis all anſwered; and now I muſt go on upon my own ſtock; go on, did I ſay? Why, I have written enough; but this is too ſoon to ſend it yet, young women; faith I dare not uſe you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains

* An equeſtrian ſtatue of king William III. in College-Green, Dublin. It was common, in the days of party, for wild young ſtudents of the univerſity of Dublin to play ſeveral tricks with this ſtatue. Sometimes, in their frolicks, they would ſet a mawkin behind the effigies of the king; ſometimes dreſs up the horſe and rider with bows and ſheaves of ſtraw; but their infernal ſin was that of whipping the truncheon out of the rider's hand, and thereby leaving the poor ſtatue defenceleſs. For theſe, and the like freaks, many young gentlemen were, in former

remains ſhall be only ſhort journals of a da
ſo I'll riſe; for this morning.—At night.
ed with my oppoſite neighbour, Darteneuf,
was ſoliciting this day, to preſent the bil
Clogher vice-chancellor *; but it won't do
are all ſet againſt him, and the duke of Or
they ſay, has reſolved to diſpoſe of it ſom
elſe. Well; little ſaucy rogues, don't ſl
too late to-night, becauſe it is Saturday
and young women ſhould come home ſoon

17. I went to court to ſeek a dinner; t
queen was not at church, ſhe has got a to
the gout; ſo the court was thin, and I went
Coffee-houſe; and Sir Thomas Franklan
his eldeſt ſon and I went and dined with
William. I talked a great deal to Sir Tho
bout Manley, and find he is his good frien

mer days, expelled the univerſity. But, in after-times, t
ample amends made to the ſtatue for theſe affronts; if
round its pedeſtal with all gravity and ſolemnity, then
from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinki
glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes
to the ſtatue, could expreſs the gratitude and devotion
dorers. It is ſaid, that what originally gave the ſtudent
was the ſite of the ſtatue; the front of it being directe
city, and the back diametrically oppoſite to the great a
tiful entrance of the college; which is certainly a great
ty: and beſides, it cauſes ſo very awkward an interrupti
paſſage to the univerſity, and is generally ſo bedaubed
and dirt, that every man of taſte would be glad it were
either to St. Stephen's Green, the Barracks, or ſome oth
where it might ſhew to advantage. If that were do
beautiful would appear the noble and majeſtic front
learned univerſity!

* Of the univerſity of Dublin.

ſo has Ned Southwell been; and I hope he will be ſafe, though all the Iriſh folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a deviliſh bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's church; an abundance went; among the reſt, lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at ſix, by moon-light, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine; but I was denied; and now I am in bed, between eleven and twelve, juſt going to ſleep, and dream of my own dear roguiſh impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have ſhort days works, juſt a few lines, to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the laſt day to tell you news, if there be any worth ſending. I have been ſometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and ſo I dined with honeſt Dr. Cockburn, and came home at ſix, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will ſtay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will ſay no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear ſaucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud ſtomach in one inſtance; for I went to-day to ſee the duke of Buckingham; but came too late: then I viſited

Mrs. Barton, and thought to have dined with ſome of the miniſtry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a ſcarf ſhe bought me, and dined there. At four, I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor Lady Shelburn-dowager; he was at his country-houſe; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it; and he took it very well. I am now come home before ſix, and find a packet from the biſhop of Clogher, with one incloſed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parviſol; however, 'tis no matter; for the duke has already diſpoſed of the vice chancellorſhip to the archbiſhop of Tuam,* and I could not help it; for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the biſhop has enemies about the duke. I write this while Patrick is folding up my ſcarf, and doing up the fire, (for I keep a fire, it coſts me twelve-pence a week); and ſo be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then ſit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bed-ſide; and now what ſhall we ſay? How does Mrs. Stoite? What had the dean for ſupper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? poor Lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed ſirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and ſhaved by candle-light, and write this by the

* Dr. Veſey.

fire-ſide. Poor Raymond juſt came in and k his leave of me; he is ſummoned by high er from his wife; but pretends he has had e- ugh of London. I was a little melancholy to t with him; he goes to Briſtol, where they to be with his merchant brother, and now nks of ſtaying till May; ſo ſhe muſt be brought bed in England. He was ſo eaſy and manage- , that I almoſt repent I ſuffered him to ſee ſo ſeldom. But he is gone, and will ſave trick ſome lies in a week; Patrick is grown mirable at it, and will make his fortune. How w, firrah, muſt I write in a morning to your pudence? Stay till night, And then I'll write black and white, By candle-light Of wax ſo ght, It helps the ſight, A bite a bite—Marry me up, miſtreſs Boldface.—At night. Dr. Ray- nd came back, and goes to-morrow. I did t come home till eleven, and found him here take leave of me. I went to the court of re- eſts, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine th him, and refuſed Henley, and every body, d at laſt knew not where to go, and met Jem- r Leigh by chance, and he was juſt in the ne way; ſo I dined at his lodgings on a beef- ak, and drank your health; then left him, and nt to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, e duke of Ormond's ſecretary, drinking naſty hite-wine till eleven. I am ſick, and aſhamed it.

21. I met that beaſt Ferris, lord Berkeley's eward formerly; I walkt with him a turn in

the Park, and that ſcoundrel dog is as ha
an emperor, has married a wife with a
derable eſtate in land and houſes abou
town, and lives at his eaſe at Hammer
See your confounded feet.——Well; I h
ſame luck to-day with Mr. Harley; 'twas a
ly day, and went by water into the city, and
with Stratford at a merchant's houſe, and
home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I
honeſt colonel Caufield, and came home by
and now am in bed, and going to ſleep for
ger, and will ſend this letter on Saturday
ſo; but firſt I'll wiſh you a merry Chr
and a happy New Year, and pray God w
never keep them aſunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. H
levee on purpoſe to vex him; I'll ſay I h
other way of ſeeing him, &c. Patrick ſays
a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyl
be knighted to-day, the booby means inſta
Windſor. But I muſt riſe, for this is a ſl
day, and Patrick ſays there is a good fire;
MD were by it, or I by MD's.—At nig
forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that
ed nine ſhillings for your glaſs and ſpectacl
which three were for the biſhop's caſe: I a
ry I did not buy you ſuch another caſe:
you like it, I will bring one over with me
tell me: the glaſs to read was four ſhilling
ſpectacles two. And have you had your

ſions for me? I paid the glaſs-man but laſt night, and he would have made me a preſent of the microſcope worth thirty ſhillings, and would have ſent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he ſaid I could do him more ſervice than that was worth, &c. I refuſed his preſent, but promiſed him all ſervice I could do him; and ſo now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body.—At night. I went to Mr. Harley's levee; he came and aſked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the firſt time I ever ſaw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly preſented me to Sir Simon Harcourt, but now muſt to my lord keeper, ſo he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the Coffee-houſe; I'll ſend and ſee by and by; and let you know, and ſo and ſo. Patrick goes to ſee for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no? No, I ſay; done for ſixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won ſixpence; I won ſixpence; there's not one letter for Preſto. Good morrow, dear ſirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with Lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preſerve and bleſs you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at Lord Mountjoy's; and am come to ſtudy: our news from Spain this poſt takes off ſome of our fears. The par-

liament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rat
till after the Holy-days. Bank ſtock is 105,
I may get 12 l. for my bargain already. Patr
the puppy is abroad, and how ſhall I ſend t
letter? Good night little dears both, and be h
py, and remember your poor Preſto, that wa
you ſadly, as hope ſaved. Let me go ſtu
naughty girls, and don't keep me at the bott
of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies
my hands conſtantly, you would wonder to
how I could write ſuch long letters; but w
talk of that ſome other time*. Good night ag
and God bleſs dear MD with his beſt bleſſings,
yes, and Dingley and Stella, and me too, &c.

Aſk the biſhop of Clogher about the pun I
him of lord Stawell's brother; 'twill be a p
bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beſide
poſtſcripts; I had a curioſity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a ſermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton,
ſays you were with her; I hope you did no
on purpoſe. I will anſwer her letter ſoon;
about ſome money in lady Giffard's hands.

They ſay you have had eight paquets du
you; ſo pray, madams, don't blame Preſto,
the Wind.

My humble ſervice to Mrs. Walls and
Stoite; I miſs'd the former a good while.

L E

* Writing the Examiner.

LETTER XLIX.

London Dec. 23, 1710.

Have ſent my 11th to-night as uſual, and be-
gin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with
atford at lord Mountjoy's, and I'll tell you no
re at preſent, gueſs for why; becauſe I am
ng to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your
ty Firſt-Fruits; I let them alone till Mr. Har-
geta the queen's letter; but other things of
ater moment, that you ſhall know one day,
en the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So
ſtill a while juſt by me while I am ſtudying,
don't ſay a word, I charge you, and when
m going to bed I'll take you along, and talk
h you a little while, ſo there, ſit there.—
ne then, let us ſee what we have to ſay to thoſe
:y brats, that will not let us go ſleep at paſt e-
:n. Why, I am a little impatient to know how
i do; but that I take it for a ſtanding maxim,
t when you are ſilent, all is pretty well, be-
ſe that is the way I will deal with you; and
there was any thing you ought to know now,
'ould write by the firſt poſt, although I had
itten but the day before. Remember this,
ıng women, and God Almighty preſerve you
:h, and make us happy together; and tell me
w accounts ſtand between us, that you may be
id long before it is due, not to want. I will
turn no more money while I ſtay, ſo that you
need

need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at leaſt a month before you can want. Obſerve this, d'ye hear, little dear ſirrahs, and love Preſto as Preſto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merryer Chriſtmas-Eve than we here. I went up to Court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a ſword came up to me, and after words of courſe aſkt me how the ladies did. I aſkt, what ladies? He ſaid, Mrs. Dingley and Mrs Johnſon: Very well, ſaid I, when I heard from them laſt: And pray when came you from thence, ſir? he ſaid, I never was in Ireland; and juſt at the word, lord Winchelſea comes up to me, and the man went off: As I went out I ſaw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau with a pox: I then went and made my apologies that my head was full of ſomething I had to ſay to lord Winchelſea, &c. and I aſkt after his wife, and ſo all was well, and he enquired after my lodging, becauſe he had ſome favour to deſire of me in Ireland, to recommend ſomebody to ſomebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to Court again, where ſir Edmond Bacon told me the bad news from Spain, which you will hear before this reaches you: as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to ſee the whole countenances of the Court changed ſo in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I ſtaid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you

must

muſt always write to your MDs in bed, that's a maxim. Mr. White and Mr. Red, Write to MD when abed; Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, Write to MD when you're down; Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow, Write to MD on your pillow.—What's this? faith I ſmell fire; what can it be? this houſe has a thouſand ſ—ks in it. I think to leave it on Thurſday, and lodge over the way. Faith I muſt riſe, and look at my chimney, for the ſmell grows ſtronger; ſtay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all ſafe, only a mouſe within the fender to warm himſelf, which I could not catch. I ſmelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I ſmell it again; I believe I have ſinged the woolen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot ſmoak it. Preſto's plaguy ſilly to night, an't he? Yes, and ſo he be. Aye, but if I ſhould wake and ſee fire. Well, I'll venture; ſo good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write ſo much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and anſwer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a ſimpleton. I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas, and many, many a one with poor Preſto at ſome pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the ſacrament, and came home by ten; then went to Court at two; it was a Collar-day, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars; but the queen ſtayed ſo late at ſacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, becauſe all people dine

dine at home on this day. This is likewiſe a Collar-day all over England in every houſe, at leaſt where there is Brawn: that's very well—I tell you a good pun; a fellow-hard by pretends to cure Agues, and has ſet out a ſign, and ſpells it Egoes; a gentleman and I obſerving it, ſaid, How does that fellow pretend to cure Agues? I ſaid, I did not know, but I was ſure it was not by a Spell. That's admirable. And ſo you aſkt the biſhop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Muſt you pretend to aſk after roguiſh puns, and Latin ones too? Oh but you ſmoakt me, and did not aſk the biſhop. O but you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at Court today, and I obſerved he had a ſword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commiſſion, but I never aſkt him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parviſol's man is Vedel, that's true. Bank ſtock will fall like ſtock-fiſh by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12 l. by my bargain; but I don't intend to ſell, and in time it will riſe. 'Tis odd, that my lord Peterborow foretold this loſs two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would loſe Spain before Chriſtmas, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reaſons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he ſtill held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Angleſea this at Court this morning; and, a gentleman by ſaid, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the ſame thing. I have

e heard wiſe folks ſay, An ill tongue may do
ch. And 'tis an odd ſaying, Once I gueſt
it, And I got credit by't; Thrice I gueſt
ng, And I kept my credit on. No, 'tis you
ſorry, not I.

6. By the lord Harry I ſhall be undone here
h Chriſtmas-boxes. The rogues at the cof-
houſe have raiſed their tax, every one giving
own, and I gave mine for ſhame, beſides a
it many half-crowns to great mens porters,
. I went to-day by water into the city, and
ed with no leſs a man than the city printer.
re is an intimacy between us, built upon rea-
that you ſhall know when I ſee you; but
rain caught me within twelve-penny length of
ie. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not
in, drop'd my calf-crown with his porter,
re to the coffee-houſe, where the rain kept
till nine. I had letters to-day from the arch-
op of Dublin, and Mr. Bernage; the latter
ls me a melancholy account of lady Shel-
n's death, and his own diſappointments, and
uld gladly be a captain; if I can help him I
.

7. Morning. I beſpoke a lodging over the
for to-morrow, and the dog let it yeſterday
nother; I gave him no earneſt, ſo it ſeems he
ld do it; Patrick would have had me give him
neſt to bind him; but I would not. So I
ſt go ſaunter to-day for a lodging ſomewhere
. Did you ever ſee ſo open a winter in Eng-
d? We have not had two frofty days; but
it

it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days theſe ſix weeks. O faith, I dreamt mightily of MD laſt night; but ſo confuſed I can't tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to ſpend a Chriſtmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often obſerved this, That in merry times every body is abroad: where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffee-houſe, and talk'd with Mr. Addiſon an hour, who at laſt remembered to give me two letters, which I can't anſwer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can aſſure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to anſwer naughty girls, an old ſaying, and true. Letters from MDs muſt not be anſwered in ten days: 'tis but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a meſſage from Sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him; the famous Dr. Smallridge was of the company, and we ſat till ſix, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban Street, where I pay the ſame rent (eight ſhillings a-week) for an apartment two pair of ſtairs; but I have the uſe of the parlour to receive perſons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and ſent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the laſt thing. I found the doctors and all in deſpair about him.

I read

ad prayers to him, found he had ſettled all
ngs; and when I came out, the nurſe aſk'd me,
ether I thought it poſſible he could live; for
: doctors thought not. I ſaid, I believed he
uld live; for I found the ſeeds of life in him,
ich I obſerve ſeldom fail; (and I found them
poor deareſt Stella, when ſhe was ill ma-
years ago) and to-night I was with him again,
d he was mightily recovered, and I hope he
ll do well, and the doctor approved my rea-
ns; but if he ſhould die, I ſhould come off ſcur-
y. The ſecretary of ſtate (Mr. St. John) ſent to
: to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Pe-
borow dined there too, and at night came
d Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna
a day or two: he has promiſed to make me
ite to him. Mr. Harley went away at ſix, but
: ſtaid till ſeven. I took the ſecretary aſide,
d complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he
d got the queen to grant the Firſt-Fruits, pro-
iſed to bring me to her, and get her letter to
e biſhops in Ireland; but the laſt part he had
t done in ſix weeks, and I was in danger to
ſe reputation, &c. He took the matter right,
ſired me to be with him on Sunday morning,
d promiſes me to finiſh the affair in four days;
I ſhall know in a little time what I have to
uſt to.—It is nine o'clock, and I muſt go ſtudy,
u little rogues; and ſo good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you
uce-boxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring
e word, is better. I'll go riſe, for my hands

are ſtarving while I write in bed.—Night. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering, he c to be at eaſe; for I called in the morning t prayers, but he had given orders not to b turbed. I have loſt a legacy by his living he told me he had left me a picture and books, &c. I called to ſee my quondam r bour Ford (do you know what quondar though) and he engaged me to dine with for he always dines at home on opera-da came home at ſix, writ to the archbiſhop, ſtudied till paſt eleven, and ſtole to bed, to to MD theſe few lines, to let you know I good health at the preſent writing hereof, hope in God MD is ſo too. I wonder I write politics to you: I could make you th foundeſt politician in all the lane.—Well when ſhall we anſwer this letter N. 8. of M Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—bu will be a Monday next. Cod's ſo, is it; a it is: never ſaw the like.—I made a pun t day to Ben Portlack about a pair of dr Poh, ſaid he, that's mine a—— all over. pray, Dingley, let me go ſleep; pray, pray, la, let me go ſlumber, and put out my candle.

31. Morning. It is now ſeven, and I ha a fire, but am writing a-bed in my bed-c ber. 'Tis not ſhaving-day, ſo I ſhall be early to go before church to Mr. St. John to-morrow I will anſwer our MD's Would you anſwer MD's letter, On new-day you'll do it better: For when the year

MD 'gins, It without MD never lins. (Theſe proverbs have always old words in them; lins is leaves off.) But if on new-year you write nones, MD then will bang your bones.—But Patrick ſays I muſt riſe.—Night. I was early this morning with ſecretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the Firſt-Fruits, who has promiſed to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong ſteps in joining with the Whigs, and ſaid he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I ſwear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatneſs, and get money. He told the queen, he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She ſaid, if ſhe could have conveniently turned about, ſhe would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable meaſures of the late miniſtry, becauſe they gratified him for their own deſigns. Yet he has been a ſucceſsful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, ſmoak the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will ſcatter a little now and then, and mine are all freſh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at ſix; there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley

made me read a paper of verſes of Prior's. I read them plain, without any fine manner, and Prior ſwore I ſhould never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read ſome of mine as bad. I excuſed myſelf, and ſaid, I was famous for reading verſes the worſt in the world *, and that every body ſnatch'd them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine ſtill continues ill. He is plagued with ſome ſort of bile.

January 1. Morning. I wiſh my deareſt pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good ſtomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write pdfr †. Patrick wiſhes me a happy new-year, and deſires I would riſe, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was ſo politic laſt night with MD, never ſaw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the laſt nine or ten are full of the reaſons for the late change, and of the abuſes of the laſt miniſtry; and the great men aſſure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I muſt riſe and go ſee Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may anſwer MD's letter: ſo good-morrow, my miſtreſſes all, good-morrow. I wiſh you both a merry new-year, Roaſt beef, minced pyes, and good ſtrong beer, And me a ſhare of your good cheer. That I was

* Although it be ſaid in jeſt, there is ſome truth in this.

† Preſto.

I was there, or you were here, And you're a little ſaucy dear.—Good-morrow again, dear ſirrahs; one cannot riſe for your play.—At night. I went this morning to viſit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and ſee what this ſaucy dear letter of MD ſays. Come out, letter, come out from between the ſheets; here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I ſay: ſo there. Here it is. What ſays Preſto to me, pray? ſays it. Come, and let me anſwer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Preſto? madam Stella. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, ſimpleton? What ſay you to that? And ſo you kept Preſto's little birth-day, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleaſure, nothing but eternal buſineſs upon my hands. I ſhall grow wiſe in time; but no more of that: only I ſay Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be aſunder again, ten days together, while poor Preſto lives. ——————————I can't be merry ſo near any ſplenetic talk; ſo I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending ſlut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we ſaw no wind here, no-

thing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying, and a true; I hate all wind, Before and behind, From cheeks with eyes, or from blind——. Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damn'd lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters won't pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one get's that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but quando? I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S——. Will no body cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants.——The bishop of Cloghes shewed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend

know, impudence? How durſt you think ſo?
on your parliaments: the archbiſhop has told
of it; but we do not vouchſafe to know any
ng of it here. No, no, no more giddineſs
thank you, Stella, for aſking after it; thank
God Almighty bleſs you for your kindneſs
poor Preſto. You write to lady Giffard and
r mother upon what I adviſe when it is too late.
yet I fancy this bad news will bring down
ks ſo low, that one might buy to great ad-
tage. I deſign to venture going to ſee your
ther ſome day when lady Giffard is abroad.
ll, keep your Rathburn and ſtuff. I thought
was to pay in your money upon his houſes, to
ſung down about the what d'ye call it.—Well,
dam Dingley, I ſent your incloſed to Briſtol,
have not heard from Raymond ſince he went.
me, come, young women, I keep a good fire;
oſts me twelve pence a week, and I fear ſome-
ng more; vex me, and I'll have one in my
-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but
now, we have no high winds here. Have
forgot already?—Now you're at it again,
Stella; why does your mother ſay, my can-
s are ſcandalous? They are good ſixes in the
nd, and ſhe ſaid, I was extravagant enough
burn them by day-light. I never burn fewer
a time than one. What would people have?
e d— burſt Hawkſhaw. He told me he had
t the box, and the next day Sterne told me he
d ſent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not
d him t'other day, but he ſhall to-morrow.

Dear

Dear life and heart, do you teaze me? do
la teaze Preſto? That palſy-water was
box; it was too big for a packet, and I
fraid of its breaking. Leigh was not i
then, or I would not have truſted it to
whom yet I have befriended enough to
more kindneſs than that. I'll never reſt
have it, or till it is in a way for you to
Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teaz
how could I ever forgive myſelf, for ne
any thing that related to your health?
were a devil if I did.

See how far I am forced to ſtand from
becauſe I am afraid ſhe thinks poor Pre
not been careful about her little things
ſure I bought them immediately accordin
der, and pack'd them up with my own
and ſent them to Sterne, and was fix tim
him about ſending them away. I am g
are pleaſed with your glaſſes. I have g
ther velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert
and preſented me one morning I was at
faſt with him, where he was as merry a
as ever I ſaw him, yet had received a ch
half an hour before, and half an hour afte
a duel. It was about ten days ago. Y
miſtaken in your gueſſes about Tatlers
neither write that on Noſes nor Religion,
I ſend him of late any hints at all.—
Stella, when I read your letter, I was not
at all; but when I came to anſwer the

ars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, becauſe I thought hrough your little words, that you imagined I ad not taken the care I ought. But there has een ſome blunder in this matter, which I will now to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear e ſhould not be within.—And pray, pray Preſto, ay now do.—No, Raymond was not above four mes with me while he ſtaid, and then only while was dreſſing. Mrs. Fenton * has written me nother letter about ſome money of her's in lady iffard's hands, that is entruſted to me by my nother, not to come to her huſband. I ſend my tters conſtantly every fortnight, and if you will ave them oftener you may, but then they will e the ſhorter. Pray, let Parviſol ſell the horſe. think I ſpoke to you of it in a former letter: I m glad you are rid of him, and was in pain hile I thought you rode him; but if he would uy you another, or any body elſe, and that you ould be often able to ride, why don't you do t?

2. I went this morning early to the ſecretary f ſtate, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. arley, that the warrant was now drawn, in or- er for a patent for the firſt-fruits: it muſt paſs hrough ſeveral offices, and take up ſome time, ecauſe in things the queen gives, they are always onſiderate; but that he aſſures me, 'tis granted nd done, and paſt all diſpute, and deſires I will ot be in any pain at all. I will write again to the

* Mrs. Fenton was ſiſter to Dr. Swift.

the archbiſhop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I deſire you will ſay it on occaſion. From the ſecretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who ſaid, he would write to you to-night, and that the box muſt be at Cheſter, and that ſome friend of his goes very ſoon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. ſecretary St. John, and at ſix went to Darteneuf's houſe to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addiſon, and little Harriſon, a young poet, whoſe fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there; but came not, nor never did twice, ſince I knew him, to any appointment. I ſtaid till paſt eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's laſt Tatler came out to-day. You will ſee it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told ſo much as Mr. Addiſon of it, who was ſurpriſed as much as I; but, to ſay the truth, it was time; for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge, he had ſeveral good hints to go upon; but he was ſo lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I'll ſend this *after* * to-morrow: Shall I before 'tis full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yeſterday called me into a barber's ſhop, and there we talked deep politicks: he deſired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand; he ſaid he would ſhew me ſo clearly how to get Spain, that I could not poſſibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and ſaw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, ſigning of deeds and ſtuff before

* *After* is interlined.

e his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vien-
. I ſat among that ſcurvy company till after
ur, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find,
what he told me before, that he fears he ſhall
no good in his preſent journey. We are to
mighty conſtant correſpondents. So I took
y leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew
ountaine's, who mends much. I came home,
d pleaſe you, at ſix, and have been ſtudying till
w paſt eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, have been dreaming; I was to be put in prin, I don't know why, and I was ſo afraid of a ack dungeon; and then all I had been enquirg yeſterday of Sir Andrew Fountaine's ſickneſs thought was of poor Stella. The worſt of eams is, that one wakes juſt in the humour they ave one. Shall I ſend this to-day? With all y heart: it is two days within the fortnight; ut may be MD are in haſte to have a round doen, and then how are you come up to me with our eighth, young women? But you, indeed, ught to write twice ſlower than I, becauſe there re two of you; I own that.—Well then, I'll al up this letter by my morning candle, and arry it into the city with me, and put it in- the poſt-office with my own fair hands. o, let me ſee whether I have any news to tell ID. They ſay, they will very ſoon make me enquiries into the corruptions of the late iniſtry; and they muſt do it, to juſtify their arning them out. Atterbury, we think, is to be ean of Chriſt-Church in Oxford; but the col-

lege

lege would rather have Smallridge.—What's all this to you? What care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Preſto, faith. So I'll riſe, and bid you farewel; yet I'm loath to do ſo, becauſe there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it ſo: Yes, ſays ſhe, make your journals ſhorter, and ſend them oftener; and ſo I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipt paper, and holds at leaſt ſix lines leſs than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I ſaid to my lord Carteret. So, ſays he, my lord —— came up to me, and aſkt me, &c. No, ſaid I, my lord ——— never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here ſometimes. Lord Carteret ſet down Prior t'other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his *Charity;* that was fit for Dilly.* I don't remember I heard one good one from the miniſtry, which is really a ſhame. Henley is gone to the country for Chriſtmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no houſe, and would have me dine with him at eating-houſes; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not ſeen me for ſome time in the Coffee-houſe, and aſking after me, deſired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beaſt for ever, after the order of Melchiſedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? It is only changing the word Prieſt for Beaſt.—I think I am bewitched, to write ſo much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I'll come again

* Dillon Aſhe.

lin to-night in a fine clean ſheet of paper; but an nor will ſtay no longer now; no, I won't, all your wheedling: no, no; look off, don't ilent me, and ſay, Pray, pray, Preſto, write a le more. Ah! you're a wheedling ſlut, you ſo. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me , do; 'tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my rning candle is juſt out, and I muſt go now in ght of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark th curtains, and I'm at the wrong ſide. So ewel, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almoſt: I muſt have another ndle, when I am up, to ſeal this; but I'll fold up in the dark, and make what you can of this, I can only ſee this paper I am writing upon. rvice to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoite.

God Almighty bleſs you, &c. What I am ing I can't ſee; but I'll fold it up, and not ok on it again.

LETTER L.

London, Jan. 4. 1710-11.

WAS going into the city, (where I dined) and put my twelfth, with my own fair hands, o the poſt-office as I came back, which was t till nine this night. I dined with people it you never heard of; nor is it worth your ile to know; an authoreſs and a printer. I lked home for exerciſe, and at eleven got to d; and all the while I was undreſſing myſelf,

there was I ſpeaking monkey things in air, juſt as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myſelf till I got into bed. I writ laſt night to the archbiſhop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the firſt-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was ſet out for his journey to Vienna; but it ſeems the lords have addreſſed, to have him ſtay to be examined about Spaniſh affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbiſhop a lie; but I think it was not a ſin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John ſent for me this morning ſo early, that I was forced to go without ſhaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and deſired him to lend me a ſhaving, and ſo made a ſhift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and ſiſter are come above a hundred miles from Worceſter, to ſee him before he died. They got here but yeſterday, and he muſt have been paſt hopes, or paſt fears, before they could reach him. I fell a-ſcolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and ſaid, what a mighty content it would be on both ſides, to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; ſhe is the greateſt Overdo upon earth, and the ſiſter, they ſay, is worſe; the poor man will relapſe again among them. Here was the ſcoundrel brother always crying in the outer room, till Sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his eſtate, if he died; and 'tis an ignorant,

rant, worthleſs ſcoundrel rake: and the nurſes were comforting him, and deſiring he would not take on ſo. I dined to-day the firſt time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you ſupped with the dean, and loſt two and twenty pence at cards. And ſo Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was chriſtened; and, betwixt you and me, ſhe is not very ſorry: ſhe loves her eaſe and diverſions too well to be troubled with children. I'll go to bed.

6. Morning. I went laſt night to put ſome coals on my fire, after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I ſaw in a cloſet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it coſt him ſixpence, and is as tame as a dormouſe. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he ſtands; and ſeems to have neither hope nor fear; I ſuppoſe in a week he will die of the ſpleen. Patrick adviſed with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatneſs of the ſum, and the raſhneſs of the attempt; ſhewed how impoſſible it was to carry him ſafe over the ſalt ſea: but he would not take my counſel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and ſo let me riſe, ſirrahs, do ſo.—At night. I was this morning to viſit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, don't you? Why ſhould not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Aye, the ſame. A

good pleaſant man? Aye, the ſame. Cunning enough? Yes. One that underſtands his own intereſts? As well as any body. How comes it MD and I don't meet there ſometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! * whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carliſle and Prolocutor. Pſhaw, Preſto, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's.—Silly, ſilly, ſilly, you are ſilly, both are ſilly, every kind of thing is ſilly. As I walked into the city, I was ſtopt with cluſters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-ſhops like flies. There had the fools let out their ſhops two yards forward into the ſtreet, all ſpread with great cakes frothed with ſugar, and ſtuck with ſtreamers of tinſel. And then I went to Bateman's the bookſeller, and laid out eight and forty ſhillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and ſo and ſo. Then I went to Garraway's to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: ſo I dined with Sir Thomas Frankland at the poſt-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out; but ſecretary St. John told me it was falſe, only that news-writer is a plaguy Tory. I have not ſeen one bit of Chriſtmas merriment.

7. Morning.

* Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, was not a married man, which ſeems to have been the cauſe of this ſurpriſe in MD.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor ſets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never ſaw him. He carries over one Trap a parſon as his chaplain, a ſort of pretender to wit, a ſecond-rate pamphleteer for the cauſe, whom they pay by ſending him to Ireland. I never ſaw Trap neither. I met Tighe and your Smyth of Lovet's yeſterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I ſtopt Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Cheſter, becauſe he ſays he goes very ſoon to Ireland, I think this week: and I will ſend this morning to Sterne, to take meaſures with Smyth; ſo good morrow, ſirrahs, and let me riſe, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then ſaid I, No, no, indeed, MD, you muſt ſtay, and then was laying it aſide, but could not for my heart, though I am very buſy, till I juſt aſk you how you do ſince morning; by and by we ſhall talk more, ſo let me lay you ſoftly down, little paper, till then; ſo there—now to buſineſs; there, I ſay, get you gone; no, I won't puſh you neither, but hand you on one ſide—So—Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John ſent for me this morning in all haſte; but I would not loſe my ſhaving, for fear of miſſing church. I went to Court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at Sir Matthew Dudley's.—I muſt talk politics. I proteſt I am afraid we ſhall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the moſt mali-

cious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loſs of ſeveral Virginia ſhips. I fear people will begin to think, that nothing thrives under this miniſtry: and if the miniſtry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be choſen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleaſes. Then I think our friends preſs a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members* are violent to have paſt faults enquired into, and they have reaſon; but I do not obſerve the miniſtry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to ſave us but a peace, and I am ſure we cannot have ſuch a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done, had they continued in power. I tell the miniſtry this as much as I dare, and ſhall venture to ſay a little more to them, eſpecially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I queſtion whether ever any wiſe ſtate laid aſide a general who had been ſucceſsful nine years together, whom the enemy ſo much dread; and his own ſoldiers cannot but believe muſt always conquer; and you know, that, in war, opinion is nine parts in ten. The miniſtry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindneſs; but I doubt they let perſonal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they ſeem to value all this as nothing, and are as eaſy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their ſhoulders, like

* Thoſe were afterwards called the October Club.

like phyſicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient ſuffers.—Pſhaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much eaſier than to any body alive. But I ſwear my head is full, and I wiſh I were at Laracor with dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progreſs in four days, at the bottom of this ſide already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing ſtate affairs to MD. How do they reliſh it? Why, any thing that comes from Preſto is welcome; though really, to confeſs the truth, if they had their choice, not to diſguiſe the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Preſto, I muſt tell you, you grow filly, ſays Stella. That's but one body's opinion, Madam. I promiſed to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and won't go, becauſe I had a letter from him yeſterday to deſire I would dine there to-day. I ſhall be chid; but what care I?—Here has been Mrs. South with me, juſt come from Sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is ſtill in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and ſiſter are now come up and in the houſe, ſo there's a hurry. I gave Mrs. South half a piſtole for a New-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am ſo hot!

Lady

Lady Stanley came to viſit Mrs. St. John, and ſent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet ſaw; and do you think that devil of a ſecretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and that it was a ſhame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; ſo at laſt I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one muſt ſay ſomething to theſe naughty MDs, elſe there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I ſet apart to go into the city to buy books: but we only had a ſcurvy dinner at an ale-houſe, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and ſixpence a flaſk; damned wine! ſo I ſpent my money, which I ſeldom do, and paſt an inſipid day, and ſaw nobody, and 'tis now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to ſay, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow ſince I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to anſwer here, 'tis well enough, otherwiſe, woe betide you, faith; I'll go to the toyman's juſt in Pall-mall, and he ſells great hugeous battoons; yes, faith, and ſo he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Don't loſe your money this Chriſtmas.

10. I muſt go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John, I promiſed yeſterday, but failed, ſo can't write any more till night to poor dear MD.—— At night. O faith, Dingley, I had company in the

the morning, and could not go where I deſigned; and I had a baſket from Raymond at Briſtol, with ſix bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and ſome tobacco to ſnuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a miſtake; and he has written to me ſo confuſedly about ſome things, that Lucifer could not underſtand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and Sir Robert Raymond, ſolicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond ſays he is haſting to Cheſter to go with him.—I ſuppoſe he leaves his wife behind; for when he left London, he had no thoughts of ſtirring till ſummer. So I ſuppoſe he will be with you before this. Ford came and deſired I would dine with him, becauſe it was Opera-day, which I did, and ſent excuſes to lord Shelburn who had invited me.

11. I am ſetting up a new Tatler, little Harriſon, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, ſhewing me his firſt, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not ſucceed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the ſcheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I ſent for, and ſettled the matter between them this evening. Harri-

ſon

ſon has juſt left me, and I am tired with correcting his traſh.

12. I was this morning upon ſome buſineſs with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promiſe to dine with him, which otherwiſe I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with theſe ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as eaſy and diſengaged as ſchoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or ſix millions on his ſhoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reaſon of the fall of ſtocks: for they are like quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themſelves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's preſence. The Whigs ſay the duke of Marlborough will ſerve no more; but I hope and think otherwiſe. I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics, that give me ſuch melancholy proſpects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit laſt night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I ſhall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, becauſe it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harriſon's new Tatler came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You muſt underſtand, that upon Steele's leaving off,

off, there were two or three ſcrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on ſtill, and to-day it advertiſed againſt Harriſon's; and ſo there muſt be diſputes which are genuine, like the ſtraps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verſes. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being ſecretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of ſomething he would have written over his ſummer-houſe, and a gentleman gave him theſe verſes:

From bus'neſs and the noiſy world retir'd,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
Still drinking like a fiſh, and —— like a ſtoat.

He ſwore to me he could hardly bear the jeſt; for he pretended to retire like a philoſopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true, for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the laſt well enough. Od ſo, but I'll go ſleep; I ſleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; 'tis now nineteen days ſince I had the laſt: and where have I room to anſwer it, pray? I hope I ſhall ſend this away without any anſwer at all; for I'll haſten it, and away it goes on Tueſday, by which time this ſide will be full. I'll ſend it two days ſooner on purpoſe out of ſpite, and the very next day after, you muſt know,

know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll ſo laugh, never ſaw the like! The ſpring with us already. I ate aſparagus t'other day. Did you ever ſee ſuch a froſtleſs winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies ſtill extremely ill; it coſts him ten guineas a day to doctors, ſurgeons, and apothecaries, and has done ſo theſe three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he ſometimes chooſes to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the Coffee-houſe, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. Addiſon; all our friendſhip and dearneſs are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of courſe, of when we ſhall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any houſe with him theſe ſix weeks: t'other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I ſent my excuſes, being engaged to the ſecretary of ſtate. Is not it odd? But I think he has uſed me ill, and I have uſed him too well, at leaſt his friend Steele.

15. It has coſt me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leiceſter lad, who married Mr. Worrall's daughter, where my mother lodged; ſo I thought it would be cheap, and eſpecially ſince he lives in the city. Well, London lick-penny: I find it true. I have given Harriſon hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taſte; I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the ſecretary's office, and am got home early, becauſe I have much buſineſs to do; but before

before I begin, I muſt needs ſay ſomething to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to day ſince my laſt from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promiſe, that whatever changes are made in the council, the biſhop of Clogher ſhall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the biſhop know ſo much in a poſt or two. This is a ſecret; but I know he has enemies, and they ſhall not be gratified, if they deſigned any ſuch thing, which perhaps they might; for ſome changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't loſe your money.

16. Morning. Faith, I'll ſend this letter to-day to ſhame you, if I han't one from MD before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third ſide, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you ſhall have the third, you ſhall ſo, when you can catch it, ſome other time; when you be writing girls.—O faith, I think I won't ſtay till night, but ſeal up this juſt now, carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the poſt-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c. come ſometimes to three ſhillings a week; I keep good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get ſmall coal likewiſe; nothing ſo eaſy, ſo convenient, ſo cheap, ſo pretty for lighting a fire. My ſervice to Mrs. Stoite and Walls; has ſhe a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm; and was poor Stella forced to

ſtand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts ſtand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that muſt be thought on too: and ſo go dine with Manley, and loſe your money, do, extravagant ſluttikin, but don't fret.—It will be juſt three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewel, deareſt beloved MD, and love poor, poor Preſto, who has not had one happy day ſince he left you, as hope ſaved.—It is the laſt ſally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to ſome account. I have done more for theſe, and I think they are more honeſt than the laſt; however, I will not be diſappointed. I would make MD and me eaſy; and I never deſired more.—Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER LI.

London, Jan. 16. 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have ſent my letter, N. 13. without one crumb of an anſwer to any of MD's, there's for you now; and yet Preſto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Iriſh poſt, except he ſees MD's little hand-writing in the glaſs-frame at the bar of St. James's coffee-houſe, where Preſto would never go but for that purpoſe. Preſto's at home, God help him, every night from ſix till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleaſure in life at preſent as any body in

in the world, although in full favour with all the miniſtry. As hope ſaved, nothing gives Preſto any ſort of dream of happineſs but a letter now and then from his own deareſt MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myſelf that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is juſt as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, ſays you, Preſto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And ſo then I anſwer; Ford and I were viſiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and ſo I would not; and ſo I dined with him at an eating-houſe; which I have not done five times ſince I came here; and ſo I came home, after viſiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and ſiſter, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though ſlowly.

17. I was making, this morning, ſome general viſits, and at twelve I called at the coffee-houſe for a letter from MD; ſo the man ſaid, he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the court of requeſts and treaſury, to find Mr. Harley, and, after ſome time ſpent in mutual reproaches, I promiſed to dine with him; I ſtaid there till ſeven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's, to talk about your box, and to have it ſent by Smyth; Sterne ſays, he has been making enquiries, and will ſet things right as ſoon as poſſible. I ſuppoſe it lies at Cheſter, at leaſt I hope ſo, and only

wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harriſon been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler, is a coxcomb; and yet to ſee how things will happen; for this very printer is my couſin, his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Poſt-man? He acted Oronoko, he's in love with Miſs Croſſe.—Well, ſo I came home, to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at laſt he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had ſuperſcribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and ſubſcribed Bernage: faith I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to deſire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious anſwer, "That "he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one: if you were here I would preſent you to the miniſtry as a perſon of ability. Bernage ſhould let me know where to write to him; this is the ſecond letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will aſk him, and ſend me how I ſhall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raiſed here, as he ſays, I will ſpeak to George Granville, ſecretary at war, to make him a captain; and uſe what other intereſt I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and ſo tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Preſto.

18. I was

18. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about ſome buſineſs of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wiſe; but the deuce a bit, the company ſtaid, and more came, and Harley went away at ſeven, and the ſecretary and I ſtaid with the reſt of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for't; and, though he ſwore he would come away at that flaſk, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of theſe people; when he ſaw I would drink no more, he would always paſs the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himſelf, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Maſham, who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely againſt myſelf, not by name, but againſt ſomething I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be ſo, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis againſt ſomething written very lately; and indeed I know not what to ſay, nor do I care; and ſo you are a ſaucy rogue for loſing your money to-day at Stoite's; to let that bungler beat you, fye, Stella, an't you aſhamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do ſo again; no, noooo. Kiſs and be friends, ſirrah.—— Come, let me go ſleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out ſo late theſe two months; but the ſecretary was in a drinking humour.

mour. So good night, myownlittledearſaucy-inſolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the laſt line, no * faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and ſo it is coming. This was an inſipid ſnowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim, Would you have a ſettled head, You muſt early go to bed: I tell you and I tell't again, You muſt be in bed at ten.

20. And ſo I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to viſit lady Worſley, whom I had not ſeen before, although ſhe was near a month in town; then I walk'd in the park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promiſed to meet, and coming down the Mall, who ſhould come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the ſuperſcription of the firſt, Pſhoh, ſaid I; of the ſecond, Pſhoh, again; of the third, Pſhah, Pſhah, Pſhah; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and laſt, O hoooa; aye marry this is ſomething, this is our MD; ſo truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the moſt impudently in the world, thus; Dear Preſto, We are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Steven, when he gave his wife ſix blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had ſent my thirteenth.

* In that word there were ſome puzzling characters.

thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter, when you got my eleventh, tell me that huzzies baſe, were we even then, were we, ſirrah? But I won't anſwer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of ſnow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford, becauſe it was his Opera-day and ſnowed, ſo I did not care to ſtir further. I'll ſend to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has ſnowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good-fire, Patrick? Yes, Sir; then I'll riſe; come, take away the candle. You muſt know I write on the dark ſide of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I riſe, for the bed ſtands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains ſhut this cold weather. So pray let me riſe, and, Patrick, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high froſt and ſnow, the largeſt fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yeſterday. I walk ſlow, make ſhort ſteps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the Devonſhire people have; Walk faſt in ſnow, In froſt walk ſlow; And ſtill as you go, Tread on your toe: When froſt and ſnow are both together, Sit by the fire and ſpare ſhoe-leather. I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do ſo again in haſte, he has generally ſuch a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning.

22. Morning. Starving, ſtarving. Uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Don't you remember I uſed to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry, Uth, uth, uth? *&c.* O faith I muſt riſe, my hand is ſo cold I can write no more. So good morrow, ſirrahs.———At night. I went this morning to lady Giffard's houſe, and ſaw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palſy water, which I brought home in my pocket; and ſealed and tyed up in a paper, and ſent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and ſent a letter to him to deſire his care of it, and that he would enquire at Cheſter about the box. He was not within, ſo the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with ſtrict orders to give them to him; and I will ſend Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, *&c.* Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city, by appointment; but I choſe to walk there for exerciſe in the froſt. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, for it was ſomething ſlobbery. I did not get home till nine; and now I'm in bed To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but 'tis not ſo cold as yeſterday: ſo now I will anſwer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith, I was juſt going to anſwer ſome of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about ſome buſineſs, and ſtaid an hour; ſo I roſe, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I ſhaved and

ſcribbled,

ſcribbled, and it was ſuch a terrible day I could not ſtir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worſley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The Earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louiſa Lenox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palſy water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will ſay ſomething to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have ſpoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters faſt enough, ſurely we ſhall have your tenth*; and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the biſhop of Clogher? faith, ſuch a journey would have done you good; Stella ſhould have rode, and Dingley gone in the coach. The biſhop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die; he lives in ſome obſcure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never ſee them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very ſeldom; lord Somers never ſince the firſt viſit, for he has been a falſe deceitful raſcal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promiſes enough, but I do not count upon them, and beſides my pretences are very young to them. However, we

* Theſe are the words of MD.

we will ſee what may be done, and if nothing at all, I ſhall not be diſappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I ſhall be ſorryer for their ſakes than my own.—Talk of a merry Chriſtmas (why did you write it ſo then young women? ſauce for the gooſe is ſauce for the gander) I have wiſht you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack: and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no ſuch thoughts to quit the great ſtation he is in, nor, if he had, could I be ſpared to go with him. So faith, politick Madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, Madam Dingley, and ſo Mrs. Stoite invites you, and ſo you ſtay at Donnybrook †, and ſo you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from Dec. 25, to Jan. 4th. Well, Smyth and the palſy water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man now he is gone) at Mr. Jeſſe's, and all that ſtuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to deſire another bottle; but I was ſo fretted, ſo toſticated, and ſo impatient that Stella ſhould have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and ſo vext with Sterne's careleſſneſs——Pray God Stella's illneſs may not return. If they come ſeldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myſelf; for when I ſeldom viſit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanſwered!—Impudent ſlut, when did you ever anſwer my tenth,

† About a mile from Dublin.

tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who deſires you to anſwer, provided you write? I defy the D— to anſwer my letters: ſometimes there may be one or two things I ſhould be glad you would anſwer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I ſhall never love anſwering letters again, if you talk of anſwering. Anſwering, quotha; pretty anſwerers truly.—As for the pamphlet you ſpeak of, and call it ſcandalous, and that one Mr. Preſto is ſaid to write it, hear my anſwer. Fye, child, you muſt not mind what every idle body tells you.—I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you ſaid ſo; come, tell truth. I am ſorry you go to St. Mary's * ſo ſoon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: beſides, I would have you think of being in the country in Summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parviſol could not ſend from Laracor: there were about half a ſcore, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.—Mrs. Walls at Donnybrook with you; why, is not ſhe brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray, be ſatisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the biſhop's not offering you conveniencies for the journey; and ſo he ſhould.—What ſort of Chriſtmas? Why, I have had no Chriſtmas at all; and has it really been Chriſtmas of late? I never once thought of it. My ſervice to Mrs. Stoite, and Catharine, and let Catharine get the coffee ready againſt I come, and not have ſo

* MD's lodgings oppoſite to St. Mary's Church in Stafford-ſtreet.

ſo much care on her countenance; for all will go well.——Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now ſucceſſively; he ſends no directions, and how the D— ſhall I write to him? I would have burnt his laſt, if I had not ſeen Stella's hand at the bottom: his requeſt is all nonſenſe. How can I aſſiſt him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he muſt, or elſe ſell, and I believe one can hardly ſell in ſuch a juncture. If he had ſtaid, and new regiments raiſed, I would have uſed my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of ſaving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handſome ſpeech, and repreſent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him: and ſo I have told you, and deſired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.—So now I have anſwered your letter, and mine is an anſwer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, Madams both, and I'll go riſe, for I muſt riſe; for I take pills at night,

night, and ſo I muſt riſe early, I don't know why.———

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I paſt my time yeſterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reaſon. I went in the morning to ſecretary St. John about ſome buſineſs; he had got a great Whig with him; a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the miniſtry; ſo he came out of his cloſet; and after a few words, deſired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis ſtaid till ſix before he came; and there we ſat talking, and the time ſlipt ſo, that at laſt, when I was poſitive to go, it was paſt two of clock; ſo I came home and went ſtraight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for laſt night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am ſtill in bed, though it be near ten, but I muſt riſe.———

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been ſo lazy and negligent theſe laſt four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not abſolutely ill, but giddyiſh, and makes me liſtleſs; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have juſt done a box of pills, and to-day lady Kerry ſent me ſome of her bitter drink, which I deſign to take twice a day, and hope I ſhall grow better. I wiſh I were with MD, I long for ſpring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland

keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the eaſieſt meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit ſhakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yeſterday at Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's; and that's all the journal I can ſend MD, for I was ſo lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have ſent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other ſide to Parviſol to-morrow, and ſend it on Thurſday; and ſo good night, my dears, and love Preſto, and be healthy, and Preſto will be ſo too, &c.

Cut off theſe notes handſomely, d'ye hear, ſirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent her's, and keep yours till you ſee Parviſol, and then make up the letter to him, and ſend it him by the firſt opportunity; and ſo God Almighty bleſs you both, here and ever, and poor Preſto.

What, I warrant you thought at firſt that theſe laſt lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella ſix ſiſhes, and place them to the account of your humble ſervant, Preſto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley ſix ſiſhes, and place them to the account of your humble ſervant, Preſto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

LET-

LETTER LII.

London, January 31. 1710-11.

I AM to ſend you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having ſome little diſorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John about ſome buſineſs, ſo I could not ſcribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a half-penny every half-ſheet, which will utterly ruin Grub-ſtreet, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Beſides, I was forwarding an impeachment againſt a certain great perſon; that was two of my buſineſſes with the ſecretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birth-day, and I refuſed the ſecretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as ſmart a froſt for the time as I have ſeen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Roſamond's Pond full of the rabble ſliding and with ſkates, if you know what thoſe are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gally-pot, and my hands in bed.

February 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worſe in her head than I. She ſends me bottles of her bitter, and we are ſo fond of one another, becauſe our ailments are the ſame; don't you know that, madam Stella? Han't I ſeen you conning ailments with Joe's wife *, and ſome others, ſirrah? I walk'd into the city to dine, becauſe of the walk, for

* Mrs. Beaumont.

we muſt take care of Preſto's health, you becauſe of poor little MD. But I walk'd carefully, for fear of ſliding againſt my wil I am very buſy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to walk into the city, where he had buſineſs then to buy books at Bateman's; and I la one pound five ſhillings for a Strabo and phanes, and I have now got books enough to me another ſhelf, and I will have more, ſhall coſt me a fall; and ſo as we came ba drank a flaſk of right French wine at Ben T chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs. homrigh ſent me word her eldeſt daught taken ſuddenly very ill, and deſired I would and ſee her; I went and found it was a fill of Mrs. Armſtrong, lady Lucy's ſiſter, who Moll Stanhope, was viſiting there; how rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady I where you know I have not been this long they are plaguy Whigs, eſpecially the ſiſter ſtrong, the moſt inſupportable of all wome tending to wit, without any taſte. She w ning down the laſt Examiner, the prettieſt read, with a character of the preſent mi —I left them at five, and came home. forgot to tell you, that this morning my Dryden Leach the printer, came to me heavy complaint, that Harriſon * the new

* See an account of this gentleman in Dodſley's C No. 76.

had turned him off, and taken the laſt Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I anſwered gravely, and ſo he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harriſon, telling me the ſame thing, and excuſed his doing it without my notice, becauſe he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day, he tells you the ſtory, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a moſt humble letter from Morphew and Lilly to beg his pardon, &c. And laſtly, this morning Ford ſent me two letters from the coffee-houſe (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbiſhop of Dublin, and t'other from——Who do you think t'other was from?——I'll tell you, becauſe you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, N. 10. Oh, but won't anſwer it now, no, nooooh, I'll keep it between the two ſheets; here it is, juſt under: oh I lifted up the ſheet and ſaw it there: ly ſtill, you ſhan't be anſwered yet, little letter; for I muſt go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better theſe laſt five or ſix days, ſince I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our froſt holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addiſon's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not ſeen him theſe three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the laſt time I ſaw him, that to pleaſe me he would be reconciled to Steele,

and had promiſed and appointed to ſee him, and that Steele never came. Harriſon, whom Mr. Addiſon recommended to me, I have introduced to the ſecretary of ſtate, who has promiſed me to take care of him; and I have repreſented Addiſon himſelf ſo to the miniſtry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. ——Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the leaſt obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a meſſage from Mr. Harley, deſiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine ſo late, that ſince my head has been wrong, I have avoided being with them.—Patrick has been out of favour theſe ten days; I talk dry and crofs to him, and have called him Friend three or four times. But, ſirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to ſee Prior, who dines with me at Harley's, ſo I can't ſtay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis ſtill terribly cold.—I wiſh my cold hand was in the warmeſt place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it ſtarves my thigh; ſo I'll riſe and bid you good morrow, my ladies both good morrow. Come ſtand away and let me riſe: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up a-dazy.—At night. Mr. Harley did not ſit down till ſix, and I ſtaid till eleven; henceforth I will chuſe to viſit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can

can help it. It breaks all my meaſures, and hurts my health; my head is diſorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been ſuch a hurry with the queen's birth-day, ſo much fine clothes, and the court ſo crowded that I did not go there. All the froſt is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and ſo continues, yet ice is ſtill on the Canal (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park) and boys ſliding on it. Mr. Ford preſſed me to dine with him in his chamber.—Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at firſt, and 'tis now the wildeſt I ever ſaw. He keeps it in a cloſet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I ſay nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When muſt we anſwer our MD's letter? One of theſe odd-come-ſhortlies. This is a week old, you ſee, and no further yet. Mr. Harley deſired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refuſed him, for I fell out with him yeſterday, and will not ſee him again till he makes me amends: and ſo I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the ſecretary's office, and ſaw a letter Mr. Harley had ſent to him, deſiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have deſired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect further ſatisfaction. If you let theſe great miniſters pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promiſes to make me eaſy, if I will but come and ſee him; but I won't, and he ſhall do it by meſſage, or I will caſt him off. I'll tell

tell you the cauſe of our quarrel when I ſee you, and refer it to yourſelves. In that he did ſomething, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwiſe, diſliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have ſaid is truth, though it looks like jeſt; and I abſolutely refuſed to ſubmit to his intended favour, and expected further ſatisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monſtrous deal of ſnow, and it has coſt me two ſhillings to-day in chair and coach, and walk'd till I was dirty beſides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The laſt thing I do up, is to write ſomething to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and ſo go ſleep as faſt as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write ſometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. "I have deſired Apronia to be "always careful, eſpecially about the legs." Pray, do you ſee any ſuch great wit in that ſentence? I muſt freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a ſplutter have I heard about the wit of that ſaying, repeated with admiration above an hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and conſider it. I think the word is "adviſed," and not "deſired." I ſhould not have remembered it if I had not heard it ſo often. Why—aye—You muſt know I dream'd it juſt now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you hit, or are you not, ſirrahs? I met Mr. Harley in

in the court of requeſts, and he aſk'd me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myſelf? He had ſeen your letter through the glaſs-caſe at the coffee-houſe, and would ſwear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and ſent it me, was of the ſame mind. I remember others have formerly ſaid ſo too. I think I was little MD's writing-maſter *.—But come, what's here to do writing to young women in a morning? I have other fiſh to fry; ſo good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I'll anſwer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as ſaucy little Preſto takes the humour.—At night. I walk'd in the Park to-day in ſpight of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what? It has gone and done; we had a thaw for three days, then a monſtrous dirt and ſnow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our ſnow. I dined with lady Betty Germain, the firſt time ſince I came for England; and there did I ſit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other buſineſs enough to do. It was the coldeſt day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour laſt night, I was forced to riſe and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below ſtairs, which made my bed-chamber ſmoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice ſerved ſo. I never lay ſo miſer-

able

* Stella's hand had a great deal the air of the Doctor's; but the writ more legible, and rather better.

able an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has ſnowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where's MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, ſays ſhe, anſwer me to my face.—O, faith, I am ſorry you had my twelfth ſo ſoon; I doubt you will ſtay longer for the reſt. I'm ſo 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Preſto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it loſt. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his houſe in Capel-ſtreet, &c. I had a letter yeſterday from Dr. Raymond in Cheſter, who ſays, he ſent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better ſucceſs. Sterne ſpoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palſy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miſcarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Preſto's care. I am negligent enough of every thing but MD, and I ſhould not have truſted Sterne.—But it ſhall not go ſo: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you ſay of goodman Peaſly and Iſaac, I anſwer as I did before. Fye, child, you muſt not give yourſelf the way to believe any ſuch thing: and afterwards, only for curioſity, you may tell me how thoſe things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they inſtruct you in the preſent courſe of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only ſent from hence.—Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; ſo take your

ſorrow

ſorrow again, but don't keep it; fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed?—I'm glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very ſaucy in you, to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence, that the ſtory is falſe about the officers forced to ſell, is admirable. You may ſee them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve ſhillings for mending the ſtrong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him ſix ſhillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or his again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: no body doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper*, agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be inſulted in the ſtreet, for being ſuppoſed the author of it; but one of the laſt papers cleared him. No body knows who it is, but thoſe few in the ſecret. I ſuppoſe the miniſtry and the printer.—Poor Stella's eyes, God bleſs them, and ſend them better. Pray ſpare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, Madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handſome young woman ſtill. Will ſhe paſs in a crowd? Will ſhe make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies, I this minute ſent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word, that your box is very ſafe with one Mr. Earl's ſiſter in Cheſter, and that colonel Edgeworth's

* The Examiner.

Edgeworth's widow goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Cheſter, and deliver it you ſafe: ſo there is ſome hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.—The warrant is paſſed for the firſt-fruits. The queen does not ſend a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley, of late, has ſaid nothing of preſenting me to the queen: I was overſeen when I mentioned it to you. He has ſuch a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talk'd of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you. What, is not Mrs. Walls' buſineſs over yet? I had hopes ſhe was up, and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at laſt, to ſend me your accounts; but I did not ſtay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill ſent in my laſt, and there will be eight pounds intereſt ſoon due from Hawkſhaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I ſay ſo, Stella won't think I intend ſhe ſhould grudge herſelf wine. But going to thoſe expenſive lodgings requires ſome fund. I wiſh you had ſtaid till I came over, for ſome reaſons. That French woman will be grumbling again in a little time; and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in abſence; and the country may be neceſſary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and don't blame Preſto.—Oh, but you are telling your reaſons.—Well, I have read them; do as you pleaſe.—Yes, Raymond ſays, he muſt ſtay longer than he thought,

ought, becauſe he cannot ſettle his affairs. ——— is in the country at ſome friend's, comes town in ſpring, and then goes to ſettle in erefordſhire. Her huſband is a ſurly ill-natured ute, and cares not ſhe ſhould ſee any body. O ord, ſee how I blundered, and left two lines ort; it was that ugly ſcore in the paper * that ade me miſtake.—I believe you lie about the ory of the fire, only to make it more odd. Berge muſt go to Spain, and I will ſee to recomend him to the duke of Argyle, his general, ien I ſee the duke next: but the officers tell e it would be diſhonourable in the laſt degree for m to ſell now; and he would never be preferd in the army; ſo that, unleſs he deſigns to ave it for good and all, he muſt go. Tell him , and that I would write, if I knew where to rect to him; which I have ſaid fourſcore times eady. I had rather any thing almoſt than that u ſhould ſtrain yourſelves, to ſend a letter, ien it is inconvenient; we have ſettled that atter already. I'll write when I can, and ſo all MD; and, upon occaſions extraordinary, I ll write, though it be a line; and when we ve not letters ſoon, we agree that all things are ell; and ſo that's ſettled for ever, and ſo hold ur tongue.—Well, you ſhall have your pins; t for candles ends, I cannot promiſe, becauſe I rn them to the ſtumps; beſides, I remember hat Stella told Dingley about them many years o, and ſhe may think the ſame thing of me.—

* A creaſe in the ſheet.

And Dingley ſhall have her hinged ſpectacles.—Poor dear Stella, how durſt you write thoſe two lines by candle-light; bang your bones. Faith, this letter ſhall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the laſt, young women; that's too ſoon, of all conſcience: but anſwering yours had filled it up ſo quick, and I don't deſign to uſe you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and ſo good morrow, little ſirrahs; that's for the rhyme*. You want politicks: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a paſſage. Come, ſit off the bed, and let me riſe, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was ſuch diſmal weather I could not ſtir further. I have had ſome threatenings with my head, but no fits. I ſtill drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to ſee the ſecretary of ſtate, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that diſtinguiſhes people of merit, and I will ſpeak to him myſelf; but the ſecretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpoſe. Pray tell Bernage ſo, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it, that the duke ſhall ſend for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he ſhall receive him kindly when he

* In the original, it was, *good mollows, little ſollahs.* But in theſe words, and many others, he writes conſtantly *ll* for *rr*.

he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now ſend away this letter, that you may not ſtay.—I dined with Ford upon his opera day, and am now come home, and am going to ſtudy; don't you preſume to gueſs, ſirrahs, impudent ſaucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter, I could not ſay ſaucy boxes without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewel. *This* ſhould *be* longer, *but* that *I* ſend *it* to-*night* *.

O ſilly, ſilly loggerhead!

I ſend a letter this poſt to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's in St. Michael's Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray ſend to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has ſent it to Staunton.

If Bernage deſigns to ſell his commiſſion, and ſtay at home, pray let him tell me ſo, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

LETTER LIII.

London, Feb. 10. 1710-11.

I HAVE juſt diſpatched my fifteenth to the poſt; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haſte to finiſh mine, for fear of having two of MD's to

* Thoſe letters which are in Italicks, in the original are of a monſtrous ſize, which occaſioned his calling himſelf a loggerhead.

anſwer in one of Preſto's, which would be ſuch a diſgrace, never ſaw the like; but before you write to me, I write at my leiſure, like a gentleman, a little every day, juſt to let you know how matters go, and ſo and ſo; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and Preſto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I muſt riſe and go ſee my lord keeper, which will coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens? †—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir Andrew Fountaine in the forenoon, and I dined with three Iriſhmen, at one Mr. Cope's lodgings; the other two were one Morris, an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harriſon would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tueſday: I have fixed two evenings in the week, which I allow him to come. The toad never came; and I, expecting him, fell a reading, and left off other buſineſs.—Come, what are you doing? How do you paſs your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I ſuppoſe: fine diverſions for young ladies, truly. I wiſh you had ſome of our Seville oranges, and we ſome of your wine. We have the fineſt oranges for two-pence a piece, and the baſeſt wine for ſix ſhillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am reſolved to have half a hogſhead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it uſed to be; and I'll treat

† A ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great miniſters of ſtate.

12. The days are grown fine and long,—be thanked. O faith, you forgot all our little ſayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the court of requeſts at noon, and ſent Mr. Harley into the houſe to call the ſecretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck, the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the houſe too, and I kept him in talk till the ſecretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a requeſt to the duke which the ſecretary muſt ſecond, and his grace muſt grant. The duke ſaid, he was ſure it was ſomething inſignificant, and wiſhed it was ten times greater. At the ſecretary's houſe I writ a memorial, and gave it the ſecretary to give the duke, and ſhall ſee that he does it. It is, that his grace will pleaſe to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage anſwers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Maſham and colonel Hill (Mrs. Maſham's brother) tell me my requeſt is reaſonable, and they will ſecond it heartily to the duke too: ſo I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where ſhall I direct? for I ſuppoſe he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddineſs,

but only ſome little diſorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is juſt as I am, only a great deal worſe: I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where ſhe is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to ſee him, but he was not within; I will uſe to viſit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to viſit poor Congreve, who is juſt getting out of a ſevere fit of the gout, and I ſat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harriſon. 'Tis about a ſcoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a Coat of Arms at the Herald's, and a ſet of anceſtors at Fleet-ditch; 'tis well enough, and ſhall be printed in two or three days, and if you read thoſe kind of things, this will divert you. 'Tis now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birth-day, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we ſpent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt and I went to Hyde-park, inſtead of going to church; for till my head is a little ſettled, I think it better not to go; it would be ſo ſilly and troubleſome to go out ſick. Dr. Duke died ſuddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the Wits when we were children, but turned parſon and left it, and never writ further

further than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verſes. He had a fine living given him by the biſhop of Wincheſter about three months ago; he got his living ſuddenly, and he got his dying ſo too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being juſt over, of which we have had a great deal, mixt with little ſhort froſts. I went to the court of requeſts, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early, to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H———, a worthleſs Iriſh fellow, was there ready to dine with us, ſo I ſtept out and whiſpered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuſes, and begged me to ſtay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at laſt I dined at Sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty but juſt recovered of a miſcarriage. I am writing an inſcription for lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his ſon, the new earl, is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country houſe, and are now coming to town. She'll be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, ventureſome folks; and the chit is but ſeventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And ſo get you gone to Stoite to-morrow.

16. Faith, this letter goes on but ſlow, 'tis a week old, and the firſt ſide not written. I went to-day

to-day into the city for a walk, but the perſon I deſigned to dine with, was not at home; ſo I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Eaſtcourt, and laughed till ſix, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I ſtaid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and ſecretary St. John dine with him privately, and at laſt they have conſented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's naſty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I took ſome good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for preſuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the ſecretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; ſo we all dined together, and ſat down at four; and the ſecretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I ſaw they loved one another ſo well, as indeed they ſeem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I ſaid, I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures; and I believe you will find it ſo; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a

ſecret,

ſecret, till I ſee my deareſt MD; and ſo hold your tongue, and don't talk, ſirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little diſordered before dinner; yet I walk ſtoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three perſons I never ſaw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: ſo I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but ſcurvy rain and wind. The ſecretary tells me he has put a cheat on me, for lord Peterborow ſent him twelve dozen flaſks of Burgundy, on condition that I ſhould have my ſhare; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, ſo I reckon he owes me thirty-ſix pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I muſt write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from ſome certain ladies of Preſto's acquaintance, that live at St. Mary's, and are called in a certain language our little MD. No, ſtay, I don't expect one theſe ſix days, that will be juſt three weeks; an't I a reaſonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club, that is, a ſet of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to conſult affairs, and drive things on to extremes againſt the Whigs, to call the old miniſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads. The miniſtry ſeem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence

told

told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state secret; The queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough; this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where Sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipt his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walkt a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know

know not their names. I came away at ſeven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Maſham, brother and huſband to Mrs. Maſham the queen's favourite, colonel Diſney and I have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; ſecretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and beſides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, deſigns to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I ſaid this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It ſnows terribly again, and 'tis miſtaken, for I now want a little good weather; I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am ſorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, ſee how ſimply he lookt when they told him: what did it coſt Stella to be goſſip? I'll riſe; ſo, d'ye hear, let me ſee you at night, and don't ſtay late out, and catch cold, ſirrahs.—At night it grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his Opera-day; but now all his wine is gone, I ſhall dine with him no more. I hope to ſend this letter before I hear from MD, methinks there's—ſomething great in doing ſo, only I can't expreſs where it lies; and faith, this ſhall go by Saturday, as ſure as you're a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to ſet out but laſt Monday, ſo you won't have your box ſo ſoon perhaps

haps as this letter; but Sterne told me ſince, that it is ſafe at Cheſter, and that ſhe will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occaſions of walking.—I ſhould be plaguy buſy at Laracor, if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, ſcouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this ſummer, you muſt ſubmit, and make them a viſit, that we may have another eel and trout fiſhing; and that Stella may ride by and ſee Preſto in his morning-gown in the garden, and ſo go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town; O Lord, how I remember names; faith it gives me ſhort ſighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go riſe like a gentleman; my pills ſay I muſt.—At night. Lady Kerry ſent to deſire me to engage ſome lords about an affair ſhe has in their houſe here: I called to ſee her, but found ſhe had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; ſo I took coach, for want of better exerciſe, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walkt back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and ſo I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a ſtrange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himſelf fat, and I to bring myſelf down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often round the Park together. So I'll go ſleep.

22. It

22. It ſnowed all this morning prodigiouſly, and was ſome inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the ſecretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me ſqueezed a great fellow againſt a wall, who wiſely turned his back, and broke one of the ſide glaſſes in a thouſand pieces. I fell a-ſcolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them ſet down the chair in the Park, while they pickt out the bits of glaſſes; and when I paid them, I quarrelled ſtill, ſo they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have ſaid, God bleſs your honour, won't you give us ſomething for our glaſs? Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I ſuppoſe may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palſy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to deſire to know. The three weeks ſince I had your laſt is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The ſnow is gone every bit, except the remainder of ſome great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treaſury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet ſet out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! ſo you will have this letter firſt; and this ſhall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not anſwer it till my next; only I will ſay, Madam, I

received your letter, and ſo, and ſo. I dined to-day with Miſtreſs Butler, who grows very diſagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, ſure as you're alive, young women, and then you'll be ſo aſhamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I I would ſay I were ſix letters before you, for this is N. 16. and I have had your N. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen, and have ſent eleven. I think to go to-day a miniſter-of-ſtate-hunting in the court of requeſts; for I have ſomething to ſay to Mr. Harley. And 'tis fine cold ſunſhiny weather; I wiſh dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's-Green: 'tis as good as our Park, but not ſo large *. Faith this Summer we'll take a coach for ſixpence † to the Green-Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoite's ‡. My hearty ſervice to goody Stoite and Catharine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconſtant I am! I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to ſay? *I don't care how I write now* §. I don't deſign to write on this ſide, theſe few lines are but ſo much more than your due,

* It is a meaſured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the fineſt Square in London.

† The common fare for a ſet-down in Dublin.

‡ Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook, the road to which from Stephen's Green ran into the country about a mile from the South-Eaſt corner.

§ Thoſe words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and ſo is the word in one of the next lines.

due, ſo I'll write *large* or ſmall as I pleaſe. Oh, faith, my hands are ſtarving in bed; I believe it is a hard froſt. I muſt riſe, and bid you good bye, for I'll ſeal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the poſt-office with my own fair hands. Farewel.

This letter is juſt a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and ſo it is, I'm ſure, ſays you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, there, there ‖.

O Lord, I am ſaying There, There, to myſelf in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key general of the cheſt of drawers with ſix locks, and I have been ſo plagued to get a new one, beſides my good two ſhillings.

LETTER LIV.

London, Feb. 24. 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my ſixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his Opera-day as uſual; it is very convenient to me to do ſo, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow, I called on the ſecretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle: but two days ago I met the duke, who deſired I would give it him myſelf, which ſhould have more power with him than all the miniſtry together, as he proteſted ſolemnly,

‖ In this Cypher way of writing to Stella, he writes the word There, Lele.

lemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to eſtabliſh himſelf. I think I can do no more for him at preſent, and there's an end of that; and ſo get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yeſterday ſince I had your laſt, and ſo now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little diſorder every day, which I can eaſily bear, if it will not grow worſe. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary St. John, on condition I might chooſe my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Manſel, and Mr. Lewis; I invited Maſham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having ſuch bad company when I dined with him before; ſo we laughed, *&c.* And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you ſend me ſuch a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (ſays you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr. Wittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's ſon, a pox on him. And we were ſo merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I loſt a crown; for you muſt know I had always hands tempting me to,

to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Preſto? Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about ſome buſineſs, and he tells me, that Colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain lieutenant, that is, a captain by commiſſion, and the perquiſites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the firſt ſtep to it. I ſuppoſe he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And ſo trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes underſtands what fair ſolicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You ſay they are of no conſequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I ſee all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I ſaw two lady Bettys there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither *, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now: why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? The walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beaſts the Iriſh women are, never to walk!

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harriſon, the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James, I know not his other name, but it is one of Dartineuf's dining-places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little ſnug houſe at St. James's,

* i. e. Without the wit of either.

and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it †.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD; rare doings: why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and, I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and han't guest one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catharine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoite, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know

† There seems to be a false concord in this passage: however, as the word Victuals is a peculiar sort of noun, which is never used in the singular number, but, like food, implies either one or more dishes, the phrase may be excused, whether Swift had any authority to back him or not.

I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or conſent: it makes a four ſhilling book, and is called "Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe." Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One muſt have patience with theſe things; the beſt of it is, I ſhall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for MD, perhaps you may deſire to ſee them. I hear they ſell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanack for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be Leap-year. The almanack ſays, 'tis the third after Leap-year, and I always thought till now, that every third year was Leap-year. I'm glad they come ſo ſeldom; but I'm ſure 'twas otherwiſe when I was a young man; I ſee times are mightily changed ſince then.—Write to me, ſirrahs, be ſure do, by the time this ſide is done, and I'll keep t'other ſide for the anſwer: ſo I'll go, write to the biſhop of Clogher; good morrow, ſirrahs.———Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler knowing it, ſent to let me know ſhe expected my company in the evening, where the Vans (ſo we call them) were to be. The dutcheſs and they do not go over this ſummer with the duke; ſo I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipſing to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his buſineſs to the treaſury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have

have abſolutely refuſed to recommend it to Mr. Harley, becauſe I have troubled him lately ſo much with other folks affairs; and, beſides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's buſineſs; however, I will ſerve him, becauſe I ſuppoſe MD would have me. But in ſaying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with Lord Abercorn, whoſe ſon Peaſly will be married at Eaſter to ten thouſand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yeſterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he ſwore I came in ſpight, to ſee him among a parcel of fools. My buſineſs was to deſire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair ſtood of the Firſt-Fruits. He promiſed to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday lord keeper, ſecretary St. John and I, dine with him, and ſometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none elſe. Patrick brought me ſome letters into the Park; among which one was from Walls, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little MD, N. 11. I read the reſt in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and ſee all right: Oh, but I won't anſwer it theſe three or four days, at leaſt, or may be ſooner. An't I ſilly? Faith your letters would make a dog ſilly, if I had a dog to be ſilly, but it muſt be a little dog.—I ſtaid with Mr. Harley till paſt nine, where we had much diſcourſe together after the reſt were gone; and

I gave

I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The Parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the First-Fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have Peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though no body dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a verry narrow bottom, and stands like an Isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories * on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Sommers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your dutchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played

* The October Club.

played againſt them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen ſo much againſt being governed, that ſhe obſerves it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon theſe things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but obſerve, that lately, after much converſation with Mr. Harley, though he is the moſt fearleſs man alive, and the leaſt apt to deſpond, he confeſſed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him eaſe.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is ſubject to a ſore throat, and was cupped laſt night: I ſent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Friend at a third body's houſe, where I was to paſs for ſome body elſe, and there was a plaguy filly jeſt carried on, that made me ſick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls's. But your new lodgings make you ſo proud, you'll walk leſs than ever. Come, let me go to bed, ſirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yeſterday, has put him a little backward. I called twice, and ſent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera-day; ſo I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and ſat with him till ſix. I have not ſeen Mr. Addiſon theſe three weeks; all our friendſhip is over. I go to no coffee-houſe.

coffee-houſe. I preſented a parſon of the biſhop of Clogher's, one Richardſon, to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is tranſlating prayers and ſermons into Iriſh, and has a project about inſtructing the Iriſh in the proteſtant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not ſomething elſe to do, I would anſwer your dear ſaucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I muſt anſwer it, or I ſhan't have room, for it muſt go on Saturday; and don't think I'll fill the third ſide, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your Bernage, I have ſaid enough: I writ to him laſt week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what ſays MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep ſo. How comes yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in ſeven? Anſwer me that, rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuſe enough: I find I was miſtaken in the ſex, 'tis a boy. Yes I underſtand your cypher, and Stella gueſſes right, as ſhe always does. He * gave me al bſadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainf btoy dpionufnad †, which I ſent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was ſhewed him; and ſo the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I ſaid I had another with him, and

* Mr. Harley.

† A bank note for fifty pounds.

and we returned to our friendſhip, and I ſhould think he loves me as well as a great miniſter can love a man in ſo ſhort a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palſy-water; pray God Almighty it may do my deareſt Stella good. I ſuppoſe Mrs. Edgworth ſet out laſt Monday ſe'nnight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as you judge ‡. I do not think they are too ſevere on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has ſaid, it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury. —Now, madam Dingley, ſays ſhe, 'tis fine weather, ſays ſhe; yes, ſays ſhe, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to ſave eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thouſand. I am glad you are rid of that ſquinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parviſol for five pound for the half year. And muſt I go on at four ſhillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the d— ſaid Atterbury and your dean were alike? I never ſaw your chancellor nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wiſher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameneſs, and is grown the wildeſt I ever ſaw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and

‡ Even to his beloved Stella he had not acknowledged himſelf at this time to be the author of the Examiner.

and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Preſto than you; for all you ſuperſcribed the letter, as who ſhould ſay, Why ſhould not I write like our Preſto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SSs; can't you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS *. Spiteful ſluts, to affront Preſto's writing; as that when you ſhut your eyes you write moſt like Preſto. I know the time when I did not write to you half ſo plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes. Walls ſays nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You ſay, if ſhe recovers ſhe may loſe her ſight. I hope ſhe is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as ſober as I pleaſe: I uſe him to walk with me as an eaſy companion, always ready for what I pleaſe, when I am weary of buſineſs and miniſters. I don't go to a coffee-houſe twice a month. I am very regular in going to ſleep before eleven.—— And ſo you ſay that Stella's a pretty girl; and ſo ſhe be, and methinks I ſee her juſt now as handſome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language † I make up my mouth juſt as if I was ſpeaking it. I caught myſelf at it juſt now. And I ſuppoſe Dingley is ſo fair and ſo freſh as a laſs in May, and has her

* Print cannot do juſtice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward ſhape of the letters.

† This refers to that ſtrange ſpelling, *&c.* which abounds in theſe journals; which could be no entertainment to the reader.

health, and no ſpleen.—In your account you ſent, do you reckon as uſual, from the firſt of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, won't Dingley leave her a little day-light to write to Preſto? Well, well, we'll have day-light ſhortly, ſpight of her teeth; and zoo ‡ muſt cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Muſt loo mimitate pdfr, pay? Iſs, and ſo la ſhall. And ſo leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night. Mrs. Barton ſent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined juſt in that genteel manner that MD uſed when they would treat ſome better ſort of body than uſual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almoſt broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbiſhop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbiſhop. I was in a ſorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to ſend a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thouſand lying circumſtances. 'Tis of Mr. Harley's being ſtabbed this afternoon at three o'clock, at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catharine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the ſtory.

‡ Here is juſt one ſpecimen given of his way of writing to Stella in theſe journals. The reader, I hope, will excuſe my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is; "And you muſt cry, There and "Here, and, Here again. Muſt you imitate Preſto, pray? "Yes, and ſo you ſhall. And ſo there's for your letter. Good "morrow."

ſtory. I ran away immediately to the ſecretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; ſhe had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was aſleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was ſo when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That deſperate French villain, marquis de Guiſcard, ſtabbed Mr. Harley. Guiſcard was taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant for high treaſon, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he ſtabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbiſhop. I have now at nine ſent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my diſtraction; I now think of all his kindneſs to me.—The poor creature now lies ſtabbed in his bed, by a deſperate French popiſh villain. Good night, and God preſerve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; ſeven, in bed. Patrick is juſt come from Mr. Harley's. He ſlept well till four; the ſurgeon ſat up with him: he is aſleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the ſurgeon left with the porter, to tell people that ſent. Pray God preſerve him. I am riſing and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They ſay Guiſcard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the reſt gave him. I ſhall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. Harley ſtill continues on the mending hand; but he reſted ill laſt night,

and felt pain. I was early with the ſecretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me ſeveral particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is ſtill mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity Preſto.

10. Mr. Harley was reſtleſs laſt night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increaſe. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will anſwer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things. Firſt, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and 'tis now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, becauſe I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend, without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whoſe relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (ſince there is no remedy) will ſubmit. I wiſh you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provoſt to ſtand for me, and let his Chriſtian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying ſtabbed, and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pound. He was ſuch a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he deſires I would

ould ſay nothing of this, for fear his colonel ould be angry. People are mad. What can I ›? I engaged colonel Diſney, who was one of s ſolicitors to the ſecretary, and then told him e ſtory. He aſſured me, that Fielding (Ber- ıge's colonel) ſaid he might have got that ſum; ıt on account of thoſe great recommendations : had, would give it him for nothing: and I ould have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, of a thing given him for nothing, upon recom- endations, &c. Diſney tells me he will again eak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and ıen I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for omiſing money, till I had it promiſed to me, and ıen making it ſuch a tickliſh point, that one ınnot expoſtulate with the colonel upon it: but t him do as I ſay, and there's an end. I en- ıged the ſecretary of ſtate in it; and am ſure it as meant a kindneſs to me, and that no money ould be given, and a hundred pounds is too uch in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-gene- l told me, whoſe opinion I aſked. I am now ırried, and can ſay no more. Farewel, &c. &c. How ſhall I ſuperſcribe to your new lodgings, ay madams? Tell me but that, impudence ıd ſaucy-face.

An't you ſauceboxes to write lele [*i. e.* there] te Preſto?

O poor Preſto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, and that makes e ſo pert, you ſaucy Gog and Magog.

my friends. He has a head full of the v
buſineſs of the nation, was out of order whe
villain ſtabbed him, and had a cruel contuſi
the ſecond blow. But all goes on well yet.
Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we
the beſt.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I m
court, where he went to the queen, who i
of order, and aguiſh: I doubt the worſe fo
accident to Mr. Harley. We went toget
his houſe, and his wound looks well, and
not feveriſh at all, and I think it is fooliſh i
to be ſo much in pain as I am. I had the
knife in my hand, which is broken witl
quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a
to write and publiſh an account of all the
cularities of this fact: it will be very cu
and I would do it when Mr. Harley is paſt
ger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-d
bout Mr. Harley, who never ſlept laſt night

fectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money buſineſſes, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preſerve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, ſlept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I ſend and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my ſhin in the Strand, over a tub of ſand left juſt in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went ſtraight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters ſkin, and have been peeviſh enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right ſhin, where never any humour fell when t'other uſed to ſwell; ſo I apprehend it leſs: however I ſhall not ſtir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in theſe ſort of things; but I wiſh I had Mrs. J——'s water: ſhe is out of town, and I muſt make a ſhift with allum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot ſtir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken ſhin. I juſt walkt to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at ſix, when little Harriſon the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley ſtill mends; and I hope in a

day

day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my ſhin. Go to bed and ſleep, ſirrahs, that you may riſe to-morrow and walk to Donnybrook, and loſe your money with Stoite and the dean; do ſo, dear little rogues, and drink Preſto's health. O, pray, don't you drink Preſto's health ſometimes with your deans, and your Stoites, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your every bodys, pray now? I drink MD's to myſelf a hundred thouſand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. ſecretary St. John's for all my ſhin, and he has given me for young Harriſon, the Tatler, the prettieſt employment in Europe; ſecretary to my lord Raby, who is to be ambaſſador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; ſo we ſhall loſe the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will ſend Harriſon to-morrow morning to thank the ſecretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the ſmall-pox. I called this morning to ſee lady Betty Germain; and when ſhe told me ſo, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it *; for about ten days ago I was to ſee lord Carteret; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a couſin who was then ill in the houſe of the ſmall-pox, and is ſince dead: it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. ſecretary, and a phyſician came in juſt from Guiſcard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench, that Guiſcard kept, ſent him a bottle

* Dr. Swift never had the ſmall-pox.

tle of ſack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poiſon. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his ſide to-day, and is delirious. I am ſorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progreſs in this letter for ſo many days, thanks to Guiſcard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endleſs to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiſcard is dead, but they ſay 'tis impoſſible he ſhould recover. I walkt too much yeſterday for a man with a broken ſhin; to-day I reſted, and went no further than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about ſix, I was forced in good manners to ſit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to viſit my ſhin, and ſat with me till eleven: ſo I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I ſhould loſe walking this delicious day. Have you ſeen the ſpectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who ſeems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the ſame nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had ſomething pretty. I believe Addiſon and he club. I never ſee them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord Rivers, that I had been fooliſh enough to ſpend my credit with them in favour of Addiſon and Steele; but that I would engage and promiſe never

never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When Presto begins to prate, give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; 'tis time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at Court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, and staid till seven, but would not drink his Champaign and Burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope

hope it will by the time I ſend this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and ſoſſed up my leg on the ſeat; and as I came home I went to ſee poor Charles Barnard's books, which are to be ſold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for ſome fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I ſhall let it ſlip, as I uſually do all ſuch opportunities. I dined in a coffee-houſe with Stratford upon chops, and ſome of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, becauſe of the archbiſhop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breaſt of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what ſort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myſelf handſomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I ſee Dr. Arbuthnot †, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella can't pronounce it. Oh, that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a-dreamed laſt night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will ſhortly the trouts (pox on theſe miniſters), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever ſo high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if ſo, then

† It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that Swift's acquaintance with Arburthnot commenced juſt about this time; for in the original letter Swift miſpels his name, and writes it *Arthburthnet*, in a clear large hand, that MD might not miſtake any of the letters.

then all my pikes are gone; but I hope i
Why don't you aſk Parviſol theſe things, ſirra
And then my canal and trouts, and whether
bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought
Parviſol to pay in my laſt year's rents and arr
out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of
have heads to take his accounts, it ſhould be
in to you; otherwiſe to Mr. Walls. I will w
an order on t'other ſide; and do as you w
Here's a world of buſineſs; but I muſt go ſle
I'm drowſy; and ſo good night, &c.

20. This ſore ſhin ruins me in coach hire;
leſs than two ſhillings to-day going and com
from the city, where I dined with one you ne
heard of, and paſſed an inſipid day. I writ
poſt to Bernage, with the account I told you
bove. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fa
or it would have been better. I reckon your n
letter will be full of Mr. Harley's ſtabbing.
ſtill mends, but abundance of extravaſated bl
has come out of the wound: he keeps his
and ſees nobody. The ſpeaker's eldeſt ſon is
dead of the ſmall pox, and the houſe is adjour
a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears
think it very handſomely done; but I believe
reaſon is, that they want Mr. Harley ſo mu
Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and ſo go to y
dean's, and roaſt his oranges, and loſe your
ney, do ſo, you ſaucy ſluts. Stella, you loſt th
ſhillings and four pence t'other night at Stoit
yes, you did, and Preſto ſtood in a corner,
ſaw you all the while, and then ſtole away.

.dre

dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the miniſtry expect me to-morrow, and ſuch nonſenſe.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it ſhall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to ſave my ſhin, and then went on ſome buſineſs to the ſecretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yeſterday was a ſhort day's journal: but what care I? what cares ſaucy Preſto? Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know Darteneuf? That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there laſt: and then I went to the coffee-houſe. My ſhin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parviſol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; ſo let Parviſol know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Iriſh prayer-books, &c. but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; ſo if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravaſated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ire-

land: What do you think of it? I dined with Sir John Percival, and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in-woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the s—b, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. 'Tis very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now,) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewel, &c.

LETTER LVI.

London, March 24. 1710-11.

IT was a little cross in Presto not to send today to the coffee-house to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing

writing of news, unleſs one does it the laſt day; and ſo I will obſerve from henceforward, if there be any politicks or ſtuff worth ſending. My ſhin mends in ſpite of the ſcratching laſt night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the biſhop of Oſſory and a parcel of Iriſh gentlemen. Have you yet ſeen any of the ſpectators? Juſt three weeks to-day ſince I had your laſt, N. 11. I am afraid I have loſt one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, conſidering the pains MD takes to write, eſpecially poor pretty Stella, and her weak eyes, God bleſs them and the owner, and ſend them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illneſs of Mr. Harley puts every thing backwards, and he is ſtill down, and like to be ſo, by that extravaſated blood which comes from his breaſt to the wound: it was by the ſecond blow Guiſcard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am ſhocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is paſt danger, but will loſe all her beauty: ſhe had them mighty thick, eſpecially about her noſe.

25. Morning. I wiſh you a merry New-year; this is the firſt day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I muſt riſe and go to my lord keeper: it is not ſhaving-day to-day, ſo I ſhall be early. I am to dine with Mr. ſecretary St. John. Good morrow, my miſtreſſes both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church *; and there comes

* MD's lodgings were exactly oppoſite to St Mary's Church.

Mrs. Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are ſettled in your new lodgings. I wiſh you were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in ſome ſafe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I muſt riſe, I tell you.—At night. So I viſited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiſcard be buried at laſt, after ſhewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence a piece: and the fellow that ſhewed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond; and this is the wound, &c. and then the ſhow was over, and another ſet of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not ſuffer us to hang his body in chains, becauſe he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. Harley is ſtill very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a moſt delicious day; and my ſhin being paſt danger, I walkt like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a ſtop in parliament, for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot ſtir an inch without him in their moſt material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own ſurgeon, he has not been well lookt after. I dined at an alehouſe with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine.

Don't

Don't you begin to ſee the flowers and bloſſoms of the field? How buſy ſhould I be now at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the ſmell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, becauſe I would ſend you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me ſoon: and I will have the ſtrong box.

27. A rainy wretched ſcurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with him: and this evening I paſſed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Friend; and 'tis now paſt twelve, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you're an impudent ſaucy couple of ſluttikins for preſuming to write ſo ſoon, ſaid I to myſelf this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the Coffee-houſe? Well, you muſt know, and ſo, I juſt now ſent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed; for I read all the ſuperſcriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbiſhop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took and lookt at the hand. Whoſe hand is this? ſays I; yes, ſays I, whoſe hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I began to ſuſpect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's ſweet hand again.

O Lord, en't here a clutter and a ſtir, and a buſtle, never ſaw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay ſome days at the poſt-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and ſo you think I'll anſwer this letter now; no faith, and ſo I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll enquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum *. What, is that Vedel again a ſoldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not ſell it.—At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau; aye, Vedeau, now I have it let me ſee, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll enquire. This was a faſt-day for the publick; ſo I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of thoſe that muſt loſe his employment whenever the great ſhake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropt words in his favour to the miniſtry; but he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the lord-treaſurer †, to ſtay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let thoſe people keep their places; but the reaſon is, they have not enough to ſatisfy all expecters, and ſo they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in ſtill. The comptroller told me, that

* He muſt mean an exchequer tally.

† Earl of Godolphin.

that there are eight people expect his ſtaff. I walkt after dinner to-day round the Park. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city, and ſee Charles Barnard's library. What care I for your letter, your ſaucy N. 12? I will ſay nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it muſt. I will always write once a fortnight; and it goes ſooner by filling ſooner; why then there is ſo much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and laſſes both, I can't lie ſcribbling here in bed for your play; I muſt riſe, and ſo morrow again.—At night. Your friend Montgomery and his ſiſter are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have ſeen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gameſter, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? Patrick ſnuft the candle too ſhort, and the greaſe ran down upon the paper†. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Preſto. I walkt to-day in the city, and dined at a private houſe, and went to ſee the auction of poor Charles Barnard's books; they were in the middle of the phyſic books, ſo I bought none; and they are ſo dear, I believe I ſhall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoite's, and I'll go ſleep.

30. Morning.

† It cauſed a violent daub on the paper, which ſtill continues much diſcoloured in the original.

30. Morning. This is Good Friday, you muſt know, and I muſt riſe and go to Mr. Secretary about ſome buſineſs, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh deſires me to breakfaſt with her, becauſe ſhe is to intercede for Patrick, who is ſo often drunk and quarrelſome in the houſe, that I was reſolved to ſend him over; but he knows all the places where I ſend, and is ſo uſed to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will diſcharge him *. Sir Thomas Manſel, one of the lords of the treaſury, ſetting me down at my door to-day, ſaw Patrick, and ſwore he was a Teaguelander. I am ſo uſed to his face, I never obſerved it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I ſupped this faſt-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fiſtula; but we think the danger is now paſt. He riſes every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. Prior ſhewed me a handſome paper of verſes he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will ſend them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What ſhall we do to make April-fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley ſtill mends, and is up every day. I deſign to ſee him a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's ſhop: I ſhall call there in a day or two. It ſeems the wife lodges next

* He forgot here to ſay, At night: See what goes before.

next door to the brother. I doubt the ſcoundrel was broke, and got a commiſſion, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, ſirrahs, let me riſe.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Manſel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Manſel aſkt, Where we dined? We ſaid, Together. He ſaid, we ſhould dine with him, only his wife deſired him to bring no body, becauſe ſhe had only a leg of mutton. I ſaid, I would dine with him to chuſe; but he would ſend a ſervant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thouſand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treaſury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worſt dinner I ever ſaw at the dean's was better: but ſo it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a ſtick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have loſt with that ugly greaſe*. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of Buckingham's houſe fell down laſt night with an earthquake, and is half ſwallowed up;—Won't you go and ſee it?—An April fool, an April fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no ſport here, becauſe it is Sunday, and Eaſter-Sunday. I dined with the ſecretary, who ſeemed terribly

* The candle-greaſe mentioned before, which ſoaked through, and deformed this part of the paper on the ſecond page.

terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis obſerved as well as I: perhaps ſomething is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bleſs my own deareſt MD, and all is well.

2. We have ſuch windy weather, 'tis troubleſome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park theſe Eaſter holidays. I am plagued with one Richardſon, an Iriſh parſon, and his project of printing Iriſh Bibles, &c. to make you Chriſtians in that country: I befriend him what I can, on account of the archbiſhop and biſhop of Clogher.—But what buſineſs have I to meddle, &c. Don't you remember that, ſirrah Stella? What was that about, when you thought I was meddling with ſomething that was not my buſineſs? Oh faith, you are an impudent ſlut; I remember your doings; I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the anſwer to this letter of MD's? O faith, Preſto, you muſt think of that. Time enough, ſays ſaucy Preſto.

3. I was this morning to ſee Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any body here, and ſee her ſeldomer. Why really now, ſo it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body beſt—pſha, pſha, you are ſo ſilly with your moral obſervations. Well, but ſhe told me a very good ſtory. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who ſhould have two guineas a piece, ten guineas to the parſon for a ſermon,

a ſermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parſon and clerk muſt be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: ſo the poor woman lies ſtill unburied, and ſo muſt do till the general reſurrection.—I called at Mr. ſecretary's, to ſee what the d—— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper ſpeech; told him, I obſerved he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cauſe, but would be glad to ſee he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me; for I would not be treated like a ſchool-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning from Sir William Temple); that I expected every great miniſter, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or ſaw any thing to my diſadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to gueſs by the change or coldneſs of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was worth it; and that I deſigned to let my lord keeper and Mr. Harley know the ſame thing, that they might uſe me accordingly. He took all right; ſaid, I had reaſon; vowed nothing ailed him but ſitting up whole nights at buſineſs, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Maſham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend lord Rollinſon; you never heard of him before.

4. I ſometimes look a line or two back, and ſee plaguy miſtakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled ſometimes. Why, I think what I ſaid to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I uſed to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I uſed to ſuſpect a hundred reaſons. I have pluckt up my ſpirit ſince then, faith; he ſpoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was ſo vext; but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promiſed to ſee me in a day or two, ſo I called this evening; but his ſon and others were abroad, and he aſleep, ſo I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and ſaid ſhe would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward. Her huſband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He ſold the ſhare of the ſhop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commiſſion. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She ſays, ſhe will write to you ſoon. I deſign to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verſes on Mr. Harley,

Harley, he ſent them yeſterday to Ireland, ſo go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to tranſcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty ſervice to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word, I love them dearly, and deſire you will tell them ſo: pray deſire goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnſon cheat her of her money at ombre, and aſſure her from me, that ſhe is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her ſo, and drink my health, and good voyage, and ſpeedy return, and ſo you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a ſaucy letter from one Madam MD.—God Almighty bleſs poor dear Stella, and ſend her a great many birth-days, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never aſunder again, unleſs by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me ſo here, and I can hardly imagine you abſent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are juſt here upon this little paper, and therefore I ſee and talk with you every evening conſtantly, and ſometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, becauſe that is not ſo modeſt to young ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you ſent; and I, like a fool, muſt look over all yours, to ſee whether this was really N. 12. or more. [Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the biſhop of Clogher and Parviſol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a

diſgrace would it be to have two of yours to anſwer together? But faith this ſhall go to-night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it.] No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are diſpoſed. And ſo the dean told you the ſtory of Mr. Harley from the archbiſhop; I warrant it never ſpoiled your ſupper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wiſh Mrs. Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I ſuppoſe; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco ſpoiled it? Leigh ſtays till Sterne has done his buſineſs, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident ſtops that, as well as all things elſe. You gueſs, Madam Dingley, that I ſhall ſtay a round twelvemonth; as hope ſaved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and by.—Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies; I have no more proviſion here or in Ireland, than I had. I am pleaſed that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley*; but your generoſity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Preſto's abſence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and this is always his trick; and now Stella ſays, ſhe does not ſee poſſibly how I can come away in haſte, and that MD is ſatisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find ſuch friends as I have done. They may indeed

* In relation to the Bank Note.

deed deceive me too. But there are important reaſons [Pox on this greaſe, this candle tallow!] why they ſhould not*. I have been uſed barbarouſly by the late miniſtry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people ſee I am not to be deſpiſed. The aſſurances they give me, without any ſcruple or provocation, are ſuch as are uſually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the firſt opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I ſhall depend no more, but come away†. I could ſay a thouſand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella ſhould not go to the Bath, if ſhe be told it will do her good, I will make Parviſol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good houſewives, and live cheap there ſome months, and return in autumn, or viſit London, as you pleaſe: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wiſh he had the letter. I will ſend the bohea tea, if I can. The biſhop of Kilmore, I don't keep ſuch company; an old dying fool, whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain thoſe two words of yours to me, what you mean by 'Villian,' and 'Dainger‡;' and you, Madam Dingley, what is 'Chriſtianing?'——

* Swift was, at this time, their great ſupport and champion.

† And ſo at laſt he threatened; [Vide his letter to Mrs. Dingley, No. 90. Dodſley's Collection,] or perhaps he never would have got that trifling deanery of St. Patrick's.

‡ It may be ſomewhat amazing to declare; but Stella, with all her wit and good ſenſe, ſpelled very ill. Dr. Swift inſiſted greatly upon women's ſpelling well.

Lay your letter *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll ſhew you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way* §.——You ſhall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commiſſions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, becauſe they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were ſtrangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me ſay any thing, as if Mr. Pratt was againſt him; and now the biſhop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never conſider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, conſidering my lord Angleſea and Hyde are very much otherwiſe, and you know they have the employment of deputy-treaſurer. If the frolic ſhould take you of going to the Bath, I here ſend you a note on Parviſol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I ſay again, I would have you go; if not, or if it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take ſo much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you pleaſe, ſirrahs. I ſup-

§ The ſlope of the letters in the words *this way*, *this way*, is to the left hand, but the ſlope of the words *that way*, *that way*, is to the right hand.

I ſuppoſe it will be too late for the firſt ſeaſon; if it be, I would have you reſolve, however, to go the ſecond ſeaſon, if the doctors ſay it will do you good, and you fancy ſo.

LETTER LVII.

London, April 5. 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the poſt-office juſt now myſelf, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walkt away ſixpennyworth, and came within a ſhilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now buſy.

6. Mr. Secretary deſired I would ſee him this morning, ſaid he had ſeveral things to ſay to me, and ſaid not one; and the duke of Ormond ſent to deſire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was ſome particular matter. All the Iriſh in town were there, to conſult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Iriſh yarn; ſo we talkt awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the houſe of commons, to ſolicit our friends, and the duke came among the reſt; and lord Angleſea ſolicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and lookt over him at cheſs, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, ſo I

fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And ſo get you gone to your deans, You couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes, You expect Mrs. Walls, Be dreſs'd when ſhe calls, To carry you to Stoyte, Or elſe honi ſoit. Henley told me that the Tories were inſupport-able people, becauſe they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *ſup-port*. Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I ſend away this letter he will be juſt got into the houſe of commons. My laſt letter went in twelve days, and ſo perhaps may this. No it won't, for thoſe letters that go under a fortnight are anſwers to one of yours, otherwiſe you muſt take the days as they happen, ſome dry, ſome wet, ſome barren, ſome fruitful, ſome merry, ſome inſipid, ſome, *&c.*—I will write you word exactly the firſt day I ſee young gooſeberries, and pray obſerve how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late ſpring they ſay here.—Go to bed, you two dear ſaucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epſom, to avoid Good-Friday and Eaſter-Sunday. He forced me to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiſcretion in the archbiſhop of Dublin, who applied a ſtory out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to ſee Mr. ſecretary, who has been very ill with the gra-

vel

vel and pain in his back, by Burgundy and Champagne, added to the ſitting up all night at buſineſs; I found him drinking tea while the reſt were at Champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him ſo ſeverely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and ſat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; ſhe goes to the Bath on Wedneſday, for ſhe is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the ſecretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publiſher of the news-paper called the Poſt-boy; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs ſaid upon Mr. Harley's being ſtabbed, and how much they abuſe him and Mr. Secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the ſtory of the archbiſhop of Dublin, and abuſing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tueſday. I told the ſecretary I would not ſuffer that about the archbiſhop to be printed, and ſo I croſt it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be publiſhed: and I ſent for the printer, and told him ſo, and ordered him, in the ſecretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in Ireland till he had ſhewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible ſcandal to the archbiſhop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by the next poſt; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know,

and

and whether he is thankful for it; but ſay nothing.

9. I was to-day at the houſe of commons again, about their yarn, at lord Angleſea's deſire, but the buſineſs is again put off, till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an aſſignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville, the ſecretary at war, but they let in other company, ſome ladies, and ſo we were not as eaſy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel ſome little diſorders; I have left off ſnuff ſince Sunday, finding myſelf much worſe after taking a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champagne or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did ſo myſelf. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoite's, and I'll go ſleep.

10. I have been viſiting lady Worſley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined ſoberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wiſh he had lived till the finiſhing of this letter, that it might be news to you; Duncomb, the rich alderman died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thouſand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbiſhop of Dublin, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me ſtrict charge to take care of the Secretary in her abſence, ſaid ſhe had none to truſt but me; and the poor creature's tears came freſh

freſh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in ſeven ſhillings a piece, ſeveral raffling for abſent people; but I loſt, and ſo miſt an opportunity of ſhewing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I deſigned to have preſented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly * gone to the Bath? his face will whizz in the water; I ſuppoſe he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back.———The rabble will ſay, There goes a drunken parſon; and, which is worſe, they will ſay true. Oh, but you muſt know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John laſt Sunday, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a ſecretary of ſtate. The ſecretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the reſt, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord treaſurer, and lord Poulet † maſter of the horſe, *&c.* but they are only conjecture. The ſpeaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment, the firſt time he comes into the houſe, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill ſurgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe; which has kept him back ſo long; but yeſterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What; I think I am ſtark mad, to write ſo much in one day to little ſaucy MD; here's a deal of ſtuff, indeed; can't you

* The reverend Dillon Aſhe.

† He was at this time firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury.

you bid thoſe little dear rogues good night, and let them go ſleep, Mr. Preſto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the houſe of commons, about your Iriſh yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of Charles Barnard's books, but the good ones were ſo monſtrous dear, I could not reach them, ſo I laid out one pound ſeven ſhillings, but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at Sir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculiſt; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in good veſſels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go ſleep.

12. I went about noon to the Secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and ſometimes of the gravel, with his Champagne, &c. I ſcolded him like a dog, and he promiſes faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Angleſea, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior and I, dined, by appointment, with lieutenant-general Webb. My lord and I ſtaid till ten o'clock, but we drank ſoberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain, one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the miniſters are too backward

ward in puniſhing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the reſt thought I had more credit with the miniſtry than I pretended to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon ſomething that would ſatisfy their deſires, and indeed I think they have ſome reaſon to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding; What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the miniſtry my thoughts when they aſk them, and other people's thoughts ſometimes when they do not aſk; ſo thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then ſhe will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to ſee Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiſcard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. ſecretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewſbury) came up; then Colonel Maſham and I went off, after I had been preſented to the duke, and that we made two or three ſilly compliments ſuitable to the occaſion. Then I attended at the houſe of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the houſe where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to enquire, whether our

yarn

yarn buſineſs had been over that day, and I ſent into the room for Sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, lord Guernſey's ſon, to let me know, that my lord Compton, the ſteward of this feaſt, deſired, in the name of the Club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I ſent my excuſes, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as faſt as I could. It would have been a moſt improper thing for me to dine there, conſidering my friendſhip with the miniſtry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three ſhillings, but I'll go there no more; and ſo I ſaid once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at Webb's with lord Angleſea, I ſpoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honeſt gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he ſaid, he had not thoughts otherwiſe, and that he ſhould certainly hold his place, while he continued to deſerve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordſhip againſt him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why ſhould he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations ſhould ſtop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power,

power, I will do it for his ſake; but to ſpeak to another for my friend's friend, is againſt all reaſon; and I deſire you will underſtand this, and diſcourage any ſuch troubles given me.—I hope this may do ſome good to Clements, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt, that her huſband is his friend, and the biſhop of Clogher ſays, Clements' danger is not from Pratt, but from ſome other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was ſo buſy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but ſaid nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not ſee him till Spain is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburn's, and ſpoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements; her huſband himſelf wants ſome good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt, I expected her huſband ſhould ſtand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an aſthma, and apprehends himſelf in much danger; 'tis his own fault that will rake and drink, when he is but juſt crawled out of his grave. I will ſend this letter juſt now, becauſe I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you pleaſe, I would be glad it were paid off, and ſome deal boxes made for my books, and kept in ſome ſafe place, I would give ſomething for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not ſerve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a ſtable,

if poſſible. So pray be ſo kind to pay the lodging and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here ſend you a bill on Parviſol for twenty pounds Iriſh, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and ſcore the reſt to me. Do as you pleaſe, and love poor Preſto, that loves MD better than his life a thouſand millions of times. Farewel, MD, &c. &c.

LETTER LVIII.

London, April 14. 1711.

REMEMBER, ſirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I ſent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fiſh, as if nothing was done. But there was a cauſe for my haſtening away the laſt, for fear it ſhould not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord treaſurer in a ſhort time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank ſome of that wine which the great duke of Tuſcany uſed to ſend Sir William Temple:

Temple: he always ſends ſome to the chief miniſters. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to ſend me a cheſt of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank Tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve ſhillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has ſent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bleſs you. I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday was ſent me A Narrative printed, with all the circumſtances of Mr. Harley's ſtabbing. I had not time to do it myſelf; ſo I ſent my hints to the author of the Atalantis *, and ſhe has cook'd it into a ſix-penny pamphlet, in her own ſtyle, only the firſt page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of diſobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and ſo would not do it myſelf. It is worth your reading, for the circumſtances are all true. My cheſt of Florence was ſent me this morning, and coſt me ſeven and ſixpence to the two ſervants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was ſo out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to ſend my excuſes to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and ſtaid there till

* Mrs. Manley.

eight. There was Sir Thomas Manſel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæſar, and we were very merry. My head is ſtill wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off ſnuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I ſend it to MD, if ſhe likes that ſort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Angleſea.

18. Did you ever ſee ſuch a blundering gooſecap as Preſto? I ſaw the number 21 a-top, and ſo I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wedneſday the 18th. How ſhall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a ſhift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord Angleſea to-day, but did not go to the houſe of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make ſhift to walk. I doubt I muſt fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you muſt do henceforward: you muſt incloſe your letters in a fair half ſheet of paper, and direct the outſide To Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall: for I never go to the coffee-houſe, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to ſee me this morning, and brought me a

flaſk

flaſk of ſweet water for a preſent, admirable for my head; but I ſhall not ſmell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard: ſhe would fain ſend your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it ſhall be done; becauſe I love Stella, and ſhe is a good daughter, they ſay, and ſo is Dingley.

19. This morning General Webb was to give me a viſit: he goes with a crutch and a ſtick, yet was forced to come up two pair of ſtairs. I promiſed to dine with him, but afterwards ſent my excuſes, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much buſineſs to talk of, relating to the publick and myſelf. Little Harriſon the Tatler goes to-morrow to the ſecretaryſhip I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a preſent of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinſale: he tells me his commiſſion for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: ſo there are two jackanapſes I have done with. My head is ſomething better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary, whoſe packets were juſt come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me; he writes ſo well, I have no mind to anſwer him, and ſo kind, that I muſt anſwer him. The emperor's death muſt, I think, cauſe great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will haſten a peace.

We reckon our king Charles will be choſen emperor, and the duke of Savoy ſet up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Friend and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almoſt all rain, with now and then ſun-ſhine, and is the trueſt April that I have known theſe many years. The lime-trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wiſe people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up theſe ſix weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tueſday. I believe certainly he will be lord treaſurer: I have not ſeen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Manſel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but, to be giddyiſh three or four days together, mortified me. I take no ſnuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentleſt meats. How does poor Stella juſt now, with her deans and her Stoites? Do they give you health for the money you loſe at ombre, ſirrah? What ſay you to that? Poor Dingley frets to ſee Stella loſe that four and eleven pence, t'other night. Let us riſe. Morrow, ſirrahs. I will riſe ſpite of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith you are little dear ſaucy boxes. I was juſt going in the morning to tell you I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after, Mr. Ford ſends

me

me one that he had pickt up at St. James's Coffee-houſe; for I go to no coffee-houſe at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to ſee it, and to ſee Stella ſo briſk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't anſwer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other ſide. Well, we dined to-day, according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the reſt will be fairly fuddled: for young Harcourt, lord keeper's ſon, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcaſe. I drink little, miſs my glaſs often, put water in my wine, and go away before the reſt; which I take to be a good receipt for ſobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and ſo make a proverb;

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miſs your glaſs when you can;
And go off the firſt man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though ſomething of a totterer. I ate but little to-day; and of the gentleſt meat. I refuſed ham and pigeons, peaſe-ſoup, ſtewed beef, cold ſalmon, becauſe they were too ſtrong. I take no ſnuff at all, but ſome herb-ſnuff preſcribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I ſaid that already. What care I? what cares Preſto?

22. Morning,

22. Morning. I muſt riſe and go to the ſecretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week, to refreſh himſelf before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I muſt riſe, ſo there is no more to be ſaid; and ſo morrow, ſirrahs, both.—Night. I dined to-day with the ſecretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning, deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he anſwered all, except one, That no enquiries are made into paſt miſmanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late miniſtry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themſelves with an "Act of general pardon." I believe Mr. Harley muſt be lord treaſurer; yet he makes one difficulty, which is hard to anſwer: he muſt be made a lord, and his eſtate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the miniſtry ſhould change ſoon, by any accident, he will be left in the ſuds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiouſly in the Houſe of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the ſecretary, and hardly any elſe of weight*. Two ſhillings more to-day for coach and chair. I ſhall be ruined.

23. So you expect an anſwer to your letter, do you ſo? Yes, yes, you ſhall have an anſwer, you ſhall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord keeper. After dinner, we had

* That is, among the miniſtry.

had coarſe Doily napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper ſpread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to ſee there was ſuch a "Fringeſhip" [Friendſhip] between Mr. Prior and his lordſhip. Prior ſwore it was the worſt he ever heard: I ſaid I thought ſo too: but, at the ſame time, I thought it was moſt like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, and this evening ſaw the Venetian ambaſſador coming from his firſt public audience. His coach was the moſt monſtrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I ſaw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to viſit the ducheſs of Ormond, who has long deſired it, or threatened ſhe would not let me viſit her daughters. I ſat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the counteſs of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet, hearing me named, ſhe aſk'd, What, is that Dr. Swift? ſaid, ſhe and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a counteſs. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I deſign in two days, if poſſible, to go lodge at Chelſea for the air, and put myſelf under a neceſſity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this poſt to the biſhop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain

tain him. I am to buy ſtatues and Harneſe * for them, with a vengeance. I have packt and ſealed up MD's twelve letters againſt I go to Chelſea. I have put the laſt commiſſions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green ſilk apron, and the pound of tea; pray ſend me word if you have any other, and down they ſhall go. I will not anſwer your letter yet, ſaucy boxes. You are with the dean juſt now, Madam Stella, loſing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? You ſay you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very inſignificant, low, and ſcurvy company. I had a letter from the archbiſhop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raiſed on him †, which yet has been ſince aſſured to me from thoſe who ſay they have it from the firſt hand; but I cannot believe them. I will ſhew it to the ſecretary tomorrow. I will not anſwer yours till I get to Chelſea.

26. *Chelſea.* I have ſent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's houſe, and my cheſt of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the ſecretary, and ſhewed him the archbiſhop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence,

* Farneſe.

† See the laſt Collection of Letters, printed for Dodſley, and others, No. 45.

cence, and I will do the ſame to Mr. Harley. I got here in the ſtage-coach, with Patrick and my portmantua, for ſixpence, and pay ſix ſhillings a week for one ſilly room, with confounded coarſe ſheets. We have had ſuch a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I muſt go as I came, until it mends; and beſides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at leaſt half a mile further than he need; but I muſt be content. The beſt is, I lodge juſt over againſt Doctor Atterbury's houſe; and yet, perhaps I ſhall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll ſtay till to-morrow, before I anſwer your letter; and you muſt ſuppoſe me always writing at Chelſea from henceforward, till I alter and ſay London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be juſt a fortnight; ſo go and cheat goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole cheſt of Florence is turned ſour, at leaſt the two firſt flaſks were ſo, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the ſecretary's own is the beſt I ever taſted; and I muſt not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the beſt in Chriſtendom. I went to town in the ſixpenny ſtage today, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to ſee him, becauſe I knew, by the meſſage of his lying porter, that he was at home. He was very well, and juſt going out, but made me promiſe to dine with him; and betwixt that, and indeed ſtrolling about, I loſt four pounds ſeven ſhillings at play——with a———a—a—book-

ſeller,

ſeller, and got but half a dozen books *. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at ſix, ſhifted my gown, caſſock, and periwig, and walk'd hither to Chelſea, as I always deſign to do when it is fair. I am heartily ſorry to find my friend the ſecretary ſtand a little tickliſh with the reſt of the miniſtry; there have been one or two diſobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. ſecretary, in his warmth of ſpeech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, ſaid, he did not know that either Mr. Brydges, or the late miniſtry, were at all to blame in this matter; which was very deſperately ſpoken, and giving up the whole cauſe: for the chief quarrel againſt the late miniſtry, was the ill management of the treaſure, and was more than all the reſt together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. Foley beginning to diſcourſe to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and ſaid, If the late miniſtry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. Harley] ought to loſe his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jeſt; but, by ſome words dropt, I eaſily ſaw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John; and, by ſome hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the ſecretary will not ſtand long. This is the fate of courts.

I will,

* This muſt have been at ſome raffling for books.

I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to ſet himſelf right, elſe the conſequences may be very bad; for I ſee not how they can well want him neither; and he would make a troubleſome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley aſkt me yeſterday, how he came to diſoblige the archbiſhop of Dublin? Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the biſhop had written to me on that ſubject *, and deſired I might read him the letter ſome other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbiſhop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's who affirms it, and ſays he has leave to do ſo from Charles Dering, who, heard the words; and that Ingoldſby abuſed the archbiſhop, &c. Well, but now for your ſaucy letter: I have no room to anſwer it; O yes, enough on t'other ſide. Are you no ſicker? Stella jeers Preſto for not coming over by Chriſtmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer but reproach poor poor Preſto. And how can I come away, and the Firſt-Fruits not finiſh'd? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they ſay; and then they muſt fall to me to be done in his abſence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the

* See Letter 44th in the laſt Collection of Letters, printed for Dodſley and others.

Miſcellanies already. Are they on your ſide yet? If you have my ſnuff-box, I'll have your Strong-box. Hi, does Stella take ſnuff again? or is it only becauſe it is a fine box? Not the Meddle, but the Medley, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, becauſe it is againſt you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.——Twiſt your mouth, ſirrah. Guiſcard, and what you will read in the Narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing elſe. The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addiſon's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yeſterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian ſuppoſed to write his Travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that ſubject. I believe he has ſpent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never ſee him or Addiſon. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told ſhe has ſometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels.) My ears have been theſe three months paſt, much better than any time theſe two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better though not right; but I truſt to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I ſuppoſe 18. Well, my ſhin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Weſtley came away without her huſband's knowledge, while ſhe was in the country: ſhe has written to me for ſome tea. They lie Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible

he

: had convulſions, and very narrowly eſcaped. ıe bruiſe was nine times worſe than the ɔund; he is weak ſtill. Well, Brooks married; cnow all that. I am ſorry for Mrs. Walls's e; I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great ılkers: but I have heard them ſay, Much talk- s, Little walkers: and I believe I may apply e old proverb to you; If you talkt no more an you walkt, Thoſe that think you wits would : baulkt. Yes, Stella ſhall have a large printed ible: I have put it down among my commiſ- ɔns for MD. I am glad to hear you have ta- :n the fancy of intending to read the Bible. ox take the box; is not it come yet? This is uſting to your young fellows, young women; s your fault: I thought you had ſuch power ith Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas ſerve you. You ſay you are not ſplenetick; ıt if you be, faith you will break poor Preſ- 's —— I won't ſay the reſt; but I vow to God, I could decently come over now, I would, and ave all ſchemes of politicks and ambition for e- :r. I have not the opportunities here of preſer- ng my health by riding, &c. that I have in Ire- nd; and the want of health is a great cooler of aking one's court. You gueſs right about my :ing bit with a direction from Walls, and the tter from MD: I believe I deſcribed it in one f my laſt. This goes to-night; and I muſt now ſe and walk to town, and walk back in the e- ening. God Almighty bleſs and preſerve poor ID. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, ſaucy noſes, that I'll fi
third ſide: I can't ſtay a letter above a fortn
it muſt go then; and you would rather
ſhort one like this, than want it a week lon

My humble ſervice to the dean, and
Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte
honeſt Catherine.

LETTER LIX.

Chelſea, April 28, 17

AT night. I ſay at night, becauſe I fi
my twenty-firſt this morning here
put it into the poſt-office my own ſelf, l
good boy. I think I am a little before you
young women: I am writing my twenty-ſe
and have received your thirteenth. I g
town between twelve and one, and put o
new gown and periwig, and dined with lor
bercorn, where I had not been ſince the ma
of his ſon lord Peaſly, who has got ten thc
pound with a wife. I am now a country g
man. I walked home as I went, and am a
weary, and am got into bed: I hope in G
air and exerciſe will do me a little good. I
been enquiring about ſtatues for Mrs. A
made lady Abercorn go with me; and wil
them word next poſt to Clogher. I hate to b
her: I'm ſure ſhe'll maunder. I am going to

29. I had a charming walk to and from
to-day; I waſhed, ſhaved and all, and ch
gown and periwig, by half an hour after

and went to the ſecretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this diviſion, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there ſeveral mentioned it to me, as what they much diſliked. I dined with the ſecretary; and we propoſed doing ſome buſineſs of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me firſt, and ſaid, how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the neceſſity of it; yet he ſuffered one of his under-ſecretaries to come upon us after dinner, who ſtaid till ſix, and ſo nothing was done: and what care I? he ſhall ſend to me the next time, and aſk twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Weſtminſter-ſchool, where lads are choſen for the univerſity: they ſay 'tis a ſight, and a great trial of wits. Our Expedition Fleet is but juſt ſailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tediouſneſs; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the ſecret; and, for that reaſon, I fear it is no ſecret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelſea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three ſtage-coaches. What ſhall I do? I muſt go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindſide of my lodging out of town; I muſt expect ſuch inconveniencies as theſe. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.

—At night. I got a gentleman's chaiſe by chance, and ſo went to town for a ſhilling, and ly this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Weſtminſter to-day, and a very ſilly thing it is; but they ſay there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Friend, the ſecond maſter of the ſchool, with a dozen parſons and others. Prior would make me ſtay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine ſpeeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I ly at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wiſh you a merry May-day, and a thouſand more. I was baulk'd at Weſtminſter; I came too late: I heard no ſpeeches nor verſes. They would not let me into their dining place for want of a ticket; and I would not ſend in for one, becauſe Mr. Harley excuſed his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the reſt: and ſo my friend Lewis and I dined with Kitt Muſgrave, if you know ſuch a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and ſo I deſign to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myſelf a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have ſome ſhare of the country this ſpring: go to Finglaſs or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I muſt make haſte, that I may write two for one.

Go,

Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or to Wexford: do ſomething for your living. Have you given up my lodging, according to order? I have had juſt now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the houſe affords. I lodge juſt over againſt them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: ſo I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not ſo good wine, nor ſo much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Preſto ſweat in the forehead. Pray are not the fine buns ſold here in our town? was it not Rrrrrrrrare Chelſea Buns? I bought one to-day in my walk; it coſt me a penny; it was ſtale, and I did not like it, as the man ſaid, *&c.* Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flaſk of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and ſo I came home gravely, and ſaw no body of conſequence to-day. I am very eaſy here, no body plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick ſaves many a ſcore lies. I ſent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but ſhe is gone a-viſiting: we have exchanged ſome compliments, but I have not ſeen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was ſo terrible rainy; nor have I ſtirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I croſs'd the way to ſee Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities.

vilities. She would needs ſend me ſome veal, and ſmall beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a ſcurvy, dull, ſplenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thouſand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rocheſter is dead this morning; they ſay at one o'clock; and I hear he died ſuddenly. To-morrow I ſhall know more. He is a great loſs to us: I cannot think who will ſucceed him as lord preſident. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where lady Kerry made me a preſent of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, *&c.* I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of ſnuff ones ſince I have left off taking ſnuff. And I am reſolved, when I come over, MD ſhall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have ſtruck up a mighty friendſhip; and ſhe has much better ſenſe than any other lady of your country. We are almoſt in love with one another: but ſhe is moſt egregiouſly ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I pleaſe. I am reſolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD: you know I kept my reſolution laſt time; and, except Mr. Addiſon, converſed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, ſince I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone:

gone: and yet I ſend every day to the coffee-houſe, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very ſlow; 'tis a week to-morrow ſince I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world paſſes. Do you know that every ſyllable I write, I hold my lips juſt for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very ſilly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My ſolicitors, that uſed to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am ſo happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I look'd backward, and find I have ſaid this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roaſt the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics, how to ſave the preſent miniſtry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to ſee Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was juſt going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club, lord keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley and I; the firſt time ſince his ſtabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I ſtaid till nine, and made Mr. Harley ſhew me his breaſt, and tell all the ſtory: and I ſhewed him the archbiſhop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them

them together, and I walk'd here after nine two miles, and I found a parſon drunk fighting with a ſeaman, and Patrick and I were ſo wiſe to part them, but the ſeaman followed him to Chelſea curſing at him, and the parſon ſlipt into a houſe, and I know no more. It mortified me to ſee a man in my coat ſo overtaken. A pretty ſcene for one that juſt came from ſitting with the prime miniſters: I had no money in my pocket, and ſo could not be robbed: however, nothing but Mr. Harley ſhall make me take ſuch a journey again. We don't yet know who will be preſident in lord Rocheſter's room. I meaſured, and found that the pen-knife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; ſo near was he to death. I was ſo curious to aſk him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He ſaid, he concluded himſelf a dead man. He will not allow that Guiſcard gave him the ſecond ſtab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are poſitive in it. He wears a plaſter ſtill as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpoſe: but I have changed my ſide in this new Chelſea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is ſo unfit, and ſo awkward, never ſaw the like.

6. You muſt remember to incloſe your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outſide thus: To Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I ſaid ſo before, but it may miſcarry

miſcarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miſcarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the ſtorms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be loſt. MD's letters may tarry, but never miſcarry, as the old woman uſed to ſay. And indeed, how ſhould they miſcarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a ſhift to ſteal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the ſecretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was buſy at home, and ſet out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whoſe lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I viſited this afternoon, and among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham houſe. I was telling him of my head; he ſaid he had been ill of the ſame diſorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he ſaid always gave it him; and that Dr. Radcliffe ſaid it was very bad. Now I had obſerved the ſame

ſame thing, and have left it off this month, having found myſelf ill after it ſeveral times; and I mention it, that Stella may conſider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packt up and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be ſent by the firſt convenience. Mr. ſecretary told me yeſterday, that Mr. Harley would this week be lord treaſurer, and a peer, ſo I expect it every day, yet perhaps it may not be 'till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the care of poor Joe Beaumont, who promiſes me to do him all juſtice and favour, and give him encouragement; and deſired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will; and ſo tell Joe when you ſee him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton *. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained ſo this evening again, that I thought I ſhould hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll ſend tomorrow to the coffee-houſe for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, 'till this is gone, as it ſhall on Saturday. I viſited the dutcheſs of Ormond this morning; ſhe does not go over with the duke. I ſpoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the ſon of a grocer in Capel-ſtreet, one Bell, the ladies have bought ſugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. Mary uſed to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here

* Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

here ſome months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows ſo warm, I fear ſhe will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut aſparagus. Has Parviſol ſent you any this year †? I cannot ſleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or ſomething hinders me, and I am drowſy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Friend came this morning to viſit Atterbury's lady and children as phyſician, and perſuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the ſhire. He ſaid he left him dying of a piſtol-ſhot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill. They fought at ſword and piſtol this morning in Tuttle-fields, their piſtols ſo near, that the muzzles touched. Thornhill diſcharged firſt, and Dering having received the ſhot, diſcharged his piſtol as he was falling, ſo it went into the air. The ſtory of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had loſt ſeven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had firſt knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noiſe here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord keeper, and one or two more are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now paſſing, and I read the preamble to Mr. Harley's full of his praiſes. Lewis and I dined

† From Dr. Swift's garden at Laracor.

dined with Ford; I found the wine; two flaſks of my Florence, and two bottles of ſix that Dr. Raymond ſent me of French wine; he ſent it to me to drink with ſir Robert Raymond, and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to: but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, ſirrah?

10. Pſhaw, pſhaw. Patrick brought me four letters to-day; from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parviſol; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll gueſs? Who can it be? You old man with a ſtick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iſs, an pleaſe your honour, it is from one Madam MD, number fourteen. Well; but I can't ſend this away now, becauſe it was here, and I was in town, but it ſhall go on Saturday, and this is Thurſday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method: I write here to Parviſol to lend Stella twenty pound, and to take her note promiſſory to pay it in half a year, &c. You ſhall ſee, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be ſure my money ſhall be always paid conſtantly too. Have you been good or ill houſewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing leſs; he ſays all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the ſmalleſt word to him will do. This is the conſtant cant of puppies who are at a diſtance, and ſtrangers to courts and miniſters. My anſwer is this; which pray ſend; That I am ready

to

to ſerve Joe, as far as I can; that I have ſpoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at preſent. But if accidents and opportunities ſhould happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know beſt how far my credit goes; that he is at diſtance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I ſhall not be wanting. This is my anſwer; which you may ſend or read to him. Pray contrive that Parviſol may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get Burton's * note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be ſuſpicious. Teach Parviſol to incloſe, and direct the outſide to Mr. Lewis. I will anſwer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requeſts to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, *&c.*

12. Morning. I will finiſh this letter before I go to town, becauſe I ſhall be buſy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, *&c. &c.*

LETTER LX.

Chelſea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-ſecond this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the

* Burton, a banker in Dublin.

old club, lord Rivers, lord keeper, and Mr. ſecretary. They rallied me laſt week, and ſaid I muſt have Mr. St. John's leave, ſo I writ to him yeſterday, that foreſeeing I ſhould never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley, eſq; I was reſolved to do it to-day. The jeſt is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords: for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford. Mr. ſecretary and I came away at ſeven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; ſo I loſt my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and paſt purely.

13. It rained all laſt night, and this morning as heavy as lead; but I juſt got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almoſt fit to be mowed. I went to Court after church (as I always do on Sundays) and then dined with Mr. ſecretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy inſipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Preſto, you had better go anſwer MD's letter, N. 14. I'll anſwer it when I pleaſe, Mr. Doctor. What's that you ſay? The Court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treaſurer's ſtaff. Mr. Harley never comes to Court at all; ſomebody there aſkt me the reaſon; Why, ſaid I, the

lord

lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back ſtairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, lord Santry, was dead, captain Cammock aſſured me ſo; and now he is alive again, they ſay; but that ſhan't do: he ſhall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never ſtir our hats. I am reſolved to miſtake him for Witherington, the little naſty lawyer that came up to me ſo ſternly at the Caſtle the day I left Ireland. I'll aſk the gentleman I ſaw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite diſcouraged me from walking, and there is no ſhade in the greateſt part of the way: I took the firſt boat, and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuſcript, that Mr. ſecretary gave me. The printer ſent it to the ſecretary for his approbation, and he deſired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very ſcurvy piece. The reaſon I tell you ſo, is becauſe it was done by your parſon Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called a Character of the preſent ſet of Whigs, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Friend was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet juſt publiſhed, called The State of Wit, giving an account of all the papers that have come out of late. The author ſeems to be a Whig, yet he ſpeaks

very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and ſays the ſuppoſed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praiſes the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addiſon were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by thoſe impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has ſcraped up ſome traſh, and calls it Dr. Swift's miſcellanies, with the name at large: and I can get no ſatisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the reſt. Since I came home I have been ſitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiouſly hot: I dined with lord Shelburn, and have deſired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope ſhe will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my beſt gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrirgh's, then walk up the Pall-mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham-houſe, and ſo to Chelſea, a little beyond the Church: I ſet out about ſun-ſet, and get here in ſomething leſs than an hour; it is two good miles, and juſt five thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-eight ſteps; ſo there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I ſtay in town. When I paſs the Mall in the evening, it is prodigious to ſee the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry ſhame at the ladies of Ireland, who

who never walk at all, as if there legs were of no uſe but to be laid aſide. I have been now almoſt three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when I went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither-end of Stephen's-Green, and from thence go every ſtep on foot, yes faith, every ſtep; it would do: DD* goes as well as Preſto. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I lookt ſadly, that's certain. My breakfaſt is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholeſome; and I hate to be obliged to either of thoſe qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why Preſto will be ſo tedious in anſwering MD's letters; becauſe he would keep the beſt to the laſt, I ſuppoſe. Well, Preſto muſt be humoured, it muſt be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead ſweat rarely; ſometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day, with one parſon Richardſon, who came to ſee me on his going to Ireland; and with him I ſend Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treaſury for the College†. I dined with lord Shelburn to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewiſe for Ireland.—Lord, I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his houſe, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty

* In this paſſage DD ſignifies both Dingley and Stella.

† The Univerſity of Dublin.

ty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I ſay, never ſaw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to ſee me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Cheſter; ſo I believe ſhe little thought of any body's box but her own. I deſired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Cheſter, which he ſays he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardſon to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you muſt caution her of it, and deſire her to ſend it you when it comes. Sterne ſays, Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him ſtay ſo long, I believe, and not Sterne's buſineſs, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord treaſurer. His patent is paſſing; but they ſay, lord keeper's not yet, at leaſt his ſon, young Harcourt, told me ſo t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not ſeen before ſince I came to England; we were mighty glad to ſee each other, and ſhe has engaged me to viſit her, as I deſign to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge; ſhe has lodgings at Whitehall, having been ſeamſtreſs to king William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treaſon in Shaftſbury's plot. This noble perſon and I were brought acquainted, ſome

ſome years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worſt of the company: I am not of thoſe that ſay, For want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almoſt paſt ſinging.

18. I was hunting the ſecretary to-day in vain about ſome buſineſs, and dined with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his buſineſs, which lies aſleep till Mr. Harley is lord treaſurer, becauſe nothing of moment is now done in the treaſury, the change being expected every day. I ſat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; ſo 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know, that about our town we are mowing already, and making hay, and it ſmells ſo ſweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing ſo clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increaſe of dirty wenches in ſtraw-hats, ſince I knew London. I ſtaid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday Club was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewſbury. I whiſpered lord Rivers, that I did not like to ſee a ſtranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary ſaid, The duke writ to have leave; ſo I appeared ſatisfied, and ſo we laughed.

Mr.

Mr. Secretary told me the duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said, he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to mens quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten, all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moon-shine night, to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talkt of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—y, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you

you paſs away your time: but faith you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it ſhall go on Thurſday, and ſooner it cannot, I have ſo much buſineſs to hinder me anſwering yours. Where muſt I direct in your abſence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to ſee, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has ſent him here to get a place from Lownds; becauſe my uncle and Lownds married two ſiſters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treaſury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I ſhould be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my beſt gown and periwig to put on when I come to town, and be a ſpark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Manſel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whiſpered me, that Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was paſſed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office; ſo to-morrow or next day I ſuppoſe he will be declared earl of Oxford, and have the ſtaff. This man has grown by perſecutions, turnings out, and ſtabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature

nature be capable of ſo much conſtancy, I ſhould believe he will be the ſame man ſtill, bating the neceſſary forms of grandeur he muſt keep up. 'Tis late, ſirrahs, and I'll go ſleep.

23. Morning. I ſat up late laſt night, and waked late to-day; but will now anſwer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will ſend it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go ſo ſoon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number; the laſt was Number 14, and ſo I told you twice or thrice; will you never be ſatisfied? What ſhall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's ſake: I wiſh you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me ſo much good, that I cannot but preſcribe it often to poor Stella. Parviſol has ſent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am ſorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago: but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for; he never ſent me any ſum before, but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's ſake, as hope ſaved. I ſuppoſe you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wiſh again you were under a neceſſity of rambling the country until Michaelmas, faith. No, let them keep the ſhelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about thoſe four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may

may have the ſhelves, if ſhe pleaſe. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to ſay? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a ſquanderer. O faith, I ſhould be glad to be in the ſame kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a moſt capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without ſome mark of diſtinction, would look extremely little; and I would likewiſe gladly be ſomewhat richer than I am. I will ſay no more, but beg you to be eaſy, 'till Fortune take her courſe, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my purſuits. And ſo let us talk no more on this ſubject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at preſent has leſs ſhare of happineſs in life than I: I do not ſay I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is taſteleſs to me for want of being as I would be. And ſo, a ſhort ſigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's ſee what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take ſome methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's loſing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addiſon, but to Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; at my lord

Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so.—Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirraha. Morrow.—At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say, wine with you in Ireland is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin *, giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr.

* See the last Collection of Letters, printed by Dodsley and others, No. 45.

Mr. St. John, and telling me a long ſtory about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dreſſing myſelf, takes up ſo much of my time, that I cannot go among company ſo much as formerly; yet what muſt a body do? I thank God, I yet continue much better ſince I left the town; I know not how long it may laſt. I am ſure it has done me ſome good for the preſent. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? do you, ſirrah? Poor Stella muſt not read Preſto's ugly ſmall hand. Preſerve your eyes, If you be wiſe. Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two towards Cheſter by one parſon Richardſon. My humble ſervice to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bleſs deareſt MD.

24. Morning. Mr. Secretary has ſent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bleſs and preſerve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewel, &c.

Don't I often ſay the ſame thing two or three times in the ſame letter, ſirrah?

Great wits, they ſay, have but ſhort memories; that's good vile converſation.

LETTER LXI.

Chelſea, May 24. 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the ſame; that's lucky, boys; that's a ſign that things will meet, and that we ſhall make a figure together. What, will you ſtill have the impudence to ſay London, England, becauſe I ſay Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, ſaucy boxes? I have ſealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, ſirrahs.—At night. I dined with the ſecretary to-day; we ſat down between five and ſix. Mr. Harley's patent paſſed this morning: he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore-Caſtle. My letter was ſealed, or I would have told you this yeſterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her cloſet this week; I ſuppoſe he will take it from her though, in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiouſly, as it did from five; however, I ſet out, and in half way the rain leſſened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the firſt wet walk I have had in a month's time, that I am here: but, however, I got to bed, after a ſhort viſit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis.

Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, becauſe I deſigned to go ſee lord Oxford, and ſo I told the dog; but he never came, though I ſtaid an hour longer than I appointed; ſo I went in my old gown, and ſat with him two hours, but could not talk over ſome buſineſs I had with him; ſo he has defired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I muſt diſappoint the ſecretary. My lord ſet me down at a Coffee-houſe, where I waited for the dean of Carliſle's chariot to bring me to Chelſea; for it has rained prodigiouſly all this afternoon. The dean did not come himſelf, but ſent me his chariot, which has coſt me two ſhillings to the coachman; and ſo I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I muſt ſend him over to you; for he is an intolerable raſcal. If I had come without a gown, he would have ſerved me ſo, though my life and preferment ſhould have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will coſt me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to ſtop till further orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called My lord; and when I called him My lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me. By a ſecond hand, he propoſed my being his chaplain, which I by a ſecond hand excuſed; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I muſt go and be buſy.

26. I never ſaw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dreſſed myſelf without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately ſent for the taylor, and ordered him to ſtop his hand in Patrick's cloaths, till further orders. Oh, if it were in Ireland, I ſhould have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myſelf, that has made me keep him ſo long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What ſhall I do? I wiſh MD were here to entreat for him, juſt here at the bed's ſide. Lady Aſhburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I ſet to-day apart for it; and, whatever was the miſtake, ſhe ſent me word, ſhe was at dinner and undreſſed, but would be glad to ſee me in the afternoon; ſo I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go ſee her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning four with a vengeance, and I have not drank half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Manſel and Tom Harley met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreaſonable whelps; ſo I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I ſaw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-ſhop, and when they got to the door, ſtood a long time complimenting who ſhould go in firſt. Though this be no jeſt to tell, it was an admirable one to ſee. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the

the ladies, the new counteſs, and lady Betty, who has been theſe three days a lady born. My lord left us at ſeven, and I had no time to ſpeak to him about ſome affairs; but he promiſes in a day or two we ſhall dine alone; which is mighty likely, conſidering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the ſtaff, and then he will be ſo crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know, he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition ſent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, ſetting forth, that he formerly lived with Harry Tenniſon, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now ſtarving; or, as he expreſſes it, that the ſtaff of life has been of late a ſtranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young ſlender fellow, with freckles in his face; you muſt remember him; he waited at table as a better ſort of ſervant. I gave him a crown, and promiſed to do what I could to help him to a ſervice, which I did for Harry Tenniſon's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was ſo lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carliſle has ſat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the ſtaff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was ſhaving-day, and went to the ſecretary about ſome affairs, then viſited the duke and duchеſs

ducheſs of Ormond; but the latter was dreſſing to go out, and I could not ſee her. My lord Oxford had the ſtaff given him this morning; ſo now I muſt call him lord Oxford no more, but lord treaſurer: I hope he will ſtick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very ſoon have the garter.——Prithee, don't you obſerve how ſtrangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffee-houſe; you hear no more of Addiſon, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, lord Somers, lord Halifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the archbiſhop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a ſquabble in your town about chuſing a mayor, and that he apprehended ſome cenſure for the ſhare he had in it? I have not heard any thing of it here; but I ſhall not be always able to defend him. We hear your biſhop Hickman is dead; but no body here will do any thing for me in Ireland; ſo they may die as faſt or ſlow as they pleaſe.—Well, you are conſtant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea ſoon; parſon Richardſon is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely things have happened.—Pſhaw, I write ſo plaguy little, I can hardly

hardly ſee it myſelf. *Write bigger, ſirrah* * Preſto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a ſaucy rogue, Mr. Preſto, you are ſo impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Preſto go to ſleep; I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am ſo hot and lazy, after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my beſt gown and periwig are, and, out of mere liſtleſſneſs, dine there very often; ſo I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, N. 15. (you ſee, ſirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a cloſet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a ſaucy rogue, and a great writer, and can write finely ſtill when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go ſwim after I was cool, for my lodging is juſt by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown and ſlippers on, at eleven, but came up again; however, one of theſe nights I will venture.

31. I was ſo hot this morning with my walk, that I reſolve to do ſo no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have ſuch heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greateſt blaſt that was ever known, and almoſt all the fruit is deſpaired of. I dined with lord Shelburn; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord treaſurer, and ſat about two hours with him in mixt company; he left us, and went to court, and carried two ſtaves with him, ſo I ſuppoſe

* Theſe words in Italicks are written in a large round hand.

poſe we ſhall have a new lord ſteward, or comptroller to-morrow; I ſmoak'd that ſtate ſecret out by that accident. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſirrahs, no I won't, Madam.

June 1. I wiſh you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flaſk of my Florence, which now begins to ſpoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me, ſhe has ſent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you ſhall ſend him a letter of attorney at your leiſure, incloſed to Mr. Preſto. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two ſtaves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you ſtill in Dublin, I ſuppoſe, or at Donnybrook, or loſing your money at Walls' (how does ſhe do?)

2. I miſſed this day by a blunder and dining in the city*.

3. No boats on Sunday, never: ſo I was forced to walk, and ſo hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite ſpent: I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the ſecretary, as uſual, and old colonel Graham that lived at Bagſhot-Heath, and they ſaid it was colonel Graham's houſe. Pſhaw, I remember it very well, when I uſed to go for a walk

* This interlined in the original.

walk to London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley?

4. When muſt we anſwer this letter, this N. 15. of our little MD? Heat and lazineſs, and Sir Andrew Fountaine, made me dine today again at Mrs. Van's; and, in ſhort, this weather is inſupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler, and lady Aſhburnham ſat with me two or three hours this evening in my cloſet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls; and if lady Betty went to Ireland, you ſhould let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, ſhe loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain ſince Friday ſe'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do ſo, and Preſto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and viſited the duke of Ormond, and Mr. ſecretary. They ſay, my lord treaſurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean, a liſt of thoſe who are to be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect thoſe changes. I paſt by the treaſury to-day, and ſaw vaſt crowds waiting to give lord treaſurer petitions as he paſſes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirſty this hot weather.—I am juſt this minute going to ſwim. I take Patrick down with me

me to hold my night-gown, ſhirt and ſlippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap.—So farewel till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted.—I have been ſwimming this half hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but, as I dived, the napkin fell off, and is loſt, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great ſtones were ſo ſharp, I could hardly ſet my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go ſleep.

6. Morning. This letter ſhall go to-morrow; ſo I will anſwer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from laſt night's ſwimming. I ly with nothing but the ſheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I muſt riſe and go to town before the tide is againſt me. Morrow, ſirrahs; dear ſirrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt ſo hot a day as this ſince I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never ſaw her before, nor think her near ſo handſome as ſhe paſſes for.——After dinner, Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but ſaid my lord Dorcheſter got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worſt thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or ſix times this ſummer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me ſo exceſſively peeviſh as hot weather. Lady Berkeley, after dinner, clapt my hat upon another

another lady's head, and ſhe, in roguery, put it upon the rails. I minded them not; but, in two minutes, they called me to the window, and lady Carteret ſhewed me my hat out of her window, five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a viſit, with ſome more beldams. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and deſigned to go to lord treaſurer; but it was too late, and beſide, I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never ſweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I ſat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walk'd home, and was here by ten, ſo miſerably hot, that I was in as perfect a paſſion as ever I was in my life at the greateſt affront or provocation. Then I ſat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go ſwim; which I did, but with ſo much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment diſturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, ſtanding aſhore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call ſneakingly to them. The only comfort I propoſed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jeſting with thoſe boats after 'tis dark: I had none laſt night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of loſing it.———Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and ſo I'll anſwer your letter (it ſtrikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us anſwer MD's letter. N. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now, have I told you the number? 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you ſay, How do you do, Mr. Preſto?——There's your breeding. Where's your manners, ſirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades.———No, I never ſit up late now; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink ſomething that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few ſtrawberries.—Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talk'd ſo in parliament? Your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in ſnuff as ever? I believe, as you ſay, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I uſed to do, and then juſt ſmell to it, and privately fling the reſt away. I keep to my tobacco ſtill *, as you ſay; but even much leſs of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very ſeldom in the day.———As for Joe, I have recommended his caſe heartily to my lord lieutenant; and by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewiſe. I can do no more if he were my brother. His buſineſs will be to apply himſelf

* He does not mean ſmoaking, which he never practiſed, but ſnuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which ſometimes was juſt coloured with Spaniſh ſnuff; and this he uſed all his life, but would not own that he took ſnuff.

himſelf to Southwell. And you muſt deſire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to deſire him to wait on Mr. Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he muſt be preſented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out ſome vacancy, and ſolicit early for it. The buſtle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbiſhop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18th? So he ſays fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I'm ſure I uſed him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walk'd, or were in any third place, only he came ſometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.——What an odd bill is that you ſent of Raymond's? A bill upon one Murray in Cheſter, which depends entirely, not only upon Raymond's honeſty, but his diſcretion; and in money matters he is the laſt man I would depend on. Why ſhould Sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murray in Cheſter? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no ſuch thing. I went among ſome friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill muſt be ſent to Murray, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuſe it as he pleaſes. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has ſent it to Cheſter, and ordered the poſt-maſter there to get it accepted, and then ſend it back, and in a day

or two I ſhall have an anſwer, and therefore this letter muſt ſtay a day or two longer than I intended, and ſee what anſwer I get. Raymond ſhould have written to Murray at the ſame time, to deſire Sir Alexander Cairnes to have anſwered ſuch a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himſelf was not at home) ſaid, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing: and adviſed me to ſend to Murray.———I have been ſix weeks to-day at Chelſea, and you know it but juſt now. And ſo dean ——— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honeſty. Then you han't ſeen the Miſcellany yet. Why, 'tis a four ſhilling book: has no body carried it over?———No, I believe Manley will not loſe his place: for his friend in England is ſo far from being out, that he has taken a new patent ſince the poſt-office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often ſpoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he ſeems very well inclined to him. But the Iriſh folks here in general are horribly violent againſt him. Beſides, he muſt conſider he could not ſend Stella wine if he were put out. And ſo he is very kind, and ſends you a dozen bottles of wine *at a time*, and you win eight ſhillings *at a time*; and how much do you loſe? No, no, never one ſyllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this ſame Stella is ſo unmerciful a writer, ſhe has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have ſuch ſummer there as here, ſure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot

what

what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop ſince. Yes, yes, I remember Bereſted's bridge; the coach ſoſſes up and down as one goes that way, juſt as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illneſs or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exerciſe, or ill air, or ſomething I have eaten, or hard ſtudy, or ſitting up; and ſo I fence againſt thoſe as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the general, was exceſſively hot with the ſun ſhining full upon him; ſo he turns to the ſun, and ſays, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers, than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by, ſaid, It was ſuch weather as pleaſed God: Seymor ſaid, Perhaps it may; but I'm ſure it pleaſes no body elſe. Why, madam Dingley, the Firſt-Fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to enquire about them, and lord treaſurer ſaid they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a ſecret you muſt not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his ſpeech in your parliament: and I deſire you will take care to ſay on occaſion, that my lord treaſurer Harley did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot poſſibly come over yet: ſo get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well.——Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I

walk.—Tiſdall is a puppy, and I will excuſe him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whiſper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them ſo good. I prophecy they will be traſh for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner, the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Obſerve whether the change be diſcovered in Dublin, only for your own curioſity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's buſineſs I have anſwered, and I hope the bill is not loſt. Morrow. 'Tis ſlewing hot, but I muſt riſe, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, ſirrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I preſented Sterne to my lord treaſurer's brother, and gave him his caſe, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the ſwingingeſt long ſhower, and the moſt grateful to me, that ever I ſaw: it thundered fifty times at leaſt, and the air is ſo cool, that a body is able to live; and I walk'd home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treaſurer, and ſat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abuſed me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murray, accepting my bill; ſo all is well: only by a letter from Parviſol, I find there are ſome perplexities.—Joe has likewiſe

likewiſe written to me to thank me for what I have done for him; and deſires I would write to the biſhop of Clogher, that Tom Aſhe may not hinder his father * from being portrief. I have written, and ſent to Joe ſeveral times, that I will not trouble myſelf at all about Trim. I wiſh them their liberty; but they do not deſerve it: ſo tell Joe, and ſend to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord Shelburn and lady Kerry to-morrow, for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to deſire it; but to-morrow I ſhall know further.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praiſing it: I never felt myſelf to be revived ſo in my life. It laſted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mix'd with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will juſt finiſh this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburn: ſo morrow, till an hour or two hence.—In town. I met Cairnes, who, I ſuppoſe, will pay me the money; though, he ſays, I muſt ſend him the bill firſt, and I will get it done in abſence. Farewel, &c. &c.

LET-

* Even Mr. Joſeph Beaumont, the ſon, was at this time an old man, whoſe grey locks were venerable; conſequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

LETTER LXII.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with lord Shelburn, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and every thing but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hide-Park corner, and walk'd: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed two birds, *&c.* and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married lady Catharine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems, in my absence, they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws today, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against

gainſt them, and ſo was Mr. Secretary, though their ſons are of it, and ſo they are excluded; but we deſign to admit the duke of Shrewſbury. The end of our club is to advance converſation and friendſhip, and to reward deſerving perſons with our intereſt and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit, or men of intereſt; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The ſolicitor-general, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond: ſo tell Raymond, if you ſee him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the laſt; ſo there is a week loſt; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, becauſe it goes incloſed to Mr. Reading: and why ſhould he know how often Preſto writes to MD, pray?—I ſat this evening with lady Betty Butler and lady Aſhburnham, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold ſo. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I ſaw Will Congreve attending at the treaſury, by order, with his brethren, the commiſſioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindneſs to lord treaſurer: and Congreve told me, that after they had anſwered to what they were ſent for, my lord

called

called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle; and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gastrel and I dined by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what

what they are doing in the world, a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? Confess. Well, I'll go to sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover *, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's-Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active

* See this letter in Dodsley's Collection, No. 46.

tive as one of five and twenty. I have not ſeen him yet, nor know when I ſhall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewſbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God he is better. I dined to-day at lord Aſhburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: ſhe is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me, he has deſired a friend to receive your box in Cheſter, and carry it over. I fear he will miſcarry in his buſineſs, which was ſent to the treaſury before he was recommended; for I was poſitive only to ſecond his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the ſecretary of the treaſury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treaſurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, and that in a ſhort time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treaſurer for his ſlowneſs in turning people out; but I ſuppoſe he has his reaſons. They ſtill keep my neighbour Atterbury in ſuſpence about the deanry of Chriſt-Church, which has been above ſix months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking and caring, ſcolding. How long will you ſtay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt

yourſelves,

yourſelves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Preſto's health in water, Madam Stella; and in good ale *, Madam Dingley.

27. The ſecretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of buſineſs: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no buſineſs was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with lady Aſhburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg, and lady Mary Schomberg, and lady Betty Butler, and others, talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I ſtaid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Aſhburnham is ſomething like Stella; ſo I helped her, and wiſhed her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I muſt anſwer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this ſide. O faith, Preſto has been a ſort of a lazy fellow: but Preſto will remove to town this day ſe'ennight: the ſecretary has commanded me to do ſo; and I believe he and I ſhall go for ſome days to Windſor, where he will have leiſure to mind ſome buſineſs we have together. To-day our Society, (it muſt not be called a Club) dined at Mr. ſecretary's; we were but eight, the reſt ſent excuſes, or were out of town. We ſat

* The Wexford ale is highly eſteemed, which is hinted at in this paſſage; and the Wexford waters were preſcribed to Stella.

till eight, and made ſome laws and ſettlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Aſhburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I ſhall make but ſhort journies this ſummer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown ſenſibly ſhorter already, and all our fruit blaſted. Your duke of Ormond is ſtill at Cheſter; and perhaps this letter will be with you as ſoon as he. Sterne's buſineſs is quite blown up: they ſtand to it to ſend him back to the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almoſt fell out with the ſecretary of the treaſury, who is my lord treaſurer's couſin-german, and my very good friend. It ſeems every ſtep he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at leaſt they ſay ſo, and that is the ſame thing. I am heartily ſorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and uſe him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the aſſurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treaſurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addiſon ſerved me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promiſed lord treaſurer never to ſpeak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Aſhe has been in town this fortnight: I ſaw him twice: he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was

this

this evening two or three hours at lord treaſurer's, who called me doctor Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll anſwer your little letter, ſirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible ſleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over night that diſpoſes me to ſleep; faith 'tis now ſtriking eight, and I am but juſt awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or ſix times, but I have excuſes, though I am three parts aſleep. I tell him I ſat up late, or ſlept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N. 16. no more, not no leſs, no miſtake. Dingley ſays, "This letter won't be "above ſix lines." And I was afraid it was true, though I ſaw it filled on both ſides. The biſhop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then ſo hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miſerable every moment, and found myſelf diſpoſed to be peeviſh and quarrelſome; I believe a very hot country would make me ſtark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little; but I always repent, and reſolve againſt it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I conſtantly walk back; for then the ſun is down.

And ſo Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; ſhe's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wiſe with thoſe you frequent. Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Proby? take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a ſcrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money. Now, madam Stella, what ſay you? you ride every day; I know that already, ſirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be ſtill better and better. No, I hope Parviſol will not have the impudence to make you ſtay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-parviſol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how haſty we are; Stella can't ſtay writing and writing; ſhe muſt write and go a cock-horſe, pray now. Well; but the horſes are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your ſtirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnſon's ribband to tie about her? reach me my maſk: ſup up this before you go. So, ſo, a gallop, a gallop, ſit faſt, ſirrah, and don't ride hard upon the ſtones.——Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is ſhe a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?——No, I believe the box is not loſt: Sterne ſays, it is not.—No faith, you muſt go to Wexford without ſeeing your duke of Ormond, unleſs you ſtay on purpoſe; perhaps you may be ſo wiſe.——I tell you this is your ſixteenth letter; will you never be ſatisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought

I ought leſs to venture it than other people, and ſo I was told; but I'll return to lodge in town next Thurſday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you ſend a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookſeller in London, directed to me; and he ſhall manage your affair. I have your parchment ſafely lockt up in London.—O madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleaſant riding? did your horſe ſtumble? how often did the man light to ſettle your ſtirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promiſed me? I have been a good boy, aſk Dingley elſe. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith, you are a cheat. So you'll ſee Raymond and his wife in town. Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me ſhort ſighs, as well as you. All the days I have paſſed here, have been dirt to thoſe. I have been gaining enemies by the ſcores, and friends by the couples, which is againſt the rules of wiſdom; becauſe they ſay, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at leaſt, if I get nothing elſe. And ſo let Fate govern.—Now I think your letter is anſwered; and mine will be ſhorter than ordinary, becauſe it muſt go to-day. We have had a great deal of ſcattering rain for ſome days paſt, yet it hardly keeps down the duſt.—We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him a-

long the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leproſy; and I was glad enough to ſee it. I have been ten times ſending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.——I am to dine to-day with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new houſe, and will be weary of it in half a year. I muſt riſe and ſhave, and walk to town, unleſs I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not ſeen that lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewſbury is almoſt well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewel, my deareſt lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if poſſible, as hope ſaved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bleſs you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.——Remember if I am uſed ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and ſhall not wonder at it. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of conſiderable men teazing me to ſolicit for them. And the miniſtry all uſe me perfectly well, and all that know them, ſay they love me. Yet I can account upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindneſs.——They think me uſeful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and

and that they reſolved to have me; they have often confeſſed this: yet all makes little impreſſion on me.—Pox of theſe ſpeculations! They give me the ſpleen; and that is a diſeaſe I was not born to. Let me alone, ſirrahs, and be ſatisfied; I am, as long as MD and Preſto are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by ſtealth: that is all we want; and ſo farewel, deareſt MD; Stella, Dingley, Preſto all together, now and for ever all together. Farewel again and again.

LETTER LXIII.

Chelſea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipt; but faith the next ſhall be ſmaller. I dined to day, as I told you, with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to lord Pembroke. Dilly is juſt ſuch a puppy as ever; and it is ſo uncouth, after ſo long an intermiſſion. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the poſt. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them ſend it to Wexford, and then the next incloſed to Reading. Inſtruct me how I ſhall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what ſort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Phillips the paſtoral poet,

poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treaſurer. I have now had almoſt all the Whig poets my ſolicitors; and I have been uſeful to Congreve, Steele, and Harriſon: but I will do nothing for Phillips; I find he is more a puppy than ever; ſo don't ſolicit for him. Beſides, I will not trouble lord treaſurer, unleſs upon ſome very extraordinary occaſion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelſea of a Sunday, and go to the ſecretary's; ſo I called at his lodgings this morning, and ſent for my gown, and dreſſed myſelf there. He had a letter from the biſhop, with an account that you were ſet out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the biſhop ſays, you deſign to ſtay there two months or more. Dilly had alſo a letter from Tom Aſhe, full of Iriſh news: that your lady Linden is dead, and I know not what beſides of Dr. Coghil * loſing his drab, *&c.* The ſecretary

* Dr. Marmaduke Coghil was judge of the prerogative court in Ireland. About this time he courted a lady, and was ſoon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cauſe was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was ſued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Dr. gave his opinion, That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with ſuch a little cane or ſwitch as he then held in his hand, a huſband was at liberty, and was inveſted with a power, to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady againſt having the doctor. He died an old man and a batchelor, about thirty years ago.

ſecretary was gone to Windſor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord treaſurer is at Windſor too; they will be going and coming all Summer, while the queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I ſhall be ſometimes forced to ſtoop beneath my dignity, and ſend to the alehouſe for a dinner. Well, ſirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on ſtraw in your new town where you are? Cudſho, the next letter to Preſto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write conſtantly to Mrs. Walls and Mr. Stoyte: and the dean ſaid, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters paſs well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a ſtomach. I ſuppoſe you are all gameſters at Wexford. Don't loſe your money, ſirrah, far from home. I believe I ſhall go to Windſor in a few days; at leaſt, the ſecretary tells me ſo. He has a ſmall houſe there, with juſt room enough for him and me; and I would be ſatisfied to paſs a few days there ſometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to ſleep, 'tis paſt twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet ſome hopes of compaſſing his buſineſs: he was with Tom Harley, the ſecretary of the

the treaſury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almoſt undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to ſee Will Congreve, who lives much by himſelf, is forced to read for amuſement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glaſs. I have ſet him very well with the miniſtry, and I hope he is in no danger of loſing his place. I dined in the city with Doctor Friend, not among my merchants, but with a ſcrub inſtrument of miſchief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little ſaucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddleſtick. Pray God ſend them to do you good; if not, faith, next ſummer you ſhall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow deſired to ſee me this morning at nine; I had not ſeen him before ſince he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was ſoliciting him to get ſome penſion or reward for her ſervice in the cauſe, by writing her Atalantis, and proſecution, *&c.* upon it. I ſeconded her, and hope they will do ſomething for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politicks: he comes home very ſanguine; he has certainly done great things in Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations: he is violent againſt a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, That the miniſtry ſeems for it. He reaſons well; yet I am for a peace*. I took leave of lady Kerry, who goes

* Theſe words, written in confidence to Stella, deſerve our notice.

goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up lord Shelburn and Mrs. Pratt at lord Shelburn's house. I was this evening with lord treasurer; Tom Harley was there; and whispered me, that he began to doubt about Sterne's business; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord treasurer's; he rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us, that my name was Thomas Swift. I had had a mind to prevent Sir H. Bellasis going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur, and I fell a-railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoak'd me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds, any body but he had got them for Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said, I would have him to know, I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea

idea what our converſation is with mixt company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-ſtreet, and go to it on Thurſday; and deſign to walk the Park and the town to ſupply my walking here: yet I will walk here ſometimes too in a viſit now and then to the dean. When I was almoſt at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could ſee one of them was from ſaucy MD. I went to viſit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and firſt read the other letter, which was from the biſhop of Clogher, who tells me the archbiſhop of Dublin mentioned in the full aſſembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the firſt-fruits; ſaid it was done by the lord treaſurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours, I find nothing of that: perhaps the biſhop lies, out of a deſire to pleaſe me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, ſirrah, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning to adviſe about reaſons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and have nothing to do. I ſtole into the city to an inſtrument of mine, and then went to ſee poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town theſe two months with a couſin of hers. Her life paſſes with boarding in ſome country town as cheap as ſhe can, and when ſhe runs out, ſhifting to ſome cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich, I would eaſe her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago, I ſent her a guinea,

guinea, and it patched up twenty circumſtances. She is now going to Berkhamſtead in Hertfordſhire. It has rained and hailed prodigiouſly to-day, with ſome thunder. This is the laſt night I ly at Chelſea; and I got home early, and ſat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very ſcurvy dinner. I'll anſwer your letter when I come to live in town. You ſhall have a fine London anſwer: but firſt I'll go ſleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelſea for good (that's a genteel phraſe) and am got into Suffolk-ſtreet. I dined to-day at our ſociety, and we are adjourned for a month, becauſe moſt of us go into the country: we dined at lord keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord keeper was forced to ſneak off, and dine with lord treaſurer, who had invited the ſecretary and me to dine with him; but we ſcorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to lord treaſurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge Powel, an old fellow with gray hairs, was the merrieſt old gentleman I ever ſaw, ſpoke pleaſant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I ſtaid till eleven, becauſe I was not now to walk to Chelſea.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to viſit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon,

like a fool, out of perfect lazineſs, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do ſo no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are eſtabliſhed there, how and whom you viſit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far ſouthwards; but I think you muſt eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat ſome Kentiſh cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little diſordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor ſince, which I reckon a mighty happineſs. Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I ſaid, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or, ſuppoſe I ſend this, at a venture, ſtraight to Wexford? it would vex me to have it miſcarry. I had a letter to-night from Parviſol, that White has paid me moſt of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is choſen portrieve. Poor Joe is full of complaints; ſays he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear ſo too, although I have done what I could.——I'll anſwer your letter when I think fit, when ſaucy Preſto thinks fit, ſirrahs. I an't at leiſure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchſafe.—O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the diſmalleſt rainy day I ever ſaw; I went to the ſecretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windſor. Then it began raining, and I ſtruck

ſtruck into Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and ſtaid till night, very dull and inſipid. I hate this town in ſummer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tiſdall, lodges in the ſame houſe with me. Patrick told me, 'ſquire Tiſdall and his lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and ſaw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-ſtreet, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Friend and I dined in the city, by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the ſeaſon ſo temperate. I was this evening to ſee Will Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill; ſo that I cannot give order yet to Parviſol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I ſhall have a poſitive anſwer: that Cairnes is a ſhuffling ſcoundrel; and ſeveral merchants have told me ſo: what can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's the book-ſeller's, to ſee a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-ſhop; but I reſiſted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money

that way already. So go and drink your waters, ſaucy rogue, and make yourſelf well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland*. Do you find all places without trees? Pray obſerve the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old Engliſh; ſee what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where elſe in Ireland †, till of late years. They ſay the cocks and dogs go to ſleep at noon, and ſo do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer: we did not ſit down till four. I diſpatched three buſineſſes with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and beſides, I have made him conſent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You muſt underſtand I have a mind to do a ſmall thing, only turn out all the queen's phyſicians; for, in my conſcience, they will ſoon kill her among them. And I muſt talk over that matter with ſome people. My lord treaſurer told me, the queen and he between them have loſt the paper about the firſt-fruits; but deſires I will let the biſhops know it ſhall be done with the firſt opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walk'd pretty well in the Park this evening. Stella, huffy, don't you remember, ſirrah, you uſed

* In Ireland there are not public paths from place to place, as in England.

† They are now common every where.

uſed to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park, to engage to ſpeak to lord treaſurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have aſked me the ſame favour. I am hardened, and reſolved to trouble him, or any other miniſter, leſs than ever. And I obſerve thoſe who have ten times more credit than I, will not ſpeak a word for any body. I met yeſterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenniſon, who has been ill of an ague ever ſince I ſaw him. He look'd wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I enquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but ſhams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent perſon of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handſome fellow, and married her for love after long courtſhip, and ſhe refuſed him until he got his laſt employment.———I believe I ſhall not be as good a boy for writing as I was, during your ſtay at Wexford, unleſs I may ſend my letters every ſecond time to Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, ſhall go there, or why not to Wexford itſelf? That's right, and ſo it ſhall this next Tueſday, although it coſts you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a ſecretary is come from Windſor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't ſee him to-morrow. I dined ſcurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parſon; and then went to ſee lord treaſurer, and met him coming from his houſe in his coach: he ſmiled, and I ſhrugged, and we ſmoak'd each other; and ſo my viſit is paid. I now confine myſelf to ſee him only twice a week: he has invited me to Windſor, and betwixt two ſtools, &c. I'll go live at Windſor, if poſſible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to paſs my ſummer in London. I called this evening to ſee poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but adviſed him to prepare for the worſt. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kenſington on Sunday with lord Mountjoy, who goes ſoon for Ireland. Your late chief juſtice Broderick is here, and they ſay violent as a tyger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or preſent miniſtry? Write me Wexford news, and love Preſto, becauſe he's a good boy.

14. Although it was ſhaving-day I walk'd to Chelſea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carliſle and I croſs'd the water to Batterſea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gaſtrel's, and paſſed the afternoon at Lewſham, at the dean of Canterbury's; and there I ſaw Moll Stanhope, who,

who is grown monſtrouſly tall, but not ſo handſome as formerly. It is the firſt little rambling journey I have had this ſummer about London, and they are the agreeableſt paſtimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank ſtock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whiſpers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one ſingle book? Oh, but your time will be ſo taken up; and you can borrow of the parſon. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly at Kenſington with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at laſt; ſo that buſineſs is over, and I am at eaſe about it: and I wiſh all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkſhaw's hands. Have you had the intereſt of it paid yet? I ordered Parviſol to do it. What makes Preſto write ſo crooked? I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow, and ſend it on Tueſday. Here's hot weather come again, yeſterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a ſad pert dull parſon at Kenſington to-day. I almoſt repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day paſſed without any conſequence. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to anſwer it. Hold your tongue:

tongue: ſtand by. Your weather and ours are not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you uſed to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I deteſt and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a ſplutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Preſto? Preſto will be ſuſpicious of every thing but MD, in ſpight of your little noſe. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your ſpleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and ſixpence a dozen, and naſty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me ſome months ago, he would give me one when I pleaſed; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the ſecretary told me t'other day, he had refuſed a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and if they would give me leave, I would come over juſt now. Addiſon, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not ſeen him theſe four months.——O aye, that's true, Dingley; that's like herſelf: millions of buſineſſes to do before ſhe goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within theſe two or three days, which I impute to ſome fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any ſort. I ſuppoſe you had a journey without duſt, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford

letter;

letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d——d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson staid in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like any thing in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company, and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you, to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire a Don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, *Leave that to me.* I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot

persuade

perſuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, ſhe is very well now, and all the ſtory of her illneſs, except the firſt day or two, was a lie. We had ſome buſineſs, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earneſt for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leiſure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windſor for ſome days, to diſpatch an affair, if we can have leiſure. Sterne met me juſt now in the ſtreet by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he aſked after you with great reſpect and friendſhip.——To return to your letter. Your biſhop Mills hates me mortally: I wonder he ſhould ſpeak well of me, having abuſed me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudſho: you had a fine ſupper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and ſome currants. —It is juſt three weeks to-day ſince you ſet out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter theſe ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord Rocheſter, and his fine daughter, lady Jane, juſt growing a top toaſt.

toaſt. I have been endeavouring to ſave Sir Matthew Dudley, but I fear I cannot. I walk'd the Mall ſix times to-night for exerciſe, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and ſo I came home, to tell you this ſhall come to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford, like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury ſent to me to dine with him at Chelſea: I refuſed his coach, and walk'd, and am come back by ſeven; becauſe I would finiſh this letter, and ſome others I am writing. Patrick tells me, the maid ſays, one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to viſit me. Is it your Iriſh archdeacon? I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I ſhall make a ſhift to ſee him ſeldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it ſome body elſe? The duke of Newcaſtle is dead by the fall he had from his horſe. God ſend poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewel, and love Preſto, who loves MD above all things, ten millions of times. God bleſs the dear Wexford girls. Farewel again, *&c. &c.*

LETTER LXIV.

London, July 19. 1711.

I HAVE juſt ſent my 26th, and have nothing to ſay, becauſe I have other letters to write; (pſhaw, I began too high) but I muſt lay the beginning like a neſt-egg: to-morrow, I'll ſay more, and fetch up this line to be ſtraight.

ſtraight. This is enough at preſent for two dear ſaucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a fooliſh errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you ſo. I dined with lord treaſurer, but cannot get him to do his own buſineſs with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yeſterday with lord treaſurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windſor, although I refuſed him ſeveral times, having no linen, *&c.* I had juſt time to deſire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to ſend my things to-day to Windſor by his ſervant. I lay laſt night at the ſecretary's lodgings at Windſor, and borrowed one of his ſhirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Maſham; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord Winchelſea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the cloſet to get to my linen and night-gown, and ſent them to Windſor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return ſo ſoon, is gone upon his rambles: ſo here am I left deſtitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the ſpleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiouſly on Saturday night. Patrick lay

lay out laſt night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor Preſto is a deſolate creature; neither ſervant, nor linen, nor any thing.——Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; ſo I am in Chriſtian circumſtances: I ſhall hardly commit ſuch a frolic again. I juſt crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and ſtaid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windſor is a delicious place: I never ſaw it before, except for an hour about ſeventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my abſence, I ſuppoſe to take his leave; for he deſigned not to ſtay above five days in London. He ſays, he and his wife will come here for ſome months next year; and, in ſhort, he dares not ſtay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the ſtreet, and told me he was juſt getting on horſeback for Cheſter. He has as much curioſity as a cow: he lodged with his horſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet: he has bought his wife a ſilk gown, and himſelf a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you paſs your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? Let Preſto know ſoon; for Preſto longs to know, and muſt know. Is not Madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will ſpoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet theſe three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diverſions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations.

Poor Dingley never ſaw ſuch a place in her life; ſent all over the town for a little parſley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is ſtark naught, except an old Engliſh-woman's; and it is ſuch a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your ſheets with you, elſe you muſt have lain in ſackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. ſecretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under ſecretary was willing to ſave him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be raviſhed: but I told the ſecretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; beſides, he was a fiddler, and conſequently a rogue, and deſerved hanging for ſomething elſe: and ſo he ſhall ſwing. What; I muſt ſtand up for the honour of the fair ſex. 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! muſt a woman be raviſhed becauſe ſhe is a whore?—The ſecretary and I go on Saturday to Windſor for a week. I dined with lord treaſurer, and ſtaid with him till paſt ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went, againſt my cuſtom, becauſe I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: ſo I talked with him before my lord, that he might ſee me, and then found occaſion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuſe my coming to the levee, that I did it to ſee the ſight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there but

but once, and that was long before he was treaſurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whiſpered me a jeſt or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but juſt now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addiſon and I have at laſt met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonſon's. The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the ſecretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to loſe, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will loſe it in a week or two. Mr. Addiſon and I talked as uſual, and as if we had ſeen one another yeſterday; and Steele and I were very eaſy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in anſwer to one of his, where he deſired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treaſurer. Go, yet you gone to your waters, ſirrah. Do they give you a ſtomach? Do you eat heartily?—We have had much rain to-day and yeſterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and ſaw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a piſtole to help her a little forward againſt ſhe goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to ſeek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raiſe their price, and ſometimes they ſtarve her, and then ſhe is forced to ſhift. Patrick the puppy put too much ink in my ſtandiſh, and carrying too many things together, I

ſpilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, wet and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope ſo at leaſt, and that poor little MD finds it ſo. I reckon upon going to Windſor to-morrow with Mr. ſecretary, unleſs he changes his mind, or ſome other buſineſs prevents him. I ſhall ſtay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. ſecretary ſent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windſor, ſo I muſt dine no where; and I promiſed lord treaſurer to dine with him to-day; but I ſuppoſe we ſhall dine at Windſor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be ſure to be at home half an hour before two.———Windſor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between ſix and ſeven; at nine I left the company, and went to ſee lord treaſurer, who is juſt come. I chid him for coming ſo late; he chid me for not dining with him; ſaid he ſtaid an hour for me. Then I went and ſat with Mr. Lewis till juſt now, and 'tis paſt eleven. I lie in the ſame houſe with the ſecretary, one of the prebendary's houſes. The ſecretary is not come from his apartment in the Caſtle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot ſhould come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater paſſion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for

for the ſecretary, who ſent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to ſtay half an hour later than he intended. One of the lord treaſurer's ſervants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds, to be paid me in what manner I pleaſed; becauſe, he ſaid, he deſired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend Lewis cooled me, and ſaid, is what the beſt men ſometimes meet with; and I have been not ſeldom ſerved in the like manner, although not ſo groſsly. In theſe caſes I never demur a moment: nor ever found the leaſt inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to ſleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day ſe'ennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am ſo proud I make all the lords come up to me; one paſſes half an hour pleaſant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windſor is a delicious ſituation, but the town is ſcoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the ſecretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold

up my train as I walked up ſtairs. It is an ill circumſtance, that on Sundays much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treaſurer told at Court, what I ſaid to Mr. ſecretary on this occaſion. The ſecretary ſhewed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, ſaid I, ſhew me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted *, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bleſs them.

30. In my conſcience I fear I ſhall have the gout. I ſometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within theſe two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often ſit evenings with ſome of theſe people, and drink in my turn; but I am now reſolved to drink ten times leſs than before; but they adviſe me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it †. Tooke and the printer ſtayed to-day to finiſh their affair, and treated me, and two of the under-ſecretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to ſee lord treaſurer, and chid him for not taking

* This refers to the ink mentioned above, which blotted his paper.

† This advice appears to be reaſonable, either becauſe that when wine is mixed with water, the particles of it, being diluted, inſinuate themſelves, with great facility, into more veſſels of the body, and into channels that pure wine could not readily get admittance into; and therefore its effects are more difficult to be ſhaken off: or becauſe that wine, being of a hot nature, as it digeſts every thing elſe, ſo it digeſts itſelf: but, when mixed with water, it has a contrary effect. Vid. Ariſtot. Problem. Sect. 3. Prob. 3. Conſult alſo Prob. 14, 22.

taking notice of me at Windſor: he ſaid he kept a place for me yeſterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, becauſe the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to ſup at Mr. Maſham's, and there ſtayed till paſt one o'clock; and that is late, ſirrahs: and I have much buſineſs.

31. I have ſent a noble haunch of veniſon this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wiſh you had it, ſirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the ſecretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it diſpoſed to rain, ſhe kept in her coach: ſhe hunts in a chaiſe with one horſe, which ſhe drives herſelf, and drives furiouſly, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eaton, which is but juſt croſs the bridge, to ſee my Lord Kerry's ſon, who is at ſchool there. Mr. ſecretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't ſend it to MD? It is a ſad thing, faith, conſidering how Preſto loves MD, and how MD would love Preſto's veniſon for Preſto's ſake. God bleſs the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of veniſon I ſent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a ſudden rain. Her coaches and

and chaiſes all went back, and the guards too: and I ſcoured into the market-place for ſhelter. I intended to have walked up the fineſt avenue I ever ſaw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each ſide. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight. Mr. ſecretary came ſoon after, and we were engaging in deep diſcourſe, and I was endeavouring to ſettle ſome points of the greateſt conſequence; and had wormed myſelf pretty well into him, when his under ſecretary came in (who lodges in the ſame houſe with us) and interrupted all my ſcheme. I have juſt left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windſor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have ſeen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have coſt me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to maſter me; ſo now I am reſolved to part with him, and will uſe him without the leaſt pity. The ſecretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The ducheſs of Shrewſbury aſked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and ſhe could not ſay my name in Engliſh, but ſaid Dr. Preſto, which is Italian for Swift. Whimſical enough, as Billy Swift ſays. I go to-morrow with the ſecretary to his houſe at Buckleberry, twenty five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yeſterday from the biſhop of Clogher, who is coming up,

up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correſpondence with him to Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24. &c. O Lord, that would be ſo pretending; and then ſays you, Stella can't write much, becauſe it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, ſays you, I find myſelf better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Preſto is ſo ſilly to-night; yes he be; but Preſto loves MD dearly, as hope ſaved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, becauſe I ſhall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and ſo my journal muſt have a break; ſo good morrow, &c.

4. 5. I dined yeſterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and ſet out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-ſix miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he ſmoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in ſuch a field; he went to viſit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady ſaw me to my chamber juſt in the country faſhion. His houſe is in the midſt of near three thouſand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is deſcended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the houſe. She

is

is a great favourite of mine. I loſt church to-day; but I dreſſed, and ſhaved, and went to Court, and would not dine with the ſecretary, but engaged myſelf to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other ſecretary is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treaſurer comes every Saturday to Windſor, and goes away on Monday or Tueſday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot ſee him otherwiſe here, he is ſo hurried: we had ſome talk, and I told him I would ſtay this week at Windſor by myſelf, where I can have more leiſure to do ſome buſineſs that concerns them. Lord treaſurer and the ſecretary thought to mortify me, for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had never heard of me; I told them, That was their fault, and not hers, &c. and ſo we laughed. I dined with the ſecretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's houſe, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we ſhall be good company. The vice-chamberlain, and Mr. Maſham, and the green-cloth, have promiſed me dinners. I ſhall want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a muſic-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearſal of it, and there was Margarita, and her ſiſter, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would

would not go to the meeting, which I am ſorry for, becauſe I heard it was a great aſſembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and ſat with me till juſt now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no buſineſs, I fear, becauſe Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, ſticks cloſe to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen uſhers, among ſcurvy company; but the queen was hunting the ſtag till four this afternoon, and ſhe drove in her chaiſe above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I ſometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at Court; but ſo few company, that the queen ſent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and ſtood about twenty of us round the room, while ſhe looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute ſaid about three words to ſome that were neareſt her, and then ſhe was told, dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green-cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the beſt table in England, and coſts the queen a thouſand pounds a month while ſhe is at Windſor or Hampton-Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hoſpitality I can ſee in the queen's family: it is deſigned to entertain foreign miniſters, and people of quality, who come to ſee the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr.

9. Mr. Coke, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long viſit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toaſt, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord treaſurer ſtole here laſt night, but did not lie at his lodgings in the Caſtle; and after ſeeing the queen, went back again. I juſt drank a diſh of chocolate with him. I fancy I ſhall have reaſon to be angry with him very ſoon: but what care I? I believe I ſhall die with miniſters in my debt.—This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't anſwer it here, no, in troth. I will ſend this to Mr. Reading, ſuppoſing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horſes to ride about and ſee the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's phyſician and favourite, went out with me to ſhew me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miſs Foreſter, a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air; we made her go along with us. We ſaw a place they have made for a famous horſe-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miſs Foreſter ſtood, like us, with her hat off, while the queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. Scarborow had ſent all about to invite me

me to the green-cloth, and leſſened his company on purpoſe to make me eaſy. It is very obliging, and will coſt me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to ſee to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettleſome horſe a dozen miles, having not been on horſeback this twelvemonth. And Miſs Foreſter did not make it eaſier; ſhe is a ſilly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although ſhe be a toaſt, and was dreſſed like a man.

11. I will ſend this letter to-day. I expect the ſecretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unleſs I can get room in ſome coach. It is now morning. I muſt riſe, and fold up and ſeal my letter. Farewel, and God preſerve deareſt MD.

I believe I ſhall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER LXV.

Windſor, Aug. 11. 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-ſeventh this morning in an expreſs to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this ſhall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a viſit, I believe I told you ſo in my laſt. I dined to-day at the green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myſelf, and we were twenty in all; and very noiſy company; but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more ſit at a ſide-table, to be a little quiet. At ſix I went to ſee the ſecretary,

who is returned; but lord keeper ſent to deſire I would ſup with him, where I ſtayed till juſt now; lord treaſurer and ſecretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to viſit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never viſited him at Windſor. He had a preſent ſent to him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durſt not eat one; I wiſhed Dingley had ſome of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Preſto. Dilly Aſhe is come to Windſor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treaſurer, on purpoſe to ſhew them to him, and he ſaw the queen and ſeveral great lords, and the ducheſs of Montague; he was mighty happy, and reſolves to fill a letter to the biſhop *. My friend Lewis and I dined ſoberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby of Brook, and will ſit in the houſe of lords with his gown. I ſupped to-night at Maſham's with lord treaſurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The treaſurer made us ſtay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and 'tis now paſt two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not ſit laſt night, and ſat to-day, ſo we go to-morrow at ſix in the morning. I miſs'd the race to-day by

* Of Clogher.

by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my laſt riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the ſecretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-ſecretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a ſnap with us, rather than ſtay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reaſon why the cabinet council was not held laſt night, was becauſe Mr. Secretary St. John would not ſit with your duke of Somerſet. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have muſic-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearſal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbiſhop of Dublin, ſent me the Lord knows how. He ſays ſome of the biſhops will hardly believe that lord treaſurer got the queen to remit the Firſt-Fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant; and that the biſhops have written a letter to lord treaſurer, to thank him. He has ſent me the addreſs of the convocation, aſcribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had leſs ſhare in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I ſhould not have been ſo good a ſolicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of miſchief with a printer.—I

found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combuſtion, ſquabbling with her rogue of a landlord; ſhe has left her houſe, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldeſt daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at ſix to ſee lord treaſurer, but his company was gone, contrary to cuſtom, and he was buſy, and I was forced to ſtay ſome time before I could ſee him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haſte. He deſired me to dine with him on Friday, becauſe there would be a friend of his that I muſt ſee: my lord Harley told me when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Maſham his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never ſaw, though her huſband is one of our Society. God ſend her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing. —Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with theſe great miniſters, to clear ſome miſunderſtandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy tickliſh piece of work, and a man hazards loſing both ſides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their ſolicitor, but I hear of no ſuch thing. Pray talk occaſionally on that ſubject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatneſs of my ſpirit, that I value

their

their thanks not a ruſh? but at my return ſhall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treaſurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more ſhare than a cat. And ſo they may go whiſtle, and I'll go ſleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was ſo good, he ſold it cheaper than others, he took but ſeven ſhillings a flaſk. Are not theſe pretty rates? The books he ſent for from Hamburgh, are come, but not yet got out of the cuſtom-houſe. My library will be at leaſt double when I come back. I ſhall go to Windſor again on Saturday, to meet our Society, who are to ſup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I ſhall return on Monday, and then I will anſwer your letter, that lies ſafe here underneath;—I ſee it; lie ſtill; I'll anſwer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treaſurer's with Mrs. Maſham, and ſhe is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was uſed with mighty kindneſs and reſpect, like a favourite. It ſignifies nothing going to this lord treaſurer about buſineſs, although it be his own. He was in haſte, and deſires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen ſick, and they think he will die: I wiſh I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'deſt liar in his of-

fice alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to ſucceed him. I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain, you are now in town. The weather begins now to alter to rain.

Windſor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, and he would make me go with him to Windſor, although I was engaged to the ſecretary, to whom I made my excuſes: we had in the coach beſides, his ſon and ſon-in-law, lord Harley and lord Dupplin, who are two of our ſociety, and ſeven of us met by appointment, and ſupped this night with the ſecretary. It was paſt nine before we got here; but a fine moonſhiny night. I ſhall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not ſtir out to-day, ſhe is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Maſham's; we had none but our ſociety members, ſix in all, and I ſupped with lord treaſurer. The queen has ordered twenty thouſand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been ſtarved till now, ſince the change of the miniſtry. I ſuppoſe it is to reward his laſt action of getting into the French lines. Lord treaſurer kept me till paſt twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every ſtep of our journey to-day; I returned with the ſecretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I ſat the evening. I grow very idle, becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs. Tell me how you paſſed your time at Wexford; and

and an't you glad at heart you have got home ſafe to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? And ſo your friends come to viſit you; and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the dean is juſt as he uſed to be: and what does Walls ſay of London? 'tis a reaſoning coxcomb. And goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were ſo glad to ſee the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbiſhop of Dublin, and incloſed a long politic paper by itſelf. You know the biſhops are all angry that (ſmoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the Firſt-Fruits were got by lord treaſurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord treaſurer all this; and he is very angry; but I pacified him again, by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what paſſed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord treaſurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the biſhops of Ireland, ſigned by ſeventeen, and ſays he will write them an anſwer. The dean of Carliſle ſat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord treaſurer, who dined abroad, ſo did the ſecretary, and I was left in the ſuds. 'Twas almoſt four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-Green laſt Monday night: as they ſtabbed

bed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton-Court, and followed and ſtabbed him on horſe-back. We have only a Grub-ſtreet paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myſelf through Turnham-Green the ſame night, which was yeſterday.

22. We have had terrible rains theſe two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treaſurer's, but went to ſee lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and viſited lord treaſurer this evening. His porter is mending. I ſat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be buſy. Paſſing by White's Chocolate-houſe, my brother Maſham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our ſociety, you muſt know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us, that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby, the duke of Leeds's eldeſt grandſon, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the ſmall-pox.—I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.——Methinks this letter goes on ſlowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday ſince it was begun, and one ſide not filled. O fye for ſhame, Preſto. Faith, I'm ſo toſticated to and from Windſor, that I know not what to ſay; but faith, I'll go to Windſor again on Saturday, if they aſk me, not elſe. So

loſe

loſe your money again, now you are come home; do, ſirrah.

Take your magnifying glaſs, Madam Dingley.

You ſhan't read this, ſirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your deareſt eyes.

There's enough for this ſide; theſe miniſters hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, ſaucy MD.

Silly, impudent loggerhead Preſto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of veniſon, that ſmelt rarely on one ſide: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a ſcurvy empty town this melancholy ſeaſon of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in Winter. The grapes are ſad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are ſome figs. I ſometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You ſay nothing of the box ſent half a year ago. I wiſh you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I ſuppoſe. Pray ſend me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it ſtands ſince November, that is to ſay, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkſhaw's intereſt ſhould be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parviſol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it: and ſo go play with the dean, and I will

will anſwer your letter to-morrow. Good night, ſirrahs, and love Preſto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer, who chid me for not dining with him yeſterday; for it ſeems I did not underſtand his invitation: and their Club of the miniſtry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then ſtole away, and we both believed it was to pick up ſome wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: ſo goes the world. Prior has been out of town theſe two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is ſaid, he was ſent by the miniſtry, and for ſome overtures towards a peace. The ſecretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be diſſolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treaſurer: and did, at the requeſt of ſome people, deſire that the queen's anſwer to the commons addreſs might expreſs a diſlike of ſome principles, &c. but was anſwered dubiouſly.———And ſo now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to ſee ſo much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them, I cannot imagine; but truly ſhe'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them ſince you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad

glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined Gregg. The Answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trap's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnel's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be

at

at a diſtance from his two ſiſters-in-law. He finds ſome ſort of ſcrub acquaintance; goes now and then in diſguiſe to a play; ſmoaks his pipe; reads now and then a little traſh, and what elſe the Lord knows. I ſee him now and then: for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am leſs peſtered with company than uſual. I have got rid of many of my ſolicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who deſired me to ſpeak to lord treaſurer to give him two thouſand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get ſomething better? I honeſtly delivered my meſſage to the treaſurer, adding, The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to ſave from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his Lights to the miniſtry, aſſuring me that a word of mine would, *&c.* Did not that dog uſe to ſpeak ill of me, and profeſs to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me conſtantly to him.—Did the biſhop of London die in Wexford? Poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? Were you at his burial? Was it a great funeral? So far from his friends? But he was very old: we ſhall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleaſed. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? Who held up his pall? Was there a great ſight of clergy? Do they

deſign

deſign a tomb for him? Are you ſure it was the biſhop of London? becauſe there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the ſame title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do ſtrange things in their wine? They ſay, theſe waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to paſs. Do you make no more of killing a biſhop? Are theſe your whiggiſh tricks?—Yes, yes, I ſee you are in a fret. Oh, faith, ſays you, ſaucy Preſto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jeſt and a laughing-ſtock? Are theſe your Engliſh tricks, with a murrain? And Sacheverell will be the next biſhop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught I ſee. He hates the new miniſtry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to deſpiſe him too. They will not allow him to have been the occaſion of the late change; at leaſt ſome of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addiſon does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Paſtoral Philips, for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this ſhall go to-morrow, which will be juſt a fortnight from the laſt, and bring things to the old form again, after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windſor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you

gueſs my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of miſtaking? I loſt my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tiſdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no converſation, nor do we pull off our hats in the ſtreets. There is a couſin of his (I ſuppoſe) a young parſon, that lodges in the houſe too; a handſome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe and his wife lodged over againſt us; and he has been ſeen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he ſolemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not ſtick to ſay, that ſhe has a tongue: in ſhort I am told, ſhe is the moſt urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to reſent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm ſleepy.

25. I was with the ſecretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windſor in a chariot with lord keeper; ſo I was not invited, and am forced to ſtay at home; but not at all againſt my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early, and have nothing to ſay to you more, but finiſh this letter, and not ſend it by the bellman. Days grow ſhort, and the weather grows bad, and the town is ſplenetick, and things are ſo oddly contrived, that I cannot be abſent; otherwiſe I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promiſed.

I promiſed.——They ſay, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to aſk the ſecretary, he was in ſuch haſte. Well, I will take my leave of deareſt MD for a while; for I muſt begin my next letter to-night: conſider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Preſto. There is now but one buſineſs the miniſtry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, ſome things ſtand very tickliſh; I dare ſay nothing at this diſtance. Farewel, dear ſirrahs, deareſt lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere elſe. They have not leiſure here to think of ſmall things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewel again, deareſt rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of Courts and miniſtries; and I wiſh I were at Laracor: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to ſee me to-day: he is juſt landed from Portugal, and came to raiſe recruits: he looks very well, and ſeems pleaſed with his ſtation and manner of life: he never ſaw London nor England before; he is raviſhed with Kent, which was his firſt proſpect when he landed. Farewel again, &c. &c.

LETTER LXVI.

London, Aug. 25. 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty ſmall gilt ſheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment ſent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the poſt-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you muſt ſet me right. It is now a ſolar month and two days ſince the date of your laſt, N. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houſes, all which I know already. Where ſhall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I uſed to dine when I was at a loſs: and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fulleſt, with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, ſirrahs; for Preſto is going to be very buſy; not Preſto, but t'other I.

26. People have ſo left the town, that I am at at a loſs for a dinner. It is a long time ſince I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the miniſters are all at Windſor. It coſt me eighteen pence in coach-hire, before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife lookt out at a window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: ſo I dined with Mr. Coote, my lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning

morning at five my lord Jerſey died of the gout in his ſtomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yeſterday, and his death was ſudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and ſtood now fair to be privy-ſeal; and by his death will, I ſuppoſe, make that matter eaſier, which has been a very ſtubborn buſineſs at Court, as I have been informed. I never remember ſo many people of quality to have died in ſo ſhort a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and ſettle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Weſley for ſome things I am to buy for her; and the d— a one of all theſe could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in Summer! and yet I am ſo unlucky that I cannot poſſibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town ſo late in Summer, and return ſo late in Winter, that they have almoſt inverted the ſeaſons. It is Autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been loſing their leaves, and thoſe remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this ſeaſon, where every thing grows worſe and worſe. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? A few cherries, and durſt not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-ſeal. The Whigs whiſper, that our new

miniſtry differ among themſelves, and they begin to talk out Mr. ſecretary. They have ſome reaſons for their whiſpers, although I thought it was a greater ſecret. I do not much like the poſture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and ſo I have told them ſeveral times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at preſent; and whatever is the matter, all kind of ſtocks fall. I have not yet talked with the ſecretary about Prior's journey. I ſhould be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preſerve us. The ſecretary is not come from Windſor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to day to Chelſea, and dined with the dean of Carliſle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Chriſt-church in Oxford. I was adviſing him to uſe his intereſt to prevent any miſunderſtanding between our miniſters; but he is too wiſe to meddle, though he fears the thing and the conſequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themſelves; and he is in the right.——When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windſor; and in it, forſooth, another which lookt like Preſto's hand; and what ſhould it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I ſcaped narrowly, for I ſent my 28th but on Saturday; and what ſhould I have done if I had two letters to anſwer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain.

tain. Well, I muſt be contented; but you are dear fancy girls for all that, to write ſo ſoon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they ſet out to-morrow for Cheſter, and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it: his eldeſt ſon is married to a lady with ten thouſand pounds; and his ſecond ſon has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thouſand pounds, beſides two ſmall ones of two hundred pounds each, nay, the family was ſo fortunate, that my lord beſtowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his ſervants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treaſurer, who deſires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will ſhew me the anſwer he deſigns to return to the letter of thanks from your biſhops in Ireland. The archbiſhop of Dublin deſired me to get myſelf mentioned in the anſwer which my lord would ſend; but I ſent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He ſays, it would convince the biſhops of what I have affirmed, that the Firſt-Fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him, That I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treaſurer began a health to my lord privy ſeal; Prior punned, and ſaid it was ſo privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixt it

it all, and we ſhall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-ſeal, ſaucy ſluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was ſurprized with the news, that the biſhop of Briſtol is made lord privy-ſeal. You know his name is Robinſon, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the preſent miniſtry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the reſt. The Whigs will fret to death, to ſee a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handſome thing in my lord treaſurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to ſend it without ſhewing it to me: he thought that would not be juſt, ſince I was ſo deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. ſecretary, George Granville, and Maſham; the laſt has invited me to the chriſtening of his ſon to-morrow ſe'ennight, and on Saturday I go to Windſor with Mr. ſecretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kenſington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned ſoon to go to a play, it being the laſt that will be acted for ſome time: he dreſſes himſelf like a beau, and no doubt, makes a fine figure. I went to viſit ſome people at Kenſington; Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague; which is a very common diſeaſe here, and little known in Ireland.———I am apt to think we ſhall ſoon have a peace, by the little words I hear

hear thrown out by the miniſtry. I have juſt thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known, that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own ſit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with ſeveral particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

September 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windſor with Mr. ſecretary; and lord treaſurer has promiſed to bring me back. The weather has been fine for ſome time, and I believe we ſhall have a great deal of duſt.—At night. Windſor. The ſecretary and I, and brigadier Sutton dined to-day at Parſon's-Green at my lord Peterborow's houſe, who has left it and his gardens to the ſecretary during his abſence. It is the fineſt garden I have ever ſeen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening faſt. I durſt not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a baſket full to my friend Lewis here at Windſor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricocks at Donny-brook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching * peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a ſudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and ſometimes it feels very ſtufft; but if it grows no worſe, I can bear it

* As the provincial word *maunching* echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term *munching*, it is therefore here retained.

it very well. I take all opportunities of walkin and we have a delicious park here juſt joining the caſtle, and an avenue in the great park v wide and two miles long, ſet with a double r of elms on each ſide. Were you ever at Wir for? I was once a great while ago; but h quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not co to chapel, nor ſtir out from her chamber, but ceived the ſacrament there; as ſhe always does firſt Sunday in the month. Yet we had a gr court, and, among others, I ſaw your Ingoldſ who ſeeing me talk very familiarly with the keep treaſurer, &c. came up and ſaluted me, and gan a very impertinent diſcourſe about the fi of Bouchain. I told him, I could not anſwer queſtions, but I would bring him one that ſhou ſo I went and fetched Sutton (who brought c the expreſs about a month ago) and delivered h to the general, and bid him anſwer his queſtio and ſo I left them together. Sutton, after ſe time, comes back in a rage; finds me with I Rivers and Maſham, and there complains of trick I had played upon him, and ſwore he been plagued to death with Ingoldſby's talk. he told me, Ingoldſby aſk'd him what I meant bringing him; ſo, I ſuppoſe, he ſmoak'd n little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willou by, who is one of the chaplains, and prebend of Windſor, read prayers laſt night to the fa ly; and the biſhop of Briſtol, who is dean Windſor, officiated laſt night at the cathed

This they do to be popular, and it pleaſes mightily. I dined with Mr. Maſham, becauſe he lets me have a ſelect company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I ſaid to the ſecretary ſome weeks ago. He ſhewed me his bill of fare, to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, ſaid I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company. Lord treaſurer was mightily pleaſed, and told it every body as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they ſay the biſhop will then have the privy ſeal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windſor ſtill.* The council was held ſo late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The biſhop was ſworn privy counſellor, and had the privy ſeal given him: and now the patents are paſſed for thoſe who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thurſday to marry a nameſake of Stella's, the daughter of Sir H. Johnſon in the city; he has threeſcore thouſand pounds with her, ready money; beſides the reſt at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South-Sea Company, who were named to-day. My lord treaſurer did it for me a month ago; and one of thoſe whom I got to be printer of the Gazette, I am recommending to be printer to the ſame company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I ſupped laſt night and this with lord treaſurer, keeper, *&c.* and took occaſion to mention the printer. I ſaid it was the ſame printer, whom

whom my lord treaſurer has appointed to print for the South-Sea Company; he denied, and I inſiſted on it; and I got the laugh on my ſide.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had buſineſs with lord treaſurer; then I went into lord treaſurer's: we ſtopt at Kenſington, where lord treaſurer went to ſee Mrs. Maſham, who is now what they call in the ſtraw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord treaſurer's; who commanded me not to ſtir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuſe me, and ſo went into the city by water, where I could be eaſier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him ſome part of Prior's journey to France. I walk'd from the city, for I take all occaſions of exerciſe. Our journey was horrid duſty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the ſtreets were as dirty as winter: it is very refreſhing after ten days dry.———I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the firſt notice by a letter from me. I ate ſturgeon, and it lies on my ſtomach. I almoſt finiſhed Prior's journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late, with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what ſhall we do about this letter of MD's, N. 19? not a word anſwered yet, and ſo much paper ſpent? I cannot do any thing in it, ſweet hearts, till night.—At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greateſt diſgrace that ever was,

was, has happened to Preſto. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon, a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O ſad, O ſad.——Now I have two letters together to anſwer: here they are, lying together. But I will only anſwer the firſt; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walk'd at ſix to Kenſington to Mr. Maſham's ſon's chriſtening. It was very private; no body there but my lord treaſurer, his ſon, and ſon-in-law, that is to ſay, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers and I. The dean of Rocheſter chriſtened the child, but ſoon went away. Lord treaſurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Maſham's ſiſter, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Maſham joy of it; and ſhe charged me to take care of my nephew, becauſe Mr. Maſham being a brother of our ſociety, his ſon, you know, is conſequently a nephew. Mrs. Maſham ſat up dreſſed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland, with all ſmooth about her, as if ſhe was cut off in the middle; for you might ſee the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) riſe about her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll laugh now, ſirrahs. George Granville came in at ſupper, and we ſtaid till eleven, and lord treaſurer ſet me down at my lodgings in Suffolk-ſtreet. Did I ever tell you that lord treaſurer hears ill with the left ear, juſt as I do? he always turns the right; and his ſervants whiſper him at that only. I dare not tell

him that I am ſo too, for fear he ſhould think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You muſt read this before the other; for I miſtook, and forgot to write yeſterday's journal, it was ſo inſignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and ſat the evening with lord treaſurer, till ten o'clock; on Thurſday he has always a large ſelect company, and expects me. So good night for laſt night, *&c.*

8. Morning. I go to Windſor with lord treaſurer to-day, and I will leave this behind me to be ſent to the poſt. And now let us hear what ſays the firſt letter, N. 19. You are ſtill at Wexford, as you ſay, Madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miſcarried. And ſo Iniſh-Corthy*, and the river Slainy; fine words thoſe in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you ſcambling, ſcattering ſluttikin? *Yes, mighty like indeed, is not it?* † Piſſhh, don't talk of writing or reading, till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read ſometimes to you, that you may not quite loſe the deſire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numming is gone. Pray uſe exerciſe when you go to town. What game is that ombra ‡ which Dr. Elwood

* The name of a town in the county of Wexford.

† Theſe words in Italicks are written in ſtrange miſhaped letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

‡ In Stella's ſpelling. It is an odd thing, that a woman o Stella's underſtanding ſhould ſpell extremely ill.

Elwood and you play at? is it the Spaniſh game ombre? Your card purſe? you a card purſe! you a fiddleſtick. You have luck indeed: and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight ſhilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Iriſh politeneſs, raffling for tea-kettles. What a ſplutter you keep, to convince me that Walls has no taſte? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear ſirrah Stella, when you find your eyes ſo weak that you cannot ſee? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write, becauſe of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I ſuppoſe the noiſe of their hundred horſes diſturbs you; or, do you ly in one gallery, as in an hoſpital? What! you are afraid of loſing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the biſhop of Rapho, an old, doating, perverſe coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfaſt. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not ſo bad as Stella: ſhe tells thumpers, as I ſhall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.——So Dr. Elwood ſays there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praiſes! an enemy here would ſay more. The duke of Buckingham would ſay as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out: and the great men are perpetually inflaming me againſt him: they bring me all he ſays of me, and I believe, make it worſe, out of roguery.——

No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, Madam Stella, but your old *ſcrawling, ſplay-foot pot-hooks* *, *s, ſ,* aye, that's it: there the s, ſ, ſ, there, there, that's exact. Farewel, *&c.*

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we ſhall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis a ſhaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella ſays her pen was bewitched, it was only becauſe there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it, had the ſame thoughts of his wife, and for the ſame reaſon. I think this is very well obſerved, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off thoſe two notes above; and ſee the nine pounds indorſed, and receive the other; and ſend me word how my accounts ſtand, that they may be adjuſted by November 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; ſo make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you ſhan't wrong me; that's the ſhort. O Lord, how ſtout Preſto is of late? But he loves MD more than his life a thouſand times, for all his ſtoutneſs; tell him that; and that I'll ſwear it, as hope ſaved, ten millions of times, *&c. &c.*

I open my letter once more, to tell Stella, that if ſhe does not uſe exerciſe after her waters, it will loſe all the effects of them: I ſhould not live, if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Preſto.

LET-

* Theſe words in Italicks are miſerably ſcrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand, and the two *Eſſes* that follow.

LETTER LXVII.

Windſor, Sept. 8. 1711.

I MADE the coachman ſtop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the poſt-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treaſurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter paſt eight; but the moon ſhone, and ſo we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a ſtraw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was no body but he and I, and we ſupped together, with Mr. Maſham and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite phyſician, a Scotſman. I could not keep myſelf awake after ſupper, but did all I was able to diſguiſe it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting, he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves ſitting up late.

9. The queen is ſtill in the gout, but recovering; ſhe ſaw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was ſo great, I could not ſee her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Wyndham, and ſome others of our ſociety, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windſor, which I hate. The uſual company ſupped to-night at lord treaſurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Maſham, Arbuthnot and I. But ſhowers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one

fig to-day, and ſometimes a few mulberries, becauſe it is ſaid they are wholeſome, and you know a good name does much. I ſhall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have ſtaid a week, to be at leiſure for ſomething I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I ſhall come here again on Saturday, when our ſociety are to meet at ſupper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I conſtantly viſit lord keeper, and ſup at lord treaſurer's with the ſame ſet of company. I was not ſleepy to-night; I reſolved I would not; yet it is paſt midnight at this preſent writing.

London, 10. Lord treaſurer and Maſham and I left Windſor at three this afternoon; we dropt Maſham at Kenſington with his lady, and got home by ſix. It was ſeven before we ſat down to dinner, and I ſtayed till paſt eleven. Patrick came home with the ſecretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myſelf. I forgot to tell you, that when I went to Windſor on Saturday, I overtook lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot, going, I ſuppoſe, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treaſurer's brother, who had buſineſs with the treaſurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treaſurer: ſo it happened that thoſe people ſaw me, and not with lord treaſurer. Mrs. F. was to ſee me about a week ago; and

and desired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet, I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in, Prior shewed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said, I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet, with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary, about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing,

doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray preſent my ſervice to Mr. Stoyte, and Catharine. Tell goody Stoyte, ſhe owes me a world of dinners, and I will ſhortly come over and demand them.———Did I tell you of the archbiſhop of Dublin's laſt letter *? He had been ſaying in ſeveral of his former, that he would ſhortly write to me ſomething about myſelf, and it looked as if he intended ſomething for me: at laſt out it comes, and conſiſts of two parts. Firſt, he adviſes me to ſtrike in for ſome preferment, now I have friends; and ſecondly, he adviſes me, ſince I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of ſome new ſubject in divinity, not handled by others, which I ſhould manage better than any body. A rare ſpark this, with a pox! but I ſhall anſwer him as rarely. Methinks he ſhould have invited me over, and given me ſome hopes or promiſes. But hang him! and ſo good night, *&c.*

13. It rained moſt furiouſly all this morning, till about twelve, and ſometimes thundered; I trembled for my ſhillings, but it cleared up, and I made a ſhift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the ſecretary to dine with lord treaſurer. Upon Thurſdays there is always a ſelect company; we had the duke of Shrewſbury, lord Rivers, the two ſecretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at

* See the laſt Collection of Letters, printed by Dodſley and others, No. 50.

at ſix; but Rivers, Granville, Prior and I ſtayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and indeed the two laſt pages, which the printer got ſome body to add, are ſo romantic, they ſpoil all the reſt. Dilly Aſhe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not ſee him, as I appointed t'other day; but ſome of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and ſo they ſay at his lodging. I believe the rogue was aſhamed to tell me ſo, becauſe I adviſed him to ſtay the winter, and he ſaid he would. I find he had got into a good ſet of ſcrub acquaintance, and I thought paſſed his time very merrily; but I ſuppoſe he languiſhed after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin: and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converſe better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He ſaid, he never had his health ſo well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is ſo empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not; Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; ſo I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eye-brows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addiſon and Paſtoral Philips in the Park, and ſupped with them at Addiſon's lodgings;

lodgings; we were very good company, and yet know no man half ſo agreeable to me as he is. I ſat with them till twelve, ſo you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have ſome little converſation with MD, before your Preſto goes to bed, becauſe it makes me ſleep and dream, and ſo forth. Faith this letter goes on ſlowly enough, ſirrahs, but I can't write much at a time, till you are quite ſettled after your journey you know, and have gone all your viſits, and loſt your money at ombre. You never play at cheſs now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you, he uſed to beat his wife here; and ſhe deſerved it; and he reſolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I ſaid all this before, I'm ſure. Go to bed, ſirrahs.

Windſor, 15. I made the ſecretary ſtop at Brentford, becauſe we ſet out at two this afternoon, and faſting would not agree with me. I only deſigned to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roaſt beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it coſt me a guinea; I don't like ſuch jeſting, yet I was mightily pleaſed with it too. To-night our ſociety met at the ſecretary's, there were nine of us; and we have choſen a new member, the earl of Jerſey, whoſe father died lately. 'Tis paſt one, and I have ſtolen away.

16. I deſign to ſtay here this week by myſelf, about ſome buſineſs that lies on my hands, and will

will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are ſo full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do ſo; which is very obliging. The queen ſaw company in her bed-chamber; ſhe looks very well, but ſhe ſat down. I ſupped with lord treaſurer as uſual, and ſtayed till paſt one as uſual, and with our uſual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to Windſor. I hate theſe ſuppers mortally; but I ſeldom eat any thing.

17. Lord treaſurer and Mr. Secretary ſtay here till to-morrow; ſome buſineſs keeps them, and I am ſorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine ſoberly with a little court-friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and ſaid we ſhould dine at lord treaſurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I ſtayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treaſurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerſet, but he was gone to a horſe-race, and would not come till five: ſo we were forced to go to a tavern, and ſent for wine from lord treaſurer's, who at laſt we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord treaſurer's we ſupped again; and I deſired him to let me add four ſhillings to the bill I gave him. We ſat up till two, yet I muſt write to little MD.

18. They

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to ſeek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yeſterday gave me my choice of place, perſon, and victuals for to-day. So I choſe to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dreſſers, and Mrs. Maſham's ſiſter, no company but us three, and to have a ſhoulder of mutton, a ſmall one, which was exactly, and only there was too much victuals beſides; and the doctor's wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have ſeen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I aſked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance (I won't ſay yours) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or ſomething like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my preſent poſture I ſhall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I uſed to ſee him with the Bradleys; and by the way, I have not ſeen Mrs. Bradley ſince I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot anſwer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: ſo this will be above a fortnight from my laſt; but I will fetch it up in my next; ſo go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen deſigns to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think ſhe will ſtay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Maſham is not well after her lying-in; I doubt ſhe

ſhe got ſome cold; ſhe is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kenſington to ſee her, and return the ſame night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to ſee Cranburn, a houſe of lord Ranelagh's, and the dutcheſs of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the fineſt places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I ſaw; and the fineſt riding upon artificial roads, made on purpoſe for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a ſham ſubſcription for a book, called A Hiſtory of the Maids of Honour ſince Harry the eighth, ſhewing they make the beſt wives, with a liſt of all the maids of honour ſince, *&c.* to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common form of thoſe things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, becauſe my hand is known, and we ſent it to the maids of honour, when they came to ſupper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jeſt; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green cloth by colonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's ſiſter, mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I muſt tell you thoſe things that happened before you were born: But I made my excuſes, and young Harcourt (lord keeper's ſon) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Maſham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for

the dutcheſs of Somerſet is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet ſent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of Ormond is cenſured here by thoſe in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has uſually much more ſenſe than his adviſers, but never proceeds by it. I muſt know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and uſe exerciſe, ſirrahs both; and get ſomebody to play at ſhuttlecock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey ſent to me again to-day; ſo I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a ſmall number there, the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night.—This new ink and pen make a ſtrange figure; *I muſt write larger, yes I muſt, or* Stella *won't be able to read this* *. S. S. S. there's your S's for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to ſubſcribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treaſurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I ſquandered away the reſt of it in ſitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that fooliſh pleaſure, which I believe nobody has beſide me, except old lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter ſo no more,

* Theſe words in Italics are written enormouſly large.

more, for I have a plaguy deal of buſineſs upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very buſy againſt the miniſtry: I have begged Mr. ſecretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he aſſures me he will. They are very bold and abuſive.

22. This being the day the miniſtry comes to Windſor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, becauſe I muſt ſup with lord treaſurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was ſo tired with his ſlow walking, that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards London, hoping to meet lord treaſurer, and return with him; but it grew darkiſh, and I was forced to walk back, ſo I walkt nine miles in all; and lord treaſurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no Moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expoſe himſelf ſo, but he only makes a jeſt of it. I ſupped with him, and ſtaid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careleſs, and diſengaged, as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The ſecretary did not come laſt night, but at three this afternoon; I have not ſeen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a peace as faſt as they can, without which it will be impoſſible to ſubſiſt. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to ſee lord keeper this

morning, and told him the jeſt of the maids of honour, and lord treaſurer had it laſt night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The Court was very full to-day; I expected lord treaſurer would have invited me to ſupper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no diſcourſe in the drawing-room. 'Tis now ſeven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treaſurer will not ſend for me to ſupper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewel till I go to bed, for I am going to be buſy.—'Tis now paſt ten, and I went down to aſk the ſervants about Mr. ſecretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that ſhe went to ſupper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a Peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a meſſenger is come from lord treaſurer to ſup with them; but I have excuſed myſelf, and am glad I am in bed; for elſe I ſhould ſit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go ſleep.

London, 24. I came to town by ſix with lord treaſurer, and have ſtaid till ten. That of the queen's going out to ſup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the ſecretary told me this morning: but I find the miniſtry are very buſy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told ſo much, that we ſhall certainly have a Peace very ſoon. I had charming weather all laſt week at Windſor; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yeſterday was windy. Prior's Journey ſells ſtill;

ſtill; they have ſold two thouſand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, deſiring me in lady Giffard's name to come and paſs a week at Sheene, while ſhe is at Moor-park. I will anſwer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of anſwering, there is MD's N. 20, is yet to be anſwered: I had put it up ſo ſafe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot ſend this till Thurſday; for I muſt ſee the ſecretary to-morrow morning, and be in ſome other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives ſuch an account of her journey, never ſaw the like. Let me ſee; ſtand away, let us compute; you ſtaid four days at Iniſh-Corthy; two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's; and yet was but ſix days in journey; for your words are, "We left "Wexford this day ſe'nnight, and came here laſt "night." I have heard them ſay, that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? * Let me ſee—thirty pounds in two months, is nine ſcore pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purſe. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired

* The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing elſe; and this is one of his rapid computations. For as Stella was ſeven days in journey, although Dr. Swift ſays only ſix, ſhe might well have ſpent four days at Iniſh-Corthy, and two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's, the diſtance from Wexford to Dublin being but two eaſy days journey.

mired at your impudence, and was in mighty haſte to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondneſs, and yet now I believe, as you ſay, that her grief will ſoon wear off.—O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford? And your deſcription of it is excellent; clean ſheets, but bare walls; I ſuppoſe then you lay upon the walls—Mrs. Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I ſhall never get it; ſo I make a preſent of it to ſtop ſome gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the houſe? So, that's well; why, it coſt four and thirty ſhillings Engliſh—You muſt adjuſt that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is ſo many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I ſuppoſe, were not at the water-ſide; I fear Sterne's buſineſs will not be done; I have not ſeen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greateſt fool in nature for truſting to ſuch a young jackanapes; I will ſpeak to him once more about it, when I ſee him. Mr. Addiſon and I met once more ſince, and I ſupped with him: I believe I told you ſo ſomewhere in this letter. The archbiſhop choſe an admirable meſſenger in Walls to ſend to me; yet I think him fitter for a meſſenger than any thing.—The D—ſhe * has! I did not obſerve her looks. Will ſhe rot out of modeſty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny—but her huſband is a dunce, and with

* Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had conſented to.

with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-six of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered.——What care I for Mr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred a piece.—Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishop's letter to-morrow, and shew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catharine. Farewel, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

END OF VOL. XIII.

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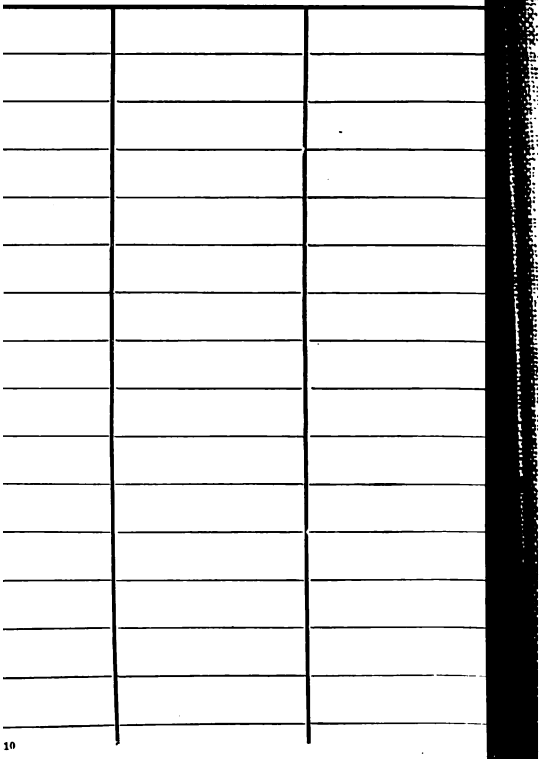
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